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ROSE MACLEOD¹

BY ALICE BROWN

I

MADAM FULTON and her grand-daughter Electra were sitting at the breakfast table. It was a warm yet inspiring day in early spring, and, if the feel and look of it were not enough, the garden under the dining-room windows told the season's hour like a floral clock. The earliest blossoms had been pushed onward by the mounting spirit of the year, and now the firstlings of May were budding. The great Georgian house, set in the heart of this processional bloom, showed the mellow tints of time. It had an abundant acreage, diversified, at first hand, not only by this terraced garden in the rear, but by another gone to wild abandon on the west, and an orchard stretching away into level fields, and, beyond them, groves of pine.

These dining-room windows, three of them, side by side, and now unshaded, gave large outlook on a beautiful and busy world where the terrace mounted in green, to be painted later with red peony balls, and where the eye, still traveling, rested in satisfaction on the fringe of locusts at the top.

Inside the house the sense of beauty could be fully fed. Here was a sweet consistency, the sacred past in untouched being, that time when furniture was made in England, and china was the product of long voyages and solemn hoarding in corner cabinets with diamond panes. Life here was reflected dimly from polished surfaces and serenely accentuated by quaint carvings and spindle legs. Here was "atmosphere"

— the theatre of simple and austere content.

Madam Fulton outwardly fitted her background as a shepherdess fits a fan. She was a sprite of an old lady, slender and round, and finished in every movement, with the precision of those who have "learned the steps" in dancing of another period. It was her joy that she had kept her figure, her commonplace that, having it, she knew what to do with it. She had a piquant profile, dark eyes, and curls whiter than white, sifted over with the lustre of a living silver. According to her custom, she wore light gray, and there was lace about her wrists and throat.

"Coffee, Electra?" she suddenly proposed, in a contralto voice that still had warmth in it. She put the question impatiently, as if her hidden self and that of the girl opposite had been too long communing, in spite of them, and she had to break the tacit bondage of that intercourse by one more obvious. The girl looked up from the letter in her hand.

"No, thank you, grandmother," she said. Her voice, even in its lowest notes, had a clear, full resonance. Then she laid the letter down. "I beg your pardon," she added. "I thought you were opening your mail."

"No! no!" Madam Fulton cried, in a new impatience. "Go on. Read your letter. Don't mind me."

But the girl was pushing it aside. She looked across the table with her direct glance, and Madam Fulton thought unwillingly how handsome she was. Electra was young, and she lacked but

one thing: a girl's uncertain grace. She had all the freshness of youth with the poise of ripest womanhood. She sat straight and well, and seemed to manage her position at table as if it were a horse. Her profile was slightly aquiline and her complexion faultless in its fairness and its testimony to wholesome living. Her lips were rather thin, but the line of white teeth behind them showed exquisitely. She had a great deal of fine brown hair wound about her head in braids, in an imperial fashion. Perhaps the only fault in her face was that her eyes were of a light and not sympathetic blue.

"Shall I open your mail, grandmother?" she asked, with extreme deference.

Madam Fulton's hand was lying on a disordered pile of letters, twenty deep, beside her plate. She pressed the hand a little closer.

"No, thank you," she said. "I will attend to them myself."

Electra laid down her napkin, and pushed her plate to one side, to give space for her own papers. She lifted one sheet, and holding it in her fine hands, began rather elegantly, —

"Grandmother, I have here a most interesting letter from Mrs. Furnivall Williams. She speaks of your book in the highest praise."

"Oh!" said the old lady, with a shade of satire, "does she? That's very good-natured of Fanny Williams."

"Let me read you what she says." Electra bent a frowning brow upon the page. "Ah, this is it. 'It was to be expected that your grandmother would write what we all wanted to read. But her 'Recollections' are more than welcome. They are satisfying. They are illuminative.'"

"Fanny Williams is a fool!"

Electra, not glancing up, yet managed to look deeply pained.

"She goes on to say, 'What a power your dear grandmother has been! I never realized it until now.'"

"That's a nasty thing for Fanny Williams to write. You tell her so."

"Then she asks whether you would be willing to meet the Delta Club for an afternoon of it."

"Of what?"

"Your book, grandmother, — your 'Recollections.'"

"Electra, you drive me to drink. I have written the book. I've printed it. I've done with it. What does Fanny Williams want me to do now? Prance?"

Electra was looking at her grandmother at last and in a patient hopefulness, like one awaiting a better mood.

"Grandmother dear," she protested, "it almost seems as if you owe it to the world, having said so much, to say a little more."

"What, for instance, Electra? What?"

Electra considered, one hand smoothing out the page.

"People want to know things about it. The newspapers do. How can you think for a moment of the discussion there has been, and not expect questions?"

The old lady smiled to herself.

"Well," she said, "they won't find out."

"But why, grandmother, why?"

"I can't tell you why, Electra; but they won't, and there's an end of it." She rose from her chair, and Electra, gathering her mail, followed punctiliously. As they were leaving the room, her grandmother turned upon her. "Did you hear from Peter?" she asked.

"Yes. From New York. He will be here to-morrow." Electra's clear, well-considered look was very unlike that of a girl whose lover had come home, after a five years' absence, for the avowed purpose of marriage.

Madam Fulton regarded her for a moment with a softened glance. It seemed wistfully to include other dreams, other hopes than the girl's own, a little dancing circle of shadowy memories outside the actual, as might well happen when one has lived many years and seen the growth and passing of such ties.

"Well, Electra," she said then, "I suppose you'll marry him. You'll be famous by brevet. That's what you'll like."

Electra laughed a little, in a tolerant way.

"You are always thinking I want to become a celebrity, grandmother," she said. "That's very funny of you."

"Think!" emphasized the old lady. "I know it. I know your kind. They're thick as spatter now. Everybody wants to do something, or say he's done it. You want to 'express' yourselves. That's what you say — 'express' yourselves. I never saw such a race."

She went grumbling into the library to answer her letters, or at least look them through, and paused there for a moment, her hand on the table. She knew approximately what was in the letters. They were all undoubtedly about her book, the "Recollections" of her life, some of them questioning her view of the public events therein narrated, but others palpitating with an eager interest. She had written that history as a woman of letters in a small way, and a woman who had known the local celebrities, and she had done it so vividly, with such incredible originality, that the book was not only having a rapid sale, but it piqued the curiosity of gossip-lovers and even local historians. No names were mentioned; but when she wrote, "A poet said to me in Cambridge one day," everybody knew what poet was meant. When she obscurely alluded to the letters preceding some smooth running of the underground railway, historians of the war itched to see the letters, and invited her to produce them. The book was three months old now, and the wonder no less. The letters had been coming, and the old lady had not been answering them. At first she read them with glee, as a later chapter of her life story; but now they tired her a little, because she anticipated their appeal.

A bird was singing outside. She cocked her head a little and listened, not

wholly in pleasure, but with a critical curiosity as well. She was always watching for the diminution of sound, the veiling of sight because she was old, and now she wondered whether the round golden notes were what they had been fifty years ago. She stood a moment thoughtfully, her hand now on the letters, — those tedious intruders upon her leisure. Then, with an air of guilty escape, though there was no one to see and judge, she left them lying there and stole softly out on the veranda, where she sank into her friendly wicker chair, and looking upon the world, smilingly felt it to be good. The sky was very bright, yet not too bright for pleasure; clouds not meant for rain were blotting it in feathery spaces. There was a sweet air stirring, and the birds, though they were busy, said something about it from time to time in a satisfactory way. Madam Fulton felt the rhythm and surge of it all, and acquiesced in her own inactive part in it. Sometimes of late she hardly knew how much of life was memory and how much the present brilliant call of things. It was life, the thing she did not understand. Presently she closed her eyes and sank, she thought, into a deeper reverie. These excursions of hers were less like sleep, she always told herself, than a kind of musing dream. At last she was learning what other old people had meant when they explained, with a shamefaced air of knowing youth could never understand, "I just lost myself." To lose one's battered and yet still insistent self was now to be at peace.

When the forenoon was an hour or more along, she opened her eyes, aware of some one looking at her. There he was, an old gentleman of a pleasant aspect, heavy, with a thickness of curling white hair, blue eyes, and that rosininess which is as the bloom upon the flower of good living. His clothes were of the right cut, and he wore them with the ease of a man who has always had the best to eat, to wear, to look at; for whom life

has been a well-organized scheme to turn out comfort. The old lady stared at him with unwinking eyes, and the old gentleman smiled at her.

"Billy!" she cried at last, and gave him both her hands. "Billy Stark!"

They shook hands warmly and still looked each other in the eye. They had not met for years, and neither liked to think what was in the other's mind. But Madam Fulton, after they had sat down, challenged it.

"I'm an old woman, Billy." She wrinkled up her eyes in a delightful way she had. "Don't you think that's funny?"

Billy with difficulty crossed one leg over the other, helping it with a plump hand.

"You're precisely what you always were."

His round, comfortable voice at once put her where she liked to be, in the field of an unconsidered intercourse with man. Electra, she knew, was too much with her, but she had forgotten how invigorating these brisk yet kindly breezes were, from the other planets. "That's what I came over to see about," Billy was saying, with a rakish eye. "I need n't have taken the trouble. You're as little changed as that syringa bush."

Her brilliant face softened into something wistful.

"The bush will come into bloom in a few weeks, Billy," she reminded him. "I shan't ever bloom again."

"Boo to a goose!" said Billy. "You're in bloom now."

The wistfulness was gone. She adjusted her glasses on her nose and eyed him sharply.

"I think too much about old age," she said. "I regard mine as a kind of mildew, and every day and forty times a day I peer at myself to see if the mildew's growing thicker. But you don't seem to have any mildew, Billy. You're just a different kind of person from what you were fifty years ago. You have n't gone bad at all."

Billy set his correct feet together on the floor, rose, and, with his hand on his heart, made her a bow.

"I don't care for it much myself," he said.

"Growing old? It's the devil, Billy. Don't talk about it. Why are n't you in England?"

"I'm junior partner now."

"I know it."

"I'm a great publisher, Florrie."

She nodded.

"Your men run over to arrange with us in London. There was no occasion for my coming here. But I simply wanted to. I got a little curious — homesick, maybe. So I came. Got in last night. I read your book before I sailed."

She looked at him quizzically and almost, it might be said, with a droll uneasiness.

"You brought it out in England," she offered, in rather a small voice. "Naturally you'd read it."

"Not because we brought it out. Because it was yours," he corrected her. "My word, Florrie, what a life you've had of it."

The pink crept into her cheeks. Her eyes menaced him.

"Are you trying to pump me, Billy Stark?" she inquired.

"Not for a moment. But you're guilty, Florrie. What is it?"

She considered, her gaze bent on her lap.

"Well, the fact is, Billy," she temporized, "I've got in pretty deep with that book. I wrote it as a sort of a — well, I wrote it, you know, and I thought I might get a few hundred dollars out of it, same as I have out of those novels I used to write to keep lace on my petticoats. Well! the public has made a fool of itself over the book. Every day I get piles of letters asking what I meant by this and that, and won't I give my documentary evidence for saying this or that great gun did so and so at such a time."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Give my evidence? Why, I can't!"

She was half whimpering, with a laugh on her old face. "I have n't got it."

"You mean you have n't the actual letters now. Those extraordinary ones of the abolitionist group for example, — can't you produce them?"

"Why no, Billy, of course I can't. I" — she held his glance with a mixture of deprecation and a gay delight — "I made them up."

William Stark, the publisher, looked at her with round blue eyes growing rounder and a deeper red surging into his seattanned face. He seemed on the point of bursting into an explosion, whether of horror or mirth Madam Fulton could not tell. She continued to gaze at him in the same mingling of deprecating and amused inquiry. In spite of her years she looked like a little animal which, having done wrong, seeks out means of propitiation, and as yet knows nothing better than the lifted eyebrow of inquiry.

"Well," she said again defiantly, "I made them up."

"In God's name, Florrie, what for?"

"I wanted to."

"To pad out your book?"

"To make a nice book, the kind of one I wanted. I'll tell you what, Billy," — she bowed caution into the farthest distance, — "I'm going to make a clean breast of it. Now you won't peach?"

He shook his head.

"Go on," he bade her.

She lifted her head, sat straighter in her chair, and spoke with firmness: —

"Now, Billy, if I'm going to talk to you at all, you must know precisely where I stand. Maybe you do, but I don't believe it. You see, all these years I've been writing what I called novels, and they've paid me a little, and I've got up a sort of local fame. I'm as poor — well, I can't tell you how poor. Only I live here in the summer with Electra in her house —"

"It's the old Fulton house."

"Yes, but it came to her through her father. Remember, I was a second wife.

I had no children. My husband gave me the Cambridge place and left this to his son."

"What became of the Cambridge house?"

"Sold, years ago. Eaten up. Seems as if I'd done nothing, all these years, but eat. It makes me sick to think of it. Well, here was I, credit low, my little knack at writing all but gone — why, Billy, styles have changed since my day. Folks would hoot at my novels now. They don't read them. They just remember I wrote them when they want a celebrity at a tea. I'm a back number. Don't you know it?"

He nodded, gravely pondering. The one thing about him never to be affected by his whimsical humor was the integrity of a business verdict. Madam Fulton now was warning to the value of her own position. She began to see how picturesque it was.

"Well, then up rises one of your precious publishers and says to me, 'Mrs. Fulton, you have known all the celebrated people. Why not write your recollections?' 'Why not?' says I. Well, I went home and sat down and wrote. And when I looked back at my life, I found it dull. So I gave myself a free hand. I described the miserable thing as it ought to have been, not as it was."

William Stark was leaning forward, looking her in the face, his hands on his knees, as if to steady him through an amazing crisis.

"Florrie," he began, "do you mean to say you made up most of the letters in that book?"

"Most of them? Every one! I had n't any letters from celebrities. Days when I might have had, I did n't care a button about the eggs they were cackling over, and I did n't know they were going to be celebrities, then, did I?"

"Do you mean the recollections of Brook Farm, taken down from the lips of the old poet as he had it from a member of the fraternity there —"

"Faked, dear boy, faked, every one of

them." She was gathering cheerfulness by the way.

"The story of Hawthorne and the first edition —"

"Hypothetical. Grouse in the gun-room."

"Do you mean that the story of the old slave who came to your mother's door in Waltham, and the three abolitionists on their way to the meeting —"

"Now what's the use, Billy Stark?" cried the old lady. "I told you it was a fake from beginning to end. So it is. So is every page of it. If I'd written my recollections as they were, the book would have been a pamphlet of twenty odd pages. It would have said I married a learned professor because I thought if I got into Cambridge society I should see life, and life was what I wanted. It would have gone on to say I found it death and nothing else, and when my husband died I spent all the money I could get trying to see life and I never saw it then. Who'd have printed that? Pretty recollections, I should say!"

Mr. Stark was still musing, his eyes interrogating her.

"It's really incredible, Florrie," he said at last. "Poor dear! you needed the money."

"That was n't it."

"Then what was?"

"I don't know." But immediately her face folded up into its smiling creases and she said, "I wanted some fun."

William Stark fell back in his chair and began to laugh, round upon wheezy round. When his glasses had fallen off and his cheeks were wet and his face flamed painfully, Madam Fulton spoke, without a gleam.

"You're a nice man, Billy Stark."

"You wanted your little joke!" he repeated, subsiding and trumpeting into his handkerchief. "Well, you've had it, Florrie, you've had it."

"I don't know that I have," she returned. "I had to enjoy it alone, and that kind of palled on me. When the first notices came, I used to lie awake from

three o'clock on, to laugh. I used to go to the window when Electra was in the room, and make up faces, to let off steam and keep her from knowing. Then the letters kept coming, and clubs and things kept hounding me, and Electra was always at me. There she is now, with my grog. See me take it and pour it into the syringa."

II

Electra was crossing the veranda with her springing step, bearing a glass of beaten egg and milk on a little tray. Madam Fulton signed to her to place the tray on a table, evidently ready for such ministrations, and then presented her friend. Electra greeted him with a smile of bright acceptance. She knew his standing, and his air of worldly ease quite satisfied her.

"May I bring you —?" she began, with a pretty grace.

"I should like a glass of water," said Billy, "if you will be so good."

When she had gone, Madam Fulton spoke in impressive haste: —

"How long can you stay, Billy? All day? All night?"

"I've got to run back to New York for a bit, but I shall be in America all summer, one place or another. I'll stay to luncheon, if you'll let me."

"We must avoid Electra! If she comes back and settles on us, I shall simply take you to walk. We can go over to Bessie Grant's. You remember her. She married the doctor."

"I remember."

Electra had returned with a glass and pitcher, and ice clinking pleasantly. She took occasion to explain to Madam Fulton, with some civil hesitation, —

"I have a committee meeting, grandmother. I had planned to go in town."

The old lady responded briskly.

"Go, my dear, go. Mr. Stark will stay to luncheon. We'll look out for each other."

When Electra had rustled away, after the pleasantest of farewell recognitions

between her and the guest, Madam Fulton heaved a sigh.

"Billy," said she, "that's a dreadful girl."

"She's a very handsome girl. What's the matter with her?"

"She's so equipped. First, she's well-born. Her grandmother was a Grace and her mother was a Vanderdecken. See her teeth. See her hair, and her profile. Dreadful!"

"They're very beautiful, in a correct way. She's as well made as a grand piano."

"That's it, Billy. And she has done nothing but polish herself, and now you can see your face in her. Fancy, Billy, what these modern creatures do. They go to gymnasium. They can take a five-barred gate, I believe, in their knickerbockers and what they call sneakers. They understand all about foods and what's good for them and what's good for the aged, and if you're over seventy they buy condensed foods in cans and make you take it twice a day."

"You have n't tasted your grog."

"I shan't. Want it?"

He accepted the glass, and sniffed at it critically.

"That's good," he commented.

"That's very good. There's a familiar creature in that." He tasted, and then drank with gusto.

"Well," said the old lady disparagingly, "you would n't have said so if it had been one of the foods. I have them before I go to bed."

He spoke persuasively: "Florrie, let's talk a little more about the book."

"There's nothing more to say. I've told you the whole story, and I know you won't tell anybody else."

"Don't you think you'd better make a clean breast of it to Gilbert and Wall?"

"What for?"

"Well, I don't know exactly: only it seems to me publishers and authors are in a more or less confidential relation. Being a publisher myself, I naturally feel rather strongly about it."

"I don't see it in the least," said the old lady decisively. "All this talk about the paternal relation is mere poppycock. They print me a book. If it takes a start, they back it. They're as glad as I am. But as to telling them my glorious little joke, why, I can't and I won't."

"But, dear woman, they're printing away with full confidence in having got a valuable book out of you."

"So they have. It's selling, is n't it?"

"Madly. Specialists want it for honest data. The general reader has got an idea from the reviews that there's personal gossip in it, more or less racy. So it goes."

"Well, let it go," said the old lady recklessly. "I shan't stop it."

"No, but I can't help thinking Gilbert and Wall ought to be in the secret."

"Do you imagine they'd stop printing?"

"I don't imagine anything. I believe to speak temperately, they'd drop dead. I only say it's a fearful and wonderful situation, and they ought to know it. You see, dear woman, you've not only played a joke on the public, you've played a joke on them."

"Well, for goodness' sake, why not? What's a publisher, anyway? Has he got to be treated like a Hindu god? Billy Stark, I wish you'd stayed in London where you belong."

Again Billy felt himself wheezing, and gave up to it as before. She watched him unwinkingly, and by and by she chuckled a little and then joined him, in an ecstasy.

"Florrie," said he, "you're simply a glorious portent, and you've no more moral sense than the cat."

"No, Billy, no!" She was answering in a happy acquiescence. "I never had any. I've always wanted some fun, and I want it to this day." Her old face changed surprisingly under a shade of gravity. "And see where it's led me." It was natural to conclude that her verdict embraced wider evidence than that of the erring book. Billy, quite serious in

his turn, looked at her in candid invitation. She answered him earnestly and humbly: "Billy, I always took the wrong road. I took it in the beginning and I never got out of it."

"There's a frightful number of wrong turnings," Billy offered, in rather inadequate sympathy, "and a great deficiency of guideposts."

"You see, Billy, the first thing I did was to give up Charlie Grant and marry Mark Fulton. I was only a country girl. Charlie was a country boy. I thought Mark must be a remarkable person because he was a professor in Cambridge. I thought Charlie was going to be a poor little country doctor, because he was studying medicine with another country doctor, and he could n't go to college to save his skin. There were eight children, you know, younger than he. He had to work on the farm. Well, Billy, I made a mistake."

Stark marveled at the crude simplicity of all this. He forgot, for the moment, that she was an old woman, and that for a long time she had been conning over the past like a secret record, full of blemishes, perhaps, but not now to be remedied.

"You did like Charlie," he ventured. "I knew that."

"I liked him very much. And I've never quite escaped from his line of life, if that's what they call it. Since Electra was alone and I came here to stay with her, I've been thrown with his widow. Bessie's an old woman, too, you know, like me. But she's a different kind."

"She was a pretty girl. Rather sedate, I remember, for a girl."

"Billy, she's a miracle. She lives alone, all but old Mary to do the work. She's stiffened from rheumatism so that she sits in her chair nearly all day, and stumps round a little, in agony, with two canes. But she's had her life."

"How has she had it, Florrie? In having Grant?"

"Because all her choices were good choices. She took him when he was poor,

and she helped him work. They had one son. He married a singer, a woman — well, like me. Maybe it was in the blood to want a woman like me. Then this boy and the singer had two sons — one of them clever. Peter Grant, you know. I suppose he's a genius, if there are such. The other has — a deformity."

"I know," he nodded. "You wrote me."

"I did n't write you all. He was n't born with it. He was a splendid boy, but when he had the accident the mother turned against him. She could n't help it. I see how it was, Billy. The pride of life, that's what it is — the pride of life."

"Is he dwarfed?"

"Heavens! he was meant for a giant, rather. He has great strength. Somehow he impresses you. But it's the grandmother that built him up, body and brain. Now he's a man grown, and she's made him. Don't you see, Billy? she's struck home every time."

"Is she religious?"

"Yes, she is. She prays." Her voice fell, with the word. She looked at him searchingly, as if he might understand better than she did the potency of that communion.

"She's a Churchwoman, I suppose."

"No, no. She only believes things — and prays. She told me one day Osmond — he's the deformed one — he could n't have lived if she had n't prayed."

"That he would be better?"

"No, she was quite explicit about that. Only that they would be taught how to deal with it — his trouble. To do it, she said, as God wished they should. Billy, it's marvelous."

"Well, dear child," said Billy, "you can pray, too."

Her old face grew pinched in its denial.

"No," she answered sadly, "no. It would n't rise above the ceiling. What I mean is, Billy, that all our lives we're opening gates into different roads. Bessie Grant opened the right gate. She's got into a level field and she's at home there. But I should n't be. I only go

and climb up and look over the bars. And I go stumbling along, hit or miss, and I never get anywhere."

He was perplexed. He frowned a little.

"Where do you want to get, Florrie?" he asked, at length.

She smiled into his face engagingly.

"I don't know, Billy. Only where things don't bore me; where they are worth while."

"But they always get to bore us —" he paused and she took him up.

"You mean I'm bored because I am an old woman. I should say so, too, but then I look at that other woman and I know it is n't so. No, Billy, I took the wrong road."

Billy looked at her a long time, searchingly.

"Well," he said, at last, "what can we do about it? I mean, besides writing fake memoirs and then going ag'in our best friends when they beg us to own up?"

She put the question by, as if it could not possibly be considered, and yet as if it made another merry chapter to her jest. Billy had gathered his consolatory forces for another leap.

"Florrie," said he, "come back to London with me."

"My dear child!"

"You marry me, Florrie. I asked you fifty odd years ago. I could give you a good sober sort of establishment, a salon of a sort. I know everybody in arts and letters. Come on, Florrie."

Fire was in the old lady's eye. She rose and made him a pretty courtesy.

"Billy," said she, "you're splendid. I won't hold you to it, but it will please me to my dying day to think I've had another offer. No, Billy, no. You would n't like it. But you're splendid."

Billy, too, had risen. They took hands and stood like boy and girl looking into each other's eyes. There was a little suffusion, a tear perhaps, the memory of other times when coin did not have to be counted so carefully, when they could open the windows without inevit-

able dread of the night, its dark and chill. The old lady broke the moment.

"Come over and see Bessie Grant. What do you say?"

"Delighted. Get your hat."

But she appeared with a gay parasol, one of Electra's, appropriated from the stand with the guilty consideration that the owner would hardly be back before three o'clock. The old lady liked warm colors. She loved the bright earth in all its phases, and of these a parasol was one. They went down the broad walk and out into the road shaded by summer green, that quivering roofwork of drooping branches and many leaves.

"Billy," said she, "I'm glad you've come."

"So am I, Florrie, so am I."

It was not far to the old Grant house, rich in the amplitude of its size, and of the grounds, where all conceivable trees that make for profit and delight were colonized according to a wise judgment. The house was large, of a light yellow with white trimmings and green blinds, and the green of the shrubbery relieved it and endowed it with an austere dignity. There was a curving driveway to the door, and following it, they came to the wide veranda, where an old lady sat by herself, dozing and reflecting as Madam Fulton had done that morning. The two canes by her chair told the story of a sad inaction. She was of heroic stature and breadth. Her small, beautifully poised head had thick white hair rolled back and wound about in a soft coil. Her face, pink with a persistent bloom, soft with a contour never to break or grow old, was simply a mother's face. It had the mother look, — the sweet serious eyes, the low brow, for beauty not for thought, the tranquil mouth. She was dressed in a fine cambric simply made, with little white ruffles about her neck and above her motherly hands. Madam Fulton saw her debating as they came, frowning a little, wondering evidently about the stranger. She called to her.

"Who is this, Bessie Grant?"

The other woman laid a hand upon her canes, and then, as if this were an instinctive movement, yet not to be undertaken hurriedly, smiled and sat still, awaiting them. When they were at the steps, she spoke, in an exceedingly pleasant voice. It deepened the effect of her great gentleness.

"I'm sure I don't know. Come right up and tell me."

They mounted the steps together, and Stark put out his hand. Mrs. Grant studied him for a moment. Light broke over her sweet old face.

"It's Billy Stark," she said.

"Of course it is," triumphed the other old lady. "Billy Stark come back from foreign parts as good as new. Now let's sit down and talk it over."

They drew their chairs together, and, smiles and glances mingling, went back over the course of the years, first with a leap to the keen, bright time when they were in school together. The type of those pages was clear-cut and vivid. There were years they skipped then, and finally they came to the present, and Billy said, —

"You have two grandsons?"

"Yes. One lives with me. The other is coming home to-morrow. He's the painter."

"Engaged to Electra," added Madam Fulton. "Did you know that? They are to be married this summer. Then I suppose he'll go back to Paris and she'll go with him."

Mrs. Grant was looking at her with a grave attention.

"We hope not," she said, "Osmond and I. Osmond hopes Peter will settle here and do some work. He thinks it will be best for him."

"There's no difficulty about his getting it," said Billy. "I saw his portrait of Mrs. Rhys. That was amazing."

The grandmother nodded, in a quiet pleasure.

"They said so," she returned.

"It will do everything for him."

"It has done everything. Osmond says he has only to sit down now and paint. But he thinks it will be best for him to do it here — at least for a time."

"How in the world can Osmond tell before he sees him?" objected Madam Fulton. "You have n't set eyes on Peter for five years. He may be Parisian to the backbone. You would n't want to tie him by the leg over here."

"So Osmond says. But he hopes he won't want to go back."

"I can tell him one thing," said the other old lady; "he'd better make up his mind to some big centre, Paris or New York, or he won't get Electra. Electra knows what she wants, and it is n't seclusion. She is going to be the wife of a celebrated painter, and she'll insist on the perquisites. I know Electra."

Mrs. Grant smiled in deprecation; but Stark had a habit of intuitive leaps, and he judged that she also knew Electra. His mind wandered a little, as his eyes ran over the nearer features of the place. It hardly suggested wealth: only comfort and beauty, the grace that comes of long devotion, the loving eye, the practiced hand. Somebody's heart had been put into it. This was the labor that was not hired. He had a strong curiosity to see Osmond, and yet he could not ask for him because Madam Fulton had once written him some queer tale of the man's sleeping in the woods, in a house of his own building, and living the wild life his body needed. One thing he learned now: Osmond's name was never out of his grandmother's mouth. She quoted his decisions as if they stood for ultimate wisdom. His ways were good and lovely to her.

The forenoon hour went by, and finally Madam Fulton remembered.

"Bless me!" she said. "It's luncheon time. Come, Billy."

The road was brighter now under the mounting sun. Madam Fulton was a little tired, and they walked silently. Presently, at her own gate, she suggested,

not grudgingly, but as if the charm of goodness was, unhappily, assured, —

"I suppose she's lovely!"

"Great! She's one of those creatures that have good mother-stuff in them. It does n't matter much what they mother. It's there. It's a kind of force. It helps — I don't know exactly how."

"Now can't you see what I mean? That woman has had big things. She had one of the great loves. She built it up, piece by piece, with Charlie. He kept a devotion for her that was n't to be compared with the tempest he felt about me. I'm sure of that."

Stark looked at her as they walked, his eyes perplexedly denying the evidence of his ears.

"Do you know, Florrie," he said, "it's incredible to hear you talk so."

"Why?"

"You have a zest for life, a curiosity about it. Why, it's simply tremendous."

"No, Billy, no. It's not tremendous. It's only that I am quite convinced I have n't got my money's worth. Late as it is, I want it yet. I'll have it — if it's only playing jokes on publishers!"

They ate together in the shaded room, and Madam Fulton, looking out through the windows at the terrace, realized, with an almost humble gratitude, that the world itself and the simple joys of it were quite different tasted in comradeship. She forgot Electra and the irritated sense that her well-equipped grand-daughter was wooing her to the ideals of a higher life.

"Billy," she said again, "I'm uncommon glad you came."

Billy's heart warmed with responsive satisfaction. He had expected a more or less colorless meeting with his old love, a philosophic reference here and there to vanished youth, a twilight atmosphere of waning days; but here she was, living as hard as ever. And he had brightened her; he had given her pleasure. The complacency of it reacted upon him, and he sought about in his clever mind for another drop to fill the beaker. By the time

they had finished their coffee, he knew.

"Florrie," said he, "what if you should put on your hat and take the train with me?"

"My stars, Billy! Run away?"

"Come up to town. We'd scare up some kind of a theatre this evening, and in the morning you could see Gilbert and Wall."

"And 'fess? Not by a great sight! But I'd like to go, Billy. Leave out Gilbert and Wall, make it you and me, and I'm your man."

"Come along."

"Worry Electra to death!" she professed brightly. "I'll do it, Billy. Here's the key of my little flat, right here on the writing-desk. I never stayed there alone, but there's no reason why I should n't. You can come round in the morning, to see if I've had a fit, and if I have n't we'll go to breakfast. But we must take the three o'clock. She'll be back by four."

She got her bonnet and her handbag, and when Electra did come back at four, her grandmother had flown, leaving a note behind.

III

The next morning Electra, dressed in white and rather pale at the lips, walked about the garden with a pretense of trimming a shrub here and there and steadying a flower. But she was waiting for her lover. She had expected him before. The ten o'clock would bring him, and he would come straight to her without stopping to see his grandmother and Osmond. But time went by, and she was nervously alert to the fact that he might not have come. Even Electra, who talked of poise and strove for it almost in her sleep, felt a little shaken at the deferred prospect of seeing him. It was after those five years, and his letters, voluminous as they were, had not told all. Especially had they omitted to say of late whether he meant to return to France when he should be able to take her with him. To see a lover after such a lapse was an

experience not unconnected with a possibility of surprise in herself as well as in him. She had hardly, even at the first, explicitly stated that she loved him. She had only recognized his privilege of loving her. But now she had put on a white dress, to meet him, and the garden was, in a sense, a protection to her. The diversity of its flowery paths seemed like a shade out of the glare of a defined relation. At last there was a step and he was coming. She forced herself to look at him and judge him as he came. He had scarcely changed, except, perhaps from his hurrying gait and forward bend, that he was more eager. There was the tall figure, the loose tie floating back, the low collar and straight black hair — the face with its aquiline curve and the wide sweet mouth, the eager dark eyes — he looked exactly like the man who had painted the great portrait of the year. Then he was close to her, and both her hands were in his. He lifted them quickly to his lips, one and then the other.

"Electra!" he said. It was the same voice, the slight eager hesitancy in it like the beginning of a stammer.

Electra, to her surprise, said an inconsequent thing. It betrayed how she was moved.

"Grandmother is away. She has gone to town."

"We will go into the summer-house," said the eager voice. "That is where I always think of you. You remember, don't you?"

He had kept her hand, and, like two children, they went along the broad walk and into the summer-house, where there was a green flicker of light from the vines. There was one chair, a rustic one, and Peter drew it forward for her. When she had seated herself, he sat down on the bench of the arbor close by, and, lifting her hand, kissed it again.

"Do you remember the knock-kneed poem I wrote you, Electra?" he asked her. "I called it 'My Imperial Lady.' I thought of it the minute I saw you standing there. My imperial lady!"

The current was too fast for her. She could not manage large, impetuous things like flaming words that hurtled at her and seemed to ask a like exchange — something strong and steady in her to meet them in mid air and keep them from too swift an impact. His praise had always been like the warrior's shields clanging over poor Tarpeia, — precious, but too crushing. They disconcerted her. If she could not manage to escape after the first blow, she guessed how they might bruise.

"When did you come?" she asked.

Peter did not answer. He was still looking at her with those wonderful eyes that always seemed to her too compelling for happy intercourse.

"Electra," he said, and stopped. She had to answer him. There must be some heavy thing to break to her, which he felt unequal to the task of telling unless she helped him. "Electra," he said again, "I did n't come alone. Some one came with me. I wrote you about Tom."

Electra drew her hand away, and sat up straight and chilled. There had been few moments of her grown-up life, it seemed to her, unspoiled by Tom, her recreant brother. In the tumultuous steep chase of his existence he had brought her nothing but mortification. In his death, he was at least marring this first moment of her lover's advent.

"You wrote me everything," she said. The tone should have discouraged him. "You were with him at the last. He knew you. I gather he did n't send any messages to us, or you would have given them."

"He did, Electra."

"He sent a message?"

"I simply could n't write it, because I knew I should be home so soon. It was about his wife. He begged you to be kind to her."

"His wife! Tom was not married."

"He was married, Electra, to a very beautiful girl. I have brought her home with me."

Electra was upon her feet. Her face

had lost its cold sweet pallor. The scarlet of hot blood was upon it, a swift response to what seemed outrage at his hands.

"I have never —" she gasped. "It is not true."

Peter, too, had risen. He was looking at her rather wistfully. His imperial lady had, in that instant, lost her untouched calm. She was breathing ire.

"Ah, don't say that," he pleaded.

"You never saw her."

"I can't help it. I feel it. She is an adventuress."

"Electra!"

"What did he say to you? What did Tom say?"

"He pointed to her as she stood by the window, her back to us — it was the day before he died — and said, 'Tell them to be good to her.'"

"You see! You don't even know whether he meant it as a message to me or some of his associates. He did n't say she was his wife?"

"No."

He answered calmly and rather gravely, but the green world outside the arbor looked unsteady to him. Electra was one of the fixed ideas of his life; her nobility, her reserve, her strength had seemed to set her far above him. Now she sounded like the devil's advocate. She was gazing at him keenly.

"Her story made a great impression on you," she threw out incidentally.

The effort was apparent, but Peter accepted it.

"Yes," he answered simply. "She makes a great impression on everybody. She will on you."

"What evidence have you brought me? Did you see them married?"

"No," said Peter, with the same unmoved courtesy.

"You see! Have you even found any record of their marriage?"

"No."

"You have the girl's word. She has come over here with you. What for?"

Peter lifted a hand to his forehead. He answered gently as a man sometimes

does, of set purpose, to avoid falling into a passion.

"It was the natural thing, Electra. She has no home, poor child! — nor money, except what Tom left in his purse. He'd been losing pretty heavily just before. I say, it seemed the natural thing to come to you. Half this place was his. His wife belongs here." The last argument sounded to him unpardonably crude, as to an imperial lady, but he ventured it. Then he looked at her. With his artist's premonition, he looked to see her brows drawn, her teeth perhaps set angrily upon a quivering lip. But Electra was again pale. Her face was marble to him, to everything.

"I shall fight it," she said inexorably, "to the last penny."

He gazed at her now as if she were a stranger. It was incredible that this was the woman whose hand he had kissed but the moment before. He ventured one more defense.

"Electra, you have not seen her."

"I shall not see her. Where is she, — in New York?"

"Here."

"Here!"

"At grandmother's. I left her there. I thought when we had had our little talk you would come over with me and see her, and invite her home."

"Invite her here?"

"I thought so."

"Peter," said Electra, with a quiet certainty, "you must be out of your mind."

There they stood in the arbor, their lovers' arbor, gazing at each other like strangers. Peter recovered first, not to an understanding of the situation, but to the need of breaking its tension.

"I fancied," he said, "you would be eager to know her."

"Is she a grisette?"

His mind ached under the strain of taking her in. He felt dumbly her contrast to the facile, sympathetic natures he had been thrown with in his life abroad. When he had left her, Electra was, as she would have said, unformed;

she had not crystallized into the clearness and the hardness of the integrity she worshiped. To him, when in thought he contrasted her with those other types who made for joy and not always for moral beauty, she was immeasurably exalted. In any given crisis where other women did well, he would not have questioned that Electra must have done better. Her austerity was a part of her virgin charm. But as he looked at her now, in her clear outlines, her incisive speech, the side of him that thrilled to beauty trembled with something like distaste or fear. She was like her own New England in its bleakness, without its summer warmth. He longed for atmosphere.

But she had asked her question again: "Is she a grisette?"

He found himself answering:—

"She is the daughter of Markham MacLeod."

"Not the author? Not the chief?"

"Yes," said Peter, with some quiet pride in the assurance, "chief of the Brotherhood, the great Markham MacLeod."

Electra pondered.

"If that is true," she said, "I must call on her."

"True? I tell you it is true. Electra, what are you saying?"

But Electra was looking at him with those clear eyes where dwelt neither guile nor tolerance of the guile of others.

"Did she tell you so," she inquired, "or do you know it for a fact?"

He had himself well in hand now, because it had sprung into his wise artist brain that he must not break the beauty of their interview. It was fractured, but if they turned the hurt side away from the light, possibly no one would know, and the outer crystalline sheen of the thing would be deceptively the same.

"I know Markham MacLeod," he said. "I have seen them together. She calls him father."

A wave of interest swept over her face.

"Do you mean you really know him, Peter?"

"Assuredly."

"As the leader of the Brotherhood?"

"Yes, the founder."

"He is proscribed in Russia and watched in France. Is that true?"

"All true."

"He gave up writing for this — to go about organizing and speaking? That's true, is n't it?"

"Quite true."

"How much do you know about the Brotherhood, Peter?"

"I belong to it."

He straightened as he spoke. An impulse of pride passed over him, and she read the betrayal in his kindling eyes and their widened pupils.

"Is there work for you?" she asked, "for men who don't speak and proselytize?"

"I do speak, Electra."

"You do?"

"I have spoken a little. I can't do it yet in the way he wants. What he wants is money."

"We have sent him money," she agreed. "The Delta Club gave a series of plays last winter and voted him the proceeds. The first was for labor in America. The second for free Russia."

"Yes, it pours in on him. It's his enormous magnetism."

"It's his cause."

She seemed to have reached something now that warmed her into life, and he took advantage of that kindling.

"Rose is his daughter," he reminded her. "She is very beautiful, very sad. She is worthy of such a father."

"Rose? Is that her actual name?"

"Yes. They are Americans, though since her childhood she has lived in France."

"What did she do before Tom — got acquainted with her? Live there in Paris with her father?"

"She sang. She has a moving voice. She always hoped she was going to sing better, but there never was money enough

to give her the right training. Then she began going about with her father. She spoke, too."

"In public? For the Brotherhood?"

"Yes. She has great magnetism. But she stopped doing that."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I have heard her father ask her to do it, but she refused. She is beautiful, Electra."

Electra was looking at him thoughtfully.

"Did she persuade you to join the Brotherhood?" she asked.

"No," said Peter, unmoved, "the chief himself persuaded me. I went to a great meeting one Sunday night. I heard him. That was the end of me. I knew where I belonged."

Electra, her mind hidden from him as completely as if a veil had fallen between them, was, he could see, considering him. As for her, he hardly dared dwell upon her as she ruthlessly seemed. She was again like the bright American air, too determinate, too sharp. She almost hurt the eyes. He wondered vaguely over several things he was unwilling to ask her, since he could not bear to bring their difference to a finished issue: why she cherished a boundless belief in the father and only reprobation for the daughter, when she had seen neither the one nor the other; why she had this vivid enthusiasm for the charity that embraces the world and none for a friendless child at her door. Their interview seemed to have dropped flat in inconceivable collapse; what was to have been the beginning of their dual life was only the encounter of a hand-to-hand discussion. He tried to summon back the vividness to his fagged emotions, and gave it up. Then he ventured to think of his imperial lady, and found a satirical note beating into his mind. He took refuge in the practical.

"I have not seen Osmond yet."

"Was n't he there to meet you?"

"No. Grannie said I should have to go down to the plantation, to find him.

Does he keep up his old ways, Electra?"

"Yes. Sleeping practically out of doors summer and winter, or in the shack, as he calls it, — that log hut he put up years ago. Have n't you known about him? Has n't he written?"

"Oh, he writes, but not about himself. Osmond would n't do that. Somehow grandmother never wrote any details about him either. I fancied he did n't want her to. So I never asked. She only said he was 'well.' You know Osmond always says that himself."

"I believe he is well," said Electra absently. She was thinking of the alien presence at the other house. "He looks it — strong, tanned. Osmond is very impressive somehow. It's fortunate he was n't a little man."

Peter made one of the quick gestures he had learned since he had been away from her. They told the tale of give and take with a more mobile people. He could not ask her to ignore Osmond's deformity, yet he could not bear to hear her speak of it. Osmond was, he thought, a colossal figure, to be accepted, whatever his state, like the roughened rock that builds the wall. He rose, terminating, without his conscious will, an interview that was to have lasted, if she had gone to the other house with him and he had returned again with her, the day long.

"I must see Osmond," he hesitated.

Electra, too, had risen.

"Yes," she said conformably, though the table, she knew, would be laid for them both in what had promised to be their lovers' seclusion.

"I will come back. This afternoon, Electra?"

That morning the afternoon had been his and hers only. She had expected to listen to the recital of his triumphs in Paris, and to scan eagerly the map of his prospects which was to show her way also. And she too opened her lips and spoke without reconsidered intent.

"This afternoon I shall be busy. I have to go in town."

"You won't —" he hesitated again. "Electra, you won't call at the house on the way, and see her, at least?"

"Your Rose?" She smiled at him brilliantly. "Not to-day, Peter."

Then, bruised, bewildered, he went back over the path he had come, leaving

his imperial lady to go in and order the luncheon table prepared for one.

"Madam Fulton will not be home," she said to the maid, with a proud unconsciousness; and for the moment it sounded as if Madam Fulton had been the expected guest.

(To be continued.)

THE IDEAL MINISTER

BY CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL

DOUBTLESS there are some who feel that a layman is the only person competent to write a paper on *The Ideal Minister*. There is much to be said in support of that feeling. Clerical opinion is apt to run in grooves and to be satisfied with traditional proprieties. The inertia of clericalism may rob one of power to understand the spiritual needs and cravings of men. Were the Ideal Minister to appear, the people rather than the ecclesiastics might be the first to recognize and to hear him. In a striking passage in *The Apostles*, Renan says, "Jesus saw with wonderful clearness that in the popular heart is the great treasury of devotion and resignation for the saving of the world." To this one might add: In the popular heart is the instinct that knows and welcomes the leader of men when he comes. So it is well that the hand of a layman shall set forth the qualities that make a minister whom men will hear, and trust, and follow, as an ambassador of Christ. Every theological school would be the better if it could keep before its students and its teachers a portrait of the Ideal Minister, drawn by the strong, steady hand of a master-layman of the modern world.

There is something to be said on the other side. It is not impossible that he who studies the ministry from the inside, weighing all things in the balance of his

own life experience, may judge most adequately of the ideal. For he, after all, is the man of practical knowledge. The layman, in this case, is the theorist. His theorizing is invaluable, yet may be one-sided. His experience has been on other lines. The thing that he knows most thoroughly is not the ministry. In any case, a layman rarely trusts a minister's judgment in matters of business; he calls it academic, having reached his own conclusions in the school of experience. So, sometimes, lay judgments of what the ministry should do and be seem inadequate to one who has explored the profession with his life, who has felt its limitations and its opportunities; who has rejoiced in its privileges, wrestled with its besetting sins, peered through some venerable fallacies inclosing it, measured his own small attainment against its splendid possibilities.

My own opinion is that a minister may be the worst possible interpreter or the best possible interpreter of the ministerial ideal. There is perhaps no human calling which more severely exposes its members to the peril of unreality. They live and move and have their being in an atmosphere charged with potential self-deceptions: social, intellectual, moral. The effect of bad perspective in the ministry is social self-deception. A narrowing parochialism is one of the causes of bad

perspective. Parochial leadership is a most honorable employment, yet there are two ways of doing it. There is such a thing as a narrowing parochialism; a surrender of great interests to neighborhood contentment and petty forms of jurisdiction, whereby social proportions are confused and large human areas of need and helplessness are obliterated by foreground proprieties of caste or sect. Still further may this social self-deception be promoted by egoistic churchmanship. The power of straightforward outlook on life's broad facts, and of sympathy with the world's needs, may be vitiated by too constant use of the ecclesiastical lens. Ecclesiasticism may become a habit of mind, a regrettable shortsightedness. Secure within the citadel of tradition, and from its battlement looking down on a non-conforming world, a man may have a ministerial ideal which, like the spectre of the Brocken, is only an enlarged and shadowy reproduction of himself. Perhaps St. Paul, who counted himself to be "less than the least of all saints," had this in mind when he wrote: "I say to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think."

The effect of mental seclusion in the ministry is intellectual self-deception. Living too much apart from men, an anchorite of the study, haunted by watchwords of a "school of thought," strained by mental over-production, a minister may establish a purely subjective, and quite morbid, ideal. Obedient to this ideal, his mode of thinking may grow away from that of his brother men, and his life, wounded by the indifference of others, may shrink into itself, to tread henceforth, with melancholy persistence, the lonely path of an intellectual Ishmaelite.

The effect of erroneous personal standards in the ministry is ethical self-deception. One must look into history to find the source of these erroneous standards. In their present form they are survivals of an age when priesthood, wrapped in

garments of reputed sanctity, and absolved from the common toils and cares of men, was a necessary institution, without which the religious organization of society might not have been possible. Then, the layman paid homage to the priest, as such; and the priest, from the standpoint of a privileged class, looked down upon the layman. Time has brought great changes. I do not say that the old order has been invalidated, but that other credentials for ministry than membership in a priestly caste are foremost in the mind of the modern laity. He who, clinging to the tradition of an earlier age, shields himself or seeks to shield himself from the plain, hard code of righteousness that binds other men, by claiming ministerial privilege, is a self-deceived man; dangerously self-deceived, because his fallacy is ethical. For such a man, drastic dealing with himself is necessary, if he would save his soul alive. From the good-natured tolerance of a half-contemptuous laity; from the soft, beguiling flattery of tongues; from the tightening fetters of self-indulgent habit, let him deliver himself, by violence, if need be, that he may reach the firm ground of untitled, unprivileged manliness, and be counted worthy to suffer, as other men do, for righteousness' sake.

That a great profession should be surrounded, at certain epochs in its history, by an atmosphere of unreality is no ground for surprise; still less does it justify any word spoken against that profession. It is merely one more evidence of man's perpetual need of readjustment toward his most invaluable possessions. The world moves ever onward. Into the social order new elements of knowledge and experience enter, producing new states of mind and changed attitudes of opinion. It is idle to resist or bemoan. The duty of strong men is to grapple with problems of reconstruction, as successively they occur, and, by enlightened selection and use of altered forms and modes, to conserve the unalterable substance of precious inheritances. A fair illustration of this is found in connection with the most pre-

cious of all our inheritances, the Holy Scriptures. The nineteenth century brought to Christendom intellectual conditions that forced a reconsideration of historical and literary questions. Biblical literature could not, without grave peril to faith, be treated as an exception. For a time there was confusion and unreality in many minds touching the authority of the Bible; there was also much alarm and sorrow. But strong and earnest men guided the work of readjustment, and to-day the divine message of Holy Scripture, like a freshly sharpened knife, pierces with new keenness to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart.

The Christian ministry is perhaps the next in order of our precious inheritances to pass through the process of readjustment. The coming in of an age of democracy has brought new strain to bear on every social institution. Kings, peers, and priests no longer are sheltered by ancestral privilege from public criticism. Liberal pressure in England for reconstruction of the House of Lords, with elimination of bishops; violent repudiation of clericalism by French democracy; academic reform that threatens the grave tranquillity of Oxford, — are signs (for better or for worse, God knows!) of forces, no longer negligible, compelling readjustment of sacred inheritances. It is impossible for the Christian ministry to escape arraignment and cross-examination at the bar of social democracy. It ought not to escape. Those who love it best will pray that, at all cost of sentiment and tradition, the ministerial ideal may so change with changing generations that it shall keep close to contemporary human experience; being not an antiquarian survival, but an immediate and indispensable force in the life of men.

Meanwhile, the process of readjustment is going on in our day, accompanied by phenomena which confuse and alarm many, who do not realize that the time has come for restatement of the ministerial ideal, in terms of modern life.

As I analyze this process of readjustment, in search of some psychological principle which can account for it, I find myself face to face with a matter, the discussion of which I would gladly escape. It is the matter of priesthood as connected with the Christian ministry. No other idea can equal this, for formative power and official authority, in the history of the Christian church. None has contributed more impressively to the growth of reverence in the lay mind of the past. None has lent itself more nobly to the highest forms of religious aestheticism, contempt for which was the cardinal weakness (amidst mighty strength!) of the Puritan reaction. None seems more surely destined to pass away.

I do not here inquire into the source and ground of Christian sacerdotalism; its kinship with imperial and aristocratic theories of society; its alleged excesses; its remoteness from the practice and teaching of Christ. Whatever may be shown by the historian in these particulars, the fact remains that the intrinsic power of priesthood as the ministerial ideal was, and in certain quarters is, impressive. Its appeal to the imagination, its suzerainty over the lay conscience, its power to bind and loose, its opulent reserve of grace to meet deficiencies in the average man, its privileged insight into mysteries, its secure hold on the covenanted mercies of God — these and other attributes of priesthood place it among the primary forces that have shaped the religious history of fifteen centuries.

The psychology of priesthood rewards the closest study and explains its compelling power in ages of faith. Man has two deep-seated social instincts — the instinct of control and the instinct of submission. It is in his nature to lay hold of inferior lives and project upon them the authority of his own. It is equally in his nature to be governed by that which transcends his own experience. These social instincts appear in the life of primitive peoples. The instinct of control is written large over the ancient East.

Every village has its head-man; every bazar its tribute-taking overlord; every valley its hill rajah. In the beaten track of immemorial submission the people plod on, accepting the situation with a salaam or a sigh, as the case may be. It is instinct. Out of this instinct emerges organized society. The powers that be are ordained of God. Submission to authority is the first condition of social order as well as the first instinct of average humanity.

Looking back over Christian history, one can see how these instincts of control and submission reflected themselves in the evolution of the church. At first, and to long as the simplicity of Christ's example prevailed over men's memories, they who were set to rule in the church exercised their authority as in no whit above their brethren. One of the greatest of the leaders accounted himself to be "less than the least of all saints." The end of earthly leadership and authority was simply that all things might be done decently and in order. In the same spirit the laity submitted themselves to every ordinance for the Lord's sake; esteeming very highly in love them that were over them in the Lord. But, as the church, no longer a little persecuted flock, moved into the sunlight of imperial favor, the ministerial ideal took on new attributes. From precedents set in Judaism and in non-Christian faiths, it assimilated the essence and donned the insignia of priesthood. It esteemed itself to hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven, to be the arbiter of conscience, the mediator of destiny, the dispenser of holy mysteries, the vessel of hidden grace.

It is not difficult to understand the absorbing fascination of these ideas, alike for minds sincerely believing themselves to be invested with these powers, and for those sincerely yielding lay homage thereunto. The segregation of a class, for special intimacy with God and authority over man, is an idea in line with instincts of control and submission that flourish in an age of imperialism and public ignor-

ance. If we feel this fascination waning in the present day, it is not so much because men put it from them voluntarily as because the spell of the idea tends to wear off in the atmosphere of democracy and popular education. Its temporary survival in such an atmosphere is due in part to the persistent inertia of custom and in part to emotional self-persuasion and devout refusal to weigh pious theory against fact.

It is erroneous to suppose that the Protestant Reformation was, or was intended to be, the abolition of the priestly idea from the Christian ministry. Radical non-sacerdotalists speak sometimes as if priesthood were a parasitic growth that had climbed upon and twined itself about the tree of the ministry; and as if the Reformation were the axe that cut off that parasite, root and branch. Such a notion is unhistorical. The Reformation did indeed seek to hew off certain excesses and abuses that had developed in the notion of priesthood. But the essence of the idea, which is the endowment of men with power of special intimacy with God and spiritual authority over their brother men, passed with modifications into the reformed churches. Theoretically, it was abandoned by the dissenting sects. Practically, it clung to the ministerial ideal, even in the imagination of many thoroughgoing non-conformists. Presbytery may disavow that the laying on of hands conveys grace in ordination, yet to this day that stately act of symbolism stirs the imagination of many a layman and many a minister with solemn survivals from a vanished past.

For those who are in the priestly office, busied with its routine, buoyed by its agreeable assumptions of power, every motive of self-interest and self-persuasion, to say nothing of the momentum of established custom and hereditary opinion, keeps one committed to the *status quo*, and veils from one's eyes the actual state of extra-ecclesiastical thinking, that has passed beyond skepticism into indifference on the subject of human priests.

As a matter of fact, the decay of faith in the priestly conception of the ministry has been going on for fifty years. It may take fifty years more to consummate it; but the ultimate issue of the process is foreordained under the laws of the human mind. Less and less can men bow down to their brother men believing them to be other than themselves or in any sense special custodians of the mysteries and grace of God. This is not iconoclasm. It is not irreverence. It is in part the postponed reversion of nature to spiritual reality; and, in part, the useful outcome of scientific study in the field of personality.

We make a great mistake, I think, in attributing to irreligion the breaking away from church life of large numbers of intelligent and pure-minded persons. Whatever proportion of this is due to lax morality or to the love of pleasure, there is also much that arises from a vague sense of unreality in the position and claims of the ministry. People have studied the psychology of religious experience; they have looked out more broadly upon the world; they have pondered the phenomena of spiritual life appearing outside of Christian boundaries; they have sought and found communion with God unmediated by sacerdotal permissions and authorities; and their lives have, in consequence, grown away from a ministry hedged about with unnecessary survivals of unverified theory. There is nothing new in this. It is as old as mysticism. It is merely more general to-day than ever before. True mysticism, which rests on belief in immediacy of access to God, has found a powerful ally in true psychology. Moving into a larger freedom of the Spirit, the enlightened religious consciousness slips, with less compunction, ties of ecclesiastical custom that seem no longer essential to reality.

The modern application of scientific scholarship to the Bible and to theology assists the disintegration of priestly conceptions of the ministry. It coöperates with the spirit of social democracy to

weaken the formidable attempt of an infallible church to interpret Scripture and impose dogma. It recovers the original liberty of Protestants and exalts the immediacy of the Holy Spirit's action on the intellect and conscience. It is not intimidated by sacerdotal thunders, nor deterred by ecclesiastical penalty. Rejoicing in the truth, it endures all things for the truth's sake. Its motto is: *Noblesse oblige*.

At the same time, it has brought grave unrest to many minds and turned many aside from the way of the ministry. For the time being, it is not the simple thing that once it was, to be a Christian minister. So long as one received without question the modified view of ministerial authority that came over into the reformed churches, and that was in essence priesthood without the name; so long as one rested without inquiry on the ordered system of doctrine approved by one's ecclesiastical superiors, strong men could go, and did go, into the ministry, upheld by the sense of reality. But both of these grounds of reality are obscured. The rise of democracy has thrown a mist over the claims of priesthood, even in the highly modified forms found in various branches of orthodox Protestantism. The growth of scholarship has drawn into the category of open questions matters long supposed to have been settled. The ministerial ideal, once sharply defined as a mountain peak against the blue, is now, for many persons, hazy and evasive as the same peak seen through wreaths of flying scud. Before this vocation many strong men have stood, pondered, and turned aside, declining to enter a calling that presented aspects of an historic survival rather than a contemporary force making for righteousness. Within this vocation some strong men who entered under the old conditions have been confused by the stir of transitional influences, and, losing faith in a calling that it was too late to abandon, have asked themselves, with sinking heart, "Why am I here?" And the world outside, never slow to barter old institutions for new, detecting the

atmosphere of unreality that seemed for the time to cling about this great profession, and seeing the eagerness of average men to read Sunday newspapers and play Sunday golf, has announced the decay of the ministry as a primary ethical influence, superseded by the public press and the new enthusiasm for nature.

The situation thus created challenges the interest of all who are accustomed to look beneath the surface of things in estimating the values of life. In the face of modern science and philosophy he would be accepting a difficult brief who undertook to maintain to-day that priesthood is the ultimate basis of the ministerial idea. Whatever priesthood has done for the world (and I am among those who speak reverently of its power for good), it is to-day a diminishing factor in the world's affairs. The tremendous force of institutionalism keeps it alive, and may keep it alive for some time to come; but the world grows away from it, as a pious relic of the past. Men of the world treat it with respect so long as it is not aggressive. When it becomes so, they decline to take it seriously. But nothing could be more fallacious than to assume that disintegration of priesthood is decline of the ministry. It is rather the falling away of a provisional and temporary interpretation of the ministry, serviceable in the past, but unsuited to the present. The thing that remains when priesthood passes is the thing that many have noticed as a phenomenon of this age which persistently contradicts the assumption that the ministry is in decadence. Whenever a man arises of such simple excellence that the people dare to trust him, and preaches, without ecclesiastical accent, a Gospel of the Living God that appeals to life, and an interpretation of life that leads men to the Living God — that man never lacks an audience, an influence, and an answer from human souls. The common people hear him gladly. The preoccupied ear of culture is arrested by his words. The blood of high-minded youth leaps beneath his message. The

storm-swept heart of sorrow listens and finds peace. What is the meaning of this phenomenon — this hungry response that men give to whosoever, coming in the name of Christ, combines with a just and manly life the power of interpreting God to man and man to himself? It means that, as artificial and provisional conceptions of the ministry dissolve before the searching realism of an age of democracy and an age of science, the ministry itself is justified by the unstudied verdict of human experience. Humanity outgrows its priests but not its prophets. Sacerdotalism is a thing that we can live without, but the seed of God within us creates kinship with the Infinite that answers wherever the voice of a man rings true to the things of God. It is our involuntary sense of relation to life and to the divine source of life that speaks like a harpstring beneath the touch of one having the gift to interpret God and the soul. The true minister is he that has that gift. He is an interpreter — one among a thousand! He may or may not call himself a priest. It matters not. He is a minister, not because he is a priest but because he is a prophet: a man who speaks for God and for his brother man.

The ministerial ideal is, then, the prophetic ideal. As such it has its basis not in an act of ecclesiastical authorization but in a vocation and endowment of the Spirit. This is the call: the prophetic sense of obligation to speak in the name of God, to man, and in the name of man, to God. Order and decency of procedure justify ecclesiastical authorization, but ministers, like poets, are born, not made. They arise, as parts of the essential structure, as modes of the progressive action, of human society; and howsoever many there be of spurious and perverted occupants of the profession, — unblessed of God and rejected of men, — where one arises having the true vocation, the hearts of men answer to his influence, as the viol to the bow.

After much obscurity, brought by disquieting theological and ecclesiastical

conditions of late years, thought seems to be moving toward a clearer view of what the ministry is. It is coming to be seen in its relation to humanity rather than in its relation to the church. Hitherto the minister has been too much regarded as the official and creature of the church. And young men with splendid gifts and glorious aspirations have often halted at that thought, and, suspicious of priesthood, have preferred to cast in their lot with untrammelled humanity. But when the ministry is seen as, first of all, a part of the essential life of humanity, an answer to a yearning need in the soul of the world, a prophet's voice uttering for men what they have not uttered for themselves, and showing men a glory in God that they have not seen for themselves — then the choice flower of our youth, having the sense of this vocation born within them, shall no longer hesitate; and the prophets of the Highest shall be multiplied.

Deceived by popular indifference to churches and priests, some noble-spirited young men have withheld themselves from the ministry, honestly doubting whether religion is not a waning fire in the modern world, whether the altar of man's communion with God is not in the way of being thrown aside by ethical reform and social service. The apostles of secularism, by whom these young men have been influenced, have much to answer for. They have confused the issue. No one could blame them for criticising ecclesiastical unrealities and the sophistries of clericalism. But when, deliberately or in unconscious error, they speak against religion and teach our younger men that the world is outgrowing it, they sin against the very Spirit of God, who, viewless as the wind, breathes into every soul that comes into the world. It is well to recall Renan's passionate protest against secularism. "Religion," he cries, "is not a popular error. It is a great truth of instinct, half-seen by the people — uttered by the people. Nothing is falsier than the dream of certain persons who think to conceive a perfect humanity in conceiving

it without religion. We should put it just the other way. A perfect being would be no longer selfish, he would be wholly religious. The effect of progress, therefore, will be the expansion of religion, not its destruction or its decay."

If I have succeeded, in what is thus far written, in extricating the notion of the ministry from some ancient and modern confusions that have fogged it, and in bringing out into the clear that vocation of the interpreter whereby the ministry becomes a necessity for human self-realization and Godward advance, then, in the rest of this paper, let me try to describe some marks of the Ideal Minister, not of a vanished age, but of to-day. I assume that he is a just and manly man in his character. Without this nothing is possible, of long duration. He may attract for an hour, but "Time, the parent of truth," shall discover him and cancel him, sooner or later. The false prophet shall reap what he has sown. He shall go to his own place: a nook of obscurity shunned by the great world-heart, that, however often it be deceived by men, still cries out for the Living God.

By what marks would the Ideal Minister be known, were he to appear among us to-day? Let me name five, that seem, without doubt, to belong to him: Simplicity — unselfishness — humanness — hopefulness — reverence.

1. *Simplicity.* The mark of the cleric, the pride of institutionalism, shall not be on him. He shall not seem to men to be clothed in a vesture of traditional claims, but quite to have forgotten himself in the joy and sorrow of his work. Those are charming words that Sir William Gairdner wrote about his old friend and colleague, Principal Caird: "No man ever crossed my path in life who impressed me more as a character of great simplicity and, I would almost say, homeliness; absolutely without affectation or parade, and, if not unconscious of his great gifts, — which of course he could not possibly be, — yet in all ordinary human intercourse behaving as if he were uncon-

scious of them — a common man among common men. . . . In everything that he did and said you came to feel that if any one else could have done it nearly as well he would at once have gladly stood aside and yielded position as to an equal or superior. . . . It was, indeed, this entire absence of self-seeking — and by this I mean not only unselfishness in the ordinary sense of the word, but also great in-born modesty and unobtrusiveness in all things for which men strive and assert themselves — that gave to his oratorical efforts their greatest charm to those who knew the man. He was conscious, as it appeared, only of the high matters with which he dealt, not of the person who was the instrument of dealing with them. In a very real sense of the words you would have said that, as a preacher, his life was 'hid with Christ in God.'

I have thought it worth while to quote at length Sir William Gairdner's words about Caird, for they define most perfectly the quality that clothes, like an atmosphere, every true prophet of the highest things. He may be as another, Dean Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, was: an officer of state, wearing the jewel of a great order — an ecclesiastic, guiding the affairs of an august institution — a scholar, loaded with honors by his University — a courtier, admitted to the close friendship of his sovereign. But these, and all other accidents of earthly dignity, were forgotten by those who talked with him and heard him preach. For evidently these were not the major interests in his life. If he remembered them, he sought not after them to glory in them, nor counted them distinctions separating him from his brother men. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart," in regions of the Spirit, where the great realities of experience are things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. It was his perception of these things that disengaged him from the common vanities and self-seekings of men and left him free for simple intercourse with others. Looking back after thirty years to radiant hours of

fellowship with him in the Deanery at Westminster, I know that then I walked with one who walked with God, and I was not afraid, youth and dissenter that I was. His life was too great for pride, too high for churchmanship.

2. *Unselfishness.* So long as the impersonal tradition of a church lends to its ministry a priestly status, there remains a chance for small and selfish men to hide their littleness beneath the cloak of authority. So long as a romantic ecclesiasticism weaves its spell over devout minds, there exists a tendency to idealize the actual minister into a sacerdotal symbol, and to cease from asking what kind of spirit lives beneath beauty of vestments and dignity of titles. The broad mantle of priesthood is perhaps a merciful concession to the frailty of men undertaking a difficult task. It affords measurable defense against publicity. But the possibility of shielding a man behind his office is passing by, as the glamour of tradition fades into the light of common day. The strenuous realism of a democratic age halts not at the threshold of the House of God. The ancient laying on of hands by the clergy enveloped the minister in a robe of mystery. The modern laying on of hands by the laity tears off that robe and cuts to the heart of things with the question, "What manner of man is this?" The priest stood amid the shadows of the sanctuary. The prophet stands in the open, — a living epistle, known and read of all men. It is a wonderful suggestion of One, who, long ago, stood in the common highway of the world, with the multitude thronging Him, having come not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. Of such temper and motive is the Ideal Minister. Unselfishness is, in him, not the name of the thing, but the thing itself. Obviously, his joy is in the spending of himself for others. Whereupon, when he speaks to men, they listen; when he summons them, they follow; for they know his voice, not the voice of his lips alone, but the voice of his life.

Henri Frédéric Amiel put it well: "The Kingdom of God belongs not to the most enlightened but to the best, and the best man is the most unselfish man. Humble, constant, voluntary self-sacrifice — this is what constitutes the true dignity of man."

3. *Humanness.* One may call the accent of personality the most subtle essence of a man's life. It is not so much what one says as the tone and disposition of the heart that speaks beneath the word and invests the being. The accent of personality in the Ideal Minister is humanness, — oneness with his brother men. He is not the defender of a system, nor the apologist of a school, nor the incumbent of an office, nor the propounder of a theory. He is near to human life; nobly magnanimous; understanding the ways of men and the forces that make them what they are. He has respect for humanity, esteeming it the offspring of God. After the manner of One of whom it was said, "He knew what was in man," the Ideal Minister seems to have tasted every chalice of joy or sorrow, to have felt the faintness of the weak, the courage of the strong, the strain of the tempted, the contrition of the sinful. Men seem to find through him the clue to their own lives. They say one to another, "Come, see a man that told me all that ever I did." He knows the ways of children, and puts into words incommunicable thoughts throbbing within their souls. This humanness comes not forth from him with the cold precision of a theorist, but through the warm channels of intuitional experience. He has lived a thousand lives in one, assimilating through love the experiences of others so that they have become his own. He is thus a prophet of human life. Such a prophet must Frederick Robertson have been. Such, surely, in the days of his glorious prime, was Stopford Brooke, Robertson's biographer. I look back to years when it seemed worth while to cross the Atlantic on the chance of hearing one sermon from Stopford Brooke. For, whatever he failed

to teach me, he seemed to have lived my life through before me, and to be putting into my hands the clue to the labyrinth.

4. *Hopefulness.* I use the word in the grand, unconquerable sense in which Emerson, in the *New England Reformers*, cries, "Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth." It is a mark of the Ideal Minister that his intuitional oneness with humanity has taught him the majesty of the soul as an emanation from God, and the latent capacity of the soul for truth. He can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way. Though he looks on sin with Godlike abhorrence, yet, like God, he can believe in a best that lives in the heart of the sinful. He can comprehend how a soul that seems to be an enemy of the truth may, in fact, be opposing some distorted or abandoned travesty of the truth, propounded by an age of superstition or surviving from an age of ignorance. The hopefulness of the Ideal Minister is born in part of appreciation of the nobler qualities of the soul (not less noble if dwarfed and thwarted by long disadvantage), and, in part, of critical discernment of truth's perpetual need of restatement in terms of contemporary experience. Upton, in his Hibbert Lectures, says, "Herein we see the immense value of the critical understanding, which is always at war with superstitious survivals, and, by its fresher and clearer insight into the facts of nature and mind, is always dissolving old and outworn forms of doctrinal conception and enabling the vital essence of religion to embody itself in higher and more adequate forms of expression." This conviction of the critical understanding, that truth is forever reincarnating itself in forms more perfectly expressing the purpose and meaning of the Spirit of God, supplies to the Ideal Minister the ground of his invincible hopefulness. His is a love that will not let men go. If they resist the truth he does not condemn them nor cast them off. He examines his own heart with the question, "How can I so

lift the truth above their misconceptions of it that they shall see it as it is, and know their inheritance as children of the Living God?" I sometimes think that the Ideal Minister, when he comes, will be drawn by the logic of opportunity to India and the Far East. A field of fields is there, just now, for men of vision, humanness, and hopefulness. It were a task worthy of Christ himself to go to the East believing in the love of truth that lies deep in the Oriental religious consciousness, beneath much practice of error; and so to lift the Eternal Message above age-long misconceptions of it that the imprisoned glory of the Eastern soul might be emancipated and installed in its proper office as the spiritual leader of the world.

5. *Reverence.* In every great historical transition affecting our most valued inheritances there is danger of loss. The price of progress sometimes is very heavy. It is so in connection with Biblical criticism. Immense gains of knowledge have been paid for with immense losses of sentiment and feeling. Recovery of these losses one hopes for, but the result is problematical. It is so in connection with the ministry. The disintegration of priesthood under the piercing rays of science and democracy dispels an atmosphere that made its own contribution to the dignity and worth of existence. It was the atmosphere of reverence. Whether proceeding from truth or from fallacy, it made for the enriching of experience. It cast over the shrines and sacraments of religion a hush of sacredness. It checked the familiarity that breeds contempt. It redeemed large areas of life from sordid commonplaceness and hedged them about with suggestions of an invisible world. It gave awful authority to the pulpit, silencing doubt, rebuking sin, defining belief. What remains of this is a survival,—a balance of unexpended momentum from a past that cannot be reproduced. The new age has come and seated itself with nonchalance, if not with levity, in the

seats of dissent. The loss to reverence has been enormous. The worst part of the loss is that it falls most heavily on those unconscious of it. The majority of our youth know not how much nearer God seemed to the fathers than to their children; how much more august and compelling seemed the services of religion and the voice of the ministry; how urgent the needs and satisfactions of the spiritual life; how open the avenues of eternity. There has been a great change. The leveling influence of democracy has done its part, diminishing traditional veneration for the clerically ordained. The hum of institutional activity has dispelled the ancient stillness of the sanctuary. The brisk utilitarianism of social science has introduced changes in church architecture and sacramental customs that break absolutely with the historic order. An astonishing flood of original methods has poured through the non-sacerdotal churches, producing a homely informality in religious affairs for which there is no precedent in history. It is a dangerous time, for the reverence of the people is in peril.

The key to the situation is in the future, not in the past. We cannot go back and rehabilitate the tottering fabric of priesthood; "We cannot buy with gold the old associations." We can go forward toward the type of the Ideal Minister. For, to his simplicity, his unselfishness, his humanness, his hopefulness, he adds reverence, which gives to all these other qualities Divine significance and power. The reverence of the Ideal Minister is involuntary consciousness of the Unseen and the Eternal. As the touch of genius lifts the master above the mere musician, so this sense of the Unseen lifts the Ideal Minister above the mere preacher of sermons. It is the investiture of a priesthood verified not by tradition but by experience. It is immediacy of access to the eternal fountains of salvation. He lives among men as one of them, simple, unselfish, human, hopeful; yet they know that he walks with God,

"And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

He is a scholar, but criticism has never violated that shrine of the Spirit where the pure in heart see God. The unfading newness of everlasting truth gives to his speech the freshness of springtime. The unsearchable mystery of Infinite Holiness gives to his thought and conduct gravity and reserve, as one who has beheld things which it is not possible for a man to utter. The demands of social service have not stamped him with the professionalism of a reformer. The ardor of churchmanship has not made him an ecclesiastic. He remains a prophet of the Highest. When he speaks, men feel that he is standing on holy ground. When he prays, men perceive that he is prostrating himself before the Risen Christ.

Approximations to the standard of the Ideal Minister are multiplying in these latter days, in the sacerdotal churches and in the non-sacerdotal churches. A type is developing that gives promise of

a glorious future. It is familiar with the whole process of criticism, yet finds an apostolic gospel to preach that the spiritual sense of the modern world is waiting to hear. It is in sympathy with social service, yet permits not that, or anything else, to interfere with its first duty as an interpreter and mediator of God to man. It is in line with democratic reality, as between man and man, yet counts its high calling greater, not less, than traditional priesthood. Its supreme ambition is to be a true prophet of the Eternal Love, a faithful dispenser of the Eternal Truth, a redeeming brother, a child of light, a steward of the Kingdom of God.

As the air clears and recent confusions roll like storm-clouds from the sky, the glorious ambition of prophethood shall rise in the breast of youth. The ministry of the coming age shall include the choicest product of our universities. The manliest among men shall choose the highest among vocations.

HENRY JAMES AND HIS DOUBLE

BY W. A. GILL

PIERRE CARLET DE CHAMBLAIN DE MARIVAUX, novelist, essayist, and playwright, was born in 1687 and died in 1763. From our slight knowledge of his private life it appears that he was a traveled child; that he had the opportunities of a liberal education, and that he began his independent career with fair private means. Settling in Paris about the time he came of age, he was admitted to its most fashionable literary society. In the salons of Madame de Tencin and others he showed so much liking for the companionship of intelligent women that he was accused later on of confining himself to "female coteries." Having once begun to write, he was unremittingly industri-

ous, producing essays, sketches, plays, and novels in abundance, though he was always a fastidious craftsman. He was elected to the French Academy over Voltaire, and on that occasion the Archbishop of Sens, who delivered the speech of welcome, paid a remarkable tribute to his moral worth. "Your writings," said the Archbishop, "are known to me only by hearsay. Those who have read them tell me that they have admirable qualities. But it is not so much to them as to our high esteem for your personal virtues that you owe your election." Marivaux, always sensitive about criticism of his writings, could hardly be kept from openly refusing this ecclesiastical com-

pliment on the spot. It bore testimony however to a fact recognized by all his contemporaries. He was noted for a standard of conduct which seemed to them even austere. In the scandalous period of the Regency it could be said of him that "he had no adventures or scandals."

Married before he was thirty, he lost his wife so soon that he was virtually a lifelong bachelor, — a fact which some of his critics have regretted in such terms as these: "Had he been a married man, a deeper source of knowledge would have been open to him. As it was, he knew nothing about woman in the family. Woman was his chief theme, but he was acquainted with her only in society."

During the last twenty of his eighty years he withdrew into a seclusion which he seldom broke except to attend meetings of the Academy.

He is best known to-day by his comedies, some of which are still acted in France. For their subtle and airy color, hovering over truth, these trifles about courtship have often been compared to the pictures of his contemporary, Watteau. But the more considerable part of his work, both in volume and in the influence it has had on posterity, is to be found in his novels and essays. He has been called "the father of the psychological novel," — not altogether unreasonably, for Diderot, Rousseau, Richardson, and Fielding were among his immediate pupils. "There is no *roman de mœurs*," says Brunetière broadly, "in modern French or English literature without something of Marivaux at the bottom of it."

His chief novels are *La Vie de Marianne*, and *Le Paysan Parvenu*. The first narrates the career of a pretty girl who rises from a humble position, is sorely tempted on the way, but triumphs, like Pamela; the second, the adventures in society of a handsome peasant lad, like Joseph Andrews.

The essays, which appeared in journals

edited by himself on the model of Addison's *Spectator*, contain sketches from life, psychological studies, short stories, and philosophical reflections.

Between the work of this author and that of Henry James so many close resemblances exist that a reincarnation of Marivaux in our age is not an altogether improbable supposition. If "reincarnation" be too strong a word for the case, it has at least the merit of excluding all thought of a likeness due to imitation. One might guess from the critical essays of James, who is so contemporaneous in most respects, that he has never studied very seriously any authors outside of his own century. But such surmises are unnecessary. It was a first principle of Marivaux's art to be scrupulously himself and to copy no one, and any one who should imitate Marivaux closely must for that very reason be fundamentally unlike him.

The recurrence in our times, here suggested, of Marivaux's artistic personality presupposes some recurrence of his environment.

There may seem to be some analogies, to begin with, between his private career, as sketched above, and that of James, but on both sides the personal *data* are so insufficient that a comparison in this direction must be largely guesswork.

As to the "times," or public surroundings of the two men, the first part of the eighteenth and the latter part of the nineteenth century are surely similar at least in having something of an autumnal quality — in being, comparatively speaking, periods of dissolution.

Marivaux was contemporary with the iconoclasts of the *ancien régime*. In literature he was their leader. While Voltaire was carrying up the unbroken tradition of French prose to its climax, Marivaux was sharply denouncing submission to literary tradition. Voltaire attacked him for this as a "néologue," and Marivaux retorted, from a point of view hardly recovered till our own time, that the famous pioneer was "un bel-esprit fiéffé

et la perfection des idées communes." Elsewhere than in art the period surely vies with the close of the Victorian era as a quicksand of crumbling faiths and shifting centres of social gravity. The deluge impending in Marivaux's day seems to have become permanent in ours.

Some identity of environment is suggested also by the attitude of either author toward his near predecessors in literature. Would not this account of Marivaux's relation to Molière, for instance, serve as well to describe James's relation to the mid-Victorian novelists? "As men's faiths became less robust, stage-characters grew slighter and more refined. The spirit of analysis sweeping all before it in Marivaux's time was opposed to the broad, downright conceptions of a Molière." And James's ideal of the "ultimate novelist" as one "entirely purged of sarcasm," and some other differences between him and Dickens and Thackeray, may come to mind when one hears Brunetière contrasting Marivaux with Le Sage thus: "Le Sage certainly aimed at giving a faithful picture of life, but he was energetically bent also on getting his fun out of the spectacle. All through his work the comic author is apparent, whereas in Marivaux one finds the exact observer. The portraits in *Gil Blas* belong to the Molière school; their intention is satirical; they are vigorously brushed in, and appear stronger and bolder than nature. Marivaux on the other hand paints gradually, with minute, careful finish and imperceptible touches. If we recognize in Le Sage's work an excess of incident, we may admit that Marivaux gives us too much psychology."

To come now to the personal equation, the main source of the resemblances between Marivaux and James seems to be the wonderfully subtle and discriminative quality of their intelligences. "Marivaux," says Sainte-Beuve, "is a man of many subtle distinctions and endless *nuances*. He carries his discriminativeness to extremes and abounds in microscopic anatomy. He refines and divides

everything to excess. When he looks at an object he splits it in two; then subdivides it *ad infinitum*. He loses himself in the process and exhausts his readers. He will not stop at the principal traits. He does not let them stand out. His method is the opposite of that of the classical masters, who confine themselves to *la grande ligne*." Voltaire accused Marivaux of "weighing flies' eggs in cobweb scales;" all critics have insisted on the same tendency, and Marivaux insists on it himself. He acknowledges describing "shades of extreme refinement which very few people ever notice till they are pointed out to them;" and when his comedies of courtship were blamed for monotony of theme, he replied in astonishment, "The subject is sometimes a love of which neither party is aware. Sometimes it is a conscious love which they wish to hide. Sometimes, a timid love which durst not show itself. Sometimes, a wavering, undecided love, half-fledged as it were, which they suspect without being quite sure of it, and at which they peep, in its nest inside themselves, before letting it flutter forth. In all this, where is there any sameness?"

The question reveals Marivaux. "Where is there any sameness?" might stand as the motto of his whole work.

As for Henry James, he cannot be mentioned by critics without the words "subtlety" and "nuances" coming in. And in both cases, by the bye, this rare discriminative gift has been attributed to a feminine infusion. Faguet nicknames Marivaux, "la baronne de Marivaux;" and who has not heard of the "feminine fineness" and "feline observation" of his counterpart?

A devotion to shades of difference is naturally accompanied by a distaste for whatever is abstract and general. Indeed, the one tendency is the obverse of the other, and to the whole the chief characteristics of both authors seem to be due.

Both, for instance, are extremely anxious to be just precisely themselves as

artists, not merely from sheer force of instinct, but by self-conscious reasoning. And it may be mentioned here, by the way, that each has a distinct philosophical gift, which in James might be regarded as a family affair, and which was so marked in Marivaux that Sainte-Beuve calls him "a forerunner of Saint-Simon, Comte, and Littré."

In a period of artistic tradition, Marivaux boasts of being "his own son." He complains: "Few authors have left us an impression of their own particular way of seeing the world. Swayed by some convention of taste they do not move with their own step but with a borrowed gait." He lays down as the golden rule: *abandonner son esprit à son geste naturel*. He advises the young writer to "imitate no one — neither the ancients nor the moderns. The ancients had an entirely different universe from ours, and besides, copying of any sort is bad; it can only make an ape of one."

"Marivaux is extremely logical," says Sainte-Beuve, and consistent with his reasoned and fastidious individualism in production is his code of criticism. He admits no valid standard of taste but the individual's likes and dislikes. "Critics have no right to say, 'This is good; that is bad;' but only 'I like this; I dislike that.'" And in the same spirit he condemns the habit of classifying authors under abstract *étiquettes* — "this or that kind of a novel" — and of judging them according to these labels instead of individually.

In James all this is repeated — some of it in almost the same words. He defines a novel as "successful in proportion as it reveals a particular mind, different from others." His essay on "The Art of Fiction" is one long declaration of independence on behalf of the individual, and a defiance of conventions and *étiquettes*. "Traditions," he says for instance, "as to what sort of affair the good novel will be, applied *a priori*, have already had much to answer for. The idea that the novel has to translate the

things that surround us into conventional, traditional moulds condemns the art to an eternal repetition of a few familiar *clichés*." He pleads urgently for "liberty of interpretation," and, being as logical as Marivaux, James too postulates a purely individual standard of criticism. "Nothing, of course," he declares, "will ever take the place of the good old fashion of liking a work of art or disliking it. The most improved criticism will not abolish that primitive — that ultimate test."

Clearly, this self-conscious individualism is near akin to the subtle discriminativeness. In regard to their objects of study it is as true of James as of Marivaux that "his peculiar art consists in singling out the individual from the broadly human." And that outward tendency reacts inwardly on themselves. They single out their own personalities also from the broadly human. They are keenly alive to their personal differentiations from other artists, and the paths of similarity they shun. Nor has their watchfulness failed of its reward. "Marivaux is unique. Whether they are masterpieces or not, his novels stand alone. And this very fact, which gives them their historical value, explains their never having reached the crowd." So Brunetière; and so also Howells about James. "His novels are really incomparable, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing at all like them."

That artists so individual, being also artists of force, should be innovators, is natural. The term is invariably applied to both. Nor is it surprising that they should be characterized by "modernity." Brunetière attributes this quality to Marivaux, as if it were almost an invention of his; and parts of James's work — some of his dialogues, for instance — are so strictly contemporary that a fear has been expressed of their becoming almost unintelligible to-morrow.

Again, the distaste for the general and

abstract is enough to explain the avoidance by both authors of set plots and dénouements. Marivaux did not even finish either of his masterpieces. He issued them in parts extending over a number of years, and left the last part of each unwritten. "He enjoyed the road too much to trouble about the goal or conclusion," says Sainte-Beuve. "He does not care for plots arranged beforehand in the study, but prefers taking his subjects straight from life, as opportunity offers them." James shows the same preference, and he too insists on dropping a subject brusquely, just as life may seem to drop it. Indeed, what is a plot leading up to a prepared dénouement but an abstract frame, which requires a generalizing rearrangement of the material to be fitted into it?

It is natural too that authors with this bent should eschew the censorial attitude. Moral judgments as such are what Kant called unconditional; they declare, "This is right, that is wrong," without any regard to particular modifications or circumstances. Artists, then, whose chief aim is to record particular modifications, are not likely to devote much space to them.

On the other hand, they are likely to devote a great deal of space to psychology, for what else is psychology in a novel but the "singling out of the individual from the broadly human"? When once the question is raised, "But what kind of man, exactly, is the hero?" one passes from the "novel of adventure" to the "psychological novel." And the more fully the question is answered, the more psychological the novel must be.

For discriminators like Marivaux and James that question can never be answered fully enough. In the preface to the first part of his *Marianne*, Marivaux describes the novels the public has hitherto been accustomed to as "adventures which are only adventures," and expresses the hope that adventures which are also studies of character may now prove acceptable. "A detailed portrait is for him an endless task," quotes Sainte-

Beuve. Indeed, the novels of both are chiefly galleries of portraits; and in some important respects their methods of portrayal are similar. The central figure in both is virtually autobiographical, — a self-confessor, — but the rest are indicated as far as possible from the outside. The senses are usually the most personal avenues of knowledge. To go from sense to reasoning is often to quit the particular for the general point of view. So James is always in search of "the looks of things which convey a meaning," and it is in Marivaux that Sterne seems to have studied the art of revealing character through expression and gesture. Brunetière holds that no one has ever surpassed Marivaux in showing "the possession, as it were, which our habits take of our faces." As an achievement of this kind, his interpretative account of the plumpness of a certain prioress is classical in French literature; and he abounds in thumbnail sketches like this: "Madame de Far was a little, dark, stout, ugly woman with a large, square face, and small black eyes, which were never still. They were always hunting about to find something amusing to occupy her lively mind with." Or this: "Monsieur de Climal" — one of the hypocrites Marivaux loved to depict, and whose tactics he used to contrast rather disdainfully with the cruder methods of Molière's *Tartufe* — "had a gentle, serious face, and a penitential air which kept you from noticing how stout he really was." To show all James's triumphs in this order one would have to quote a large part of his works.

Our authors are alike too in not confining their search for "the looks which convey a meaning" to the human form. "What are circumstances but that which befalls us," asks James, "and what is incident but the determination of character?" So "character" becomes almost equivalent to "circumstance," and both in their psychological researches bear us far out on a sea of surroundings — not only immediate surroundings, such as

"the major's trousers and the particular 'smart' tension of his wife's tight stays," but furniture, houses, streets, gardens. Marivaux is famous for his "interiors," which have been described as "veritable Chardins;" but he, like James, is also blamed for over-elaboration of these pictures.

In their passion for "walking on eggs" the pair adopt similar methods of complicating the subtlety of the psychological case. Marivaux's main object, it has been said, is to show "the refraction of a character through different media." He carries his Marianne and Jacques through many environments, and their surfaces are chameleonic as they ascend through the strata of society. James, in his "international" novels, "goes one better" than this. Not content to show the individual's response to different surroundings in his own country, he conveys him abroad, and analyses the influence of a foreign atmosphere on the national particularization of the individually particularized character. He must ascertain how the New Englander, Chad, has "his features retouched, his eyes cleared, his color settled, his fine square teeth polished; a form, a surface, almost a design given to him" — by the atmosphere of the French capital.

And how could these discriminators avoid the charge of prolixity in their analyses? One blushes to think of the insults offered James on this score; and as for Marivaux, — "It is a trifle too much," exclaimed the Abbé Desfontaines, when the sixth part of *Marianne* appeared, "to devote a whole book to carrying the heroine from midday to six p. m! Heaven forbid that she should live to grow old, or our lives would not be long enough to read about hers!" Detailed portraits must indeed produce some sacrifice of movement — of movement, at least, toward a dénouement. But then, since neither Marivaux nor James provides any dénouement, is it fair to blame them for not moving toward a non-existent point?

Again, both writers are accused of omitting the "great things" of life. "Marivaux," says Voltaire, "knows all the little paths of the heart, but not the high road." "In every case," says Sainte-Beuve, "we find him preferring the *je ne sais quoi* to true beauty, cleverness to greatness, coquetry to tenderness." Indeed, neither author deals much in what James somewhere condemns as "rounded perfections," and this seems to be an inevitable result of their devotion to the particular. Before condemning them for omitting the "great things," one should squarely meet the question, which both seem to imply, whether the "great things," in the ordinary sense, really exist — exist, that is, apart from abstracting imagination? In one of his essays Marivaux denies the existence of "great men," — apart, at least, from abstracting imagination. And in that profound little study, "The Story in it," James seems to offer an allegorical disquisition on the point. Two women and a man are talking together. One of the women is secretly in love with the man; he is, or should be, in love with the other. They are discussing ideal, romantic love. The woman with the secret maintains the possibility of it, and when the others argue against her, claims to know for certain of its existence. "Where is it, then?" they ask. She lays her hand on her unspoken and unanswered heart. It exists in her dream; but does it exist anywhere else? We are left asking that question.

"All great artists impress us as having some kind of a philosophy," says James. He and Marivaux surely impress us as teaching the far-reaching doctrine of the absoluteness of "the particular, given case." "There is no such thing as an abstract adventure," says James somewhere; "there is only your adventure and mine."

Nowhere, however, is this likeness more palpably evident than in the matter of style. And here, as indeed elsewhere in this essay, reference is more especially

made to James's later manner — to the manner he evolved toward the end of the Victorian era, and which has since then accentuated itself, to the admiration of some and the despair of others.

It was a Frenchman who originated the formula, "The style is the man," and French critics of Marivaux have instinctively concentrated their attention on his style as the most indicative part.

From his own day onward Marivaux as a stylist has been censured for his mannerisms, his verbosity, his abuse of comparisons, his spun-out metaphors, his involved obscurity, his colloquialism, and, oddly mixed with that, his preciousity. "A jargon at once familiar and precious," D'Alembert called his style in his *Eloge*; and how aptly the phrase hits off one aspect of James's style!

"Marivaux's art," says Sainte-Beuve, "is to imitate *le style parlé*. He copies it as closely as he can, with all its little carelessnesses, with the small words that constantly recur, and, as it were, the very gestures. *Cela* is always cropping up, and such phrases as *cet homme-là, ces traits de bonté-là*."

And what else than *le style parlé* characterizes such sentences as this from James — "One of the other impressions was, at the end of a few minutes, that she — oh, incontestably, yes, differed less; that is, scarcely at all — well, superficially speaking, from —"?

No English writer of rank is more conversational than James, with his "don'ts" and "are n'ts" and "is n'ts" and "that sort of;" with his constant use of inverted commas for stray words outside of set dialogue; with his abundant slang — "he was at least up to that," and so on.

Yet beside this colloquialism how prominent is the "precious" element in both! Preciousity has been the main charge against Marivaux; and in James how often do we find phrases suggestive of the least colloquial, the most "aesthetic" and "architectural" of stylists — of Pater, for instance? James's Gallicisms, natural enough considering

the circumstances of his education, must come under this head. And in short, if one should compile a lexicon of his vocabulary, would it not resemble a Marivaux lexicon in being "very rich in common, trivial, popular phrases, and yet no less rich in far-fetched ones"?

What a striking parallelism again in their use of metaphor! It may truly be said of James, as of Marivaux, that it is "his constant practice to convey the nicest shades of sentiment by figures borrowed from the vulgarest usage." And they vie with each other in their audacity in elaborating metaphors. More sensitive than Anglo-Saxons about the niceties of metaphorical expression, the French are especially wroth with Marivaux for his "mania of pushing similes *au bout*." In reality, James pushes them a great deal farther than Marivaux — as witness that "tall tower of ivory in a garden," to which Maggie's state of mind is likened through three pages.

The typical sentences of both are often as rambling or plotless as their novels; and for the same reason in either case. The preservation of "the straight impression" requires unpremeditated expression. The impression must be allowed to transcribe itself freely; any verbal rearrangement might lead to remodeling of the object. An apparent verbosity also is inevitable for both. And yet of either style — naturally enough, given its subtlety — reticence and omissions are found to be characteristic. "Reticence envelopes Marivaux's thought and veils it as with twilight," says that fine critic, Paul de Saint Victor. "Swedenborg tells us he perceived spirits conversing with one another by merely winking their eyelids. In Marivaux we get something of the mystery of those palpitating dialogues in the clouds." "James conveys these things," says Elton, "by the method of reticence, by omissions, pauses, and speaking silences." "James does not say," observes Howells; "he insinuates. It is what he does not tell that counts."

One would have to quote a great deal to illustrate all these common tendencies clearly, but "for Achilles' image stand his spear!" Here is an ordinary specimen from Marivaux. At the door of a theatre he is observing the faces of those who come out. "I examined all these wearers of faces. I tried to make out what each of them felt about his lot. For instance, if there was one who bore his lot patiently, because he could do nothing else. I did not find a single one whose face did not declare, 'I stick to it!' And yet, I saw some women's faces which had small reason to be contented, and which might well have complained of their portion, without being esteemed too captious. It even seemed to me that on meeting some face more generously favored than their own they were afraid of being driven to depreciate theirs; their hearts were distressed; and, to be sure, they *were* in a warm corner! To have a face which you would not willingly exchange for any other, and yet to behold, right in front of you, some accursed visage coming to pick a quarrel with yours and upset your good opinion of it — coming boldly to challenge yours to mortal combat and throwing you for a moment into the sad confusion of doubting what the issue might be, — accusing you, in short, of indulging in an illegitimate satisfaction in deeming your face without peer and without reproach, — such moments are fraught with peril! I could read all the disturbance of the insulted face. The disturbance however was only momentary."

Sainte-Beuve blames this sportive passage for "bad taste." What would he have said, then, of scores of passages in James? Of this, for instance: "He had turned awkwardly, responsibly red, he knew, at her mention of Maria; Sarah Pocock's presence — that particular quality in it — had made this inevitable; and then he had grown still redder. . . . He felt indeed that he was showing much, as, uncomfortably and almost in pain, he offered up his redness to Waymarsh,

who, strangely enough, seemed now to be looking at him with a certain explanatory yearning. Something deep — something built on their old, old relation — passed, in this complexity, between them; he got the side-wind of a loyalty that stood behind all actual questions. Waymarsh's dry, bare humour — as it gave itself to be taken — gloomed out to justify itself. 'Well, if you talk of her, I've my chance, too,' it seemed stiffly to nod; and it granted that it was giving him away, but struggled to say that it did so only to save him. The sombre glow stared at him till it fairly sounded out. 'To save you, poor old man, to save you!'"

Or of this specimen: "We remained on the surface, with the tenacity of shipwrecked persons clinging to a plank. Our plank was our concentrated gaze at Mrs. Bridgeman's mere present. We allowed her past to exist for us only in the form of the prettiness that she had gallantly rescued from it, and to which a few scraps of its identity still adhered."

Not that one would accuse James of "marivaudage" in the most evil sense of that word, — in which, to tell the truth, it is inapplicable to Marivaux. It was, far more than himself, Marivaux's *epigoni* who brought on this term the significance of simpering affectation and false graces. Even Sainte-Beuve, who is severe enough on Marivaux's style, admits, "The word *marivaudage* has become established in our language to indicate a vice, but the man from whom the name is borrowed is superior to its current meaning."

Most of this resemblance in style seems ascribable to causes already indicated. That both authors should imitate colloquial idiom, for instance, is imposed on them by their loyalty to the "straight impression." Yet that they should also be precious and metaphorical follows from the out-of-the-way *nuances* which they are describing. And so on. As Brunetière, another sharp critic of Marivaux, recognizes, "Unexpected collocations of words, unusual turns of expres-

sion, peculiar phrases, are in fact merely the faithful reflection of odd, unusual, unexpected objects of observation. And if sometimes many words are used for a small matter, one must remember that the reader would not believe in the reality of the out-of-the-way discovery unless the explorer allowed him to retrace with him, step by step, the paths which had led him to it."

Such is indeed the defense which Marivaux himself set up of his style. Several times he replied at length to the frequent contemporary attacks on this side of his work. He asserts that his style is not "affected," — he takes "precious" in that sense, — but a simple and sincere reflection of his thought. And he denies that it can be called "obscure," unless it can be shown that his thought is obscure. If his language is unusual, he says, it is solely because his perceptions are so. People may say he has no business to see such out-of-the-way aspects of every-day affairs; but that is the way his mind is constituted. If he is to blame, it is not for his style, but for his mind, of which his style is a mere mirror.

To this apology, which coincides, one is tempted to imagine, with what James might say, Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière concede that the author's mind and not his style is in question. "He was in fact himself," says Sainte-Beuve, "and quite legitimately he expresses his unusual perceptions in language that often has a piquant singularity." But, they both assert, he goes too far. In reference, one may ask, to what standard? If his style faithfully reflects his mind, it cannot be called "affected," at least. What, then, is "the proper limit" which they accuse him of overstepping?

At bottom, these two critics clash with Marivaux over his claim to entire individual liberty. They deny his right to be utterly himself. They say he goes too far

in personality. They denounce his individualism as "libertine" — in the name of tradition and of the example of "the masters."

Anglo-Saxons may perhaps reject this French devotion to classicism, and yet feel that James and his double do err, somehow, from the way. Can it be that, instead of being too much themselves, as the French critics declare, they are not sufficiently themselves?

"It is not so much your being right — it is your horrible, sharp eye for what makes you so," complains one of James's characters of another. Substitute "individual" for "right," and are not the words applicable to our authors?

Their "horrible, sharp eye" for what differentiates them from others cuts them off like a knife, it seems, from their kind, and, in so doing, mutilates them. One cannot rebel against what Wilde calls "the humiliating fact" of the brotherhood of men without penalties of circumscription. "The childish horror of our set for the *banal*" — what an exact suggestion, by the way, James gives there of Marivaux's set at Madame de Tencin's — carries with it an avenging limitation. To be only that in which one is different from others is to be less than one's self, and it is this curtailment of their universal nature which earns for both, sometimes, the epithet of "inhuman."

And yet, both accomplish so much by their specialization! "It is so rare to be a pioneer and to discover anything new in this moral world, which has been so thoroughly explored! And Marivaux," admits Sainte-Beuve, "has added to what was known before." Most of his additions may have been assimilated by now; but it will be many a year, one may conjecture, before all the knowledge which our great Anglo-Saxon note-taker has given us passes into popular currency.

SOULS

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

AND can it be?
The heart that in the earth's far dawn knew God;
The thought that seized the circling of the stars;
The soul of fire that on that hill of Athens
Built immortal beauty; the brain enorm
That peopled for all men and for all time
A world Shakesperean; and can it be? —
The mind imperial named Beethoven,
Majestically chanting harmonies
That hold the motions of the rhythmic worlds,
And to far doomsday stir all living hearts;
And he the framer of earth's mightiest dome,
Painter sublime and poet marvelous,
Who carved the likeness of his soul in stone,
And in cold marble the hot heart of man
Imprisoned eternally; and can it be?
These, these and all the potencies of time
Which throbbed in human form; and can it be
That the intensive fire that made them men, —
Not trees, nor creeping beasts, nor stones, nor stars, —
And gave identity to every soul,
Making it individual and alone
Among the myriads; and can it be
That when the mortal framework failed, — that fire
Which flamed in separate and lonely life,
These souls, slipped out of being and were lost,
Eternally extinguished and cast out, —
Only to some obscure electric wave
Giving new force, to some stray flower new grace,
Unto some lover's vow more ardency;
Making some island sunset more intense,
Passing from fiery thought to chemic heat, —
But all the universe empty of that one high
And exquisite accomplishment and power,
Forever and forever, — Can it be?

THE MUSKRATS ARE BUILDING

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

WE have had a series of long, heavy rains, and water is standing over the swampy meadow. It is a dreary stretch, this wet, sedgy land in the cold twilight, drearier than any part of the woods or the upland pastures. They are empty, but the meadow is flat and wet, naked and all unsheltered. And a November night is falling.

The darkness deepens; a raw wind is rising. At nine o'clock the moon swings round and full to the crest of the ridge, and pours softly over. I button the heavy ulster close, and in my rubber boots go down to the river and follow it out to the middle of the meadow, where it meets the main ditch at the sharp turn toward the swamp. Here at the bend, behind a clump of black alders, I sit quietly down and wait.

I am not mad, nor melancholy; I am not after copy. Nothing is the matter with me. I have come out to the bend to watch the muskrats building, for that small mound up the ditch is not an old haycock, but a half-finished muskrat house.

The moon climbs higher. The water on the meadow shivers in the light. The wind bites through my heavy coat and sends me back; but not until I have seen one, two, three little figures scaling the walls of the house with loads of mud-and-reed mortar. I am driven back by the cold, but not until I know that here in the desolate meadow is being rounded off a lodge, thick-walled and warm, and proof against the longest, bitterest of winters.

This is near the end of November. My wood is in the cellar; I am about ready to put on the double windows and storm-doors; and the muskrats' house is all but finished. Winter is at hand; but we are

prepared; the muskrats even better prepared than I; for theirs is an adequate house, planned perfectly.

Through the summer they had no house, but only their tunnels into the sides of the ditch, their roadways out into the grass, and their beds under the tussocks or among the roots of the old stumps. All these months the water had been low in the ditch, and the beds among the tussocks had been safe and dry enough.

Now the autumnal rains have filled river and ditch, flooded the tunnels, and crept up into the beds under the tussocks. Even a muskrat will creep out of his bed when cold, wet water creeps in. What shall he do for a house? He does not want to leave his meadow. The only thing to do is to build,—move from under the tussock, out upon the top, and here in the deep, wiry grass, make a new bed, high and dry above the rising water, and close the new bed in with walls that circle and dome and defy the winter.

Such a house will require a great deal of work to build. Why not combine, make it big enough to hold half a dozen; save labor and warmth, and, withal, live sociably together? So they left, each one his bed, and joining efforts, started, about the middle of October, to build this winter house.

Slowly, night after night, the domed walls have been rising, although for several nights at a time there would be no apparent progress with the work. The builders were in no hurry, it seems; the cold was far off; but it is coming, and to-night it feels near and keen. And to-night there is no loafing about the lodge.

When this house is done, then the rains may descend, and the floods come, but it will not fall. It is built upon a

tussock; and a tussock, you will know, who have ever grubbed at one, has hold on the bottom of creation. The winter may descend, and the boys, and foxes, come, — and they will come, but not before the walls are frozen, — yet the house stands. It is boy-proof, almost; it is entirely rain-, cold-, and fox-proof. Many a time I have hacked at its walls with my axe when fishing through the ice, but I never got in. I have often seen, too, where the fox has gone round and round the house in the snow, and where, at places, he has attempted to dig into the frozen mortar; but it was a foot thick, as hard as flint, and utterly impossible for his pick and shovel.

Yet strangely enough the house sometimes fails of the very purpose for which it was erected. I said the floods may come. So they may, ordinarily; but along in March when one comes as a freshet, it rises sometimes to the dome of the house, filling the single bed-chamber and drowning the dwellers out. I remember a freshet once in the end of February that flooded Lupton's Pond and drove the muskrats of the whole pond village to their ridgepoles, to the bushes, and to whatever wreckage the waters brought along.

The best laid schemes o' muskrats too
Gang aft a-gley.

But ganging a-gley is not the interesting thing, not the point with my muskrats: it is rather that my muskrats, and the mice that Burns ploughed up, the birds and the bees, and even the very trees of the forest, have foresight. They all look ahead and provide against the coming cold. That a mouse or a muskrat, or even a bee, should occasionally prove foresight to be vain, only shows that the life of the fields is very human. Such foresight, however, oftener proves entirely adequate for the winter, dire as some of the emergencies are sure to be.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

And what will Muskrat do? and Chipmunk? and Whitefoot? and little Chickadee? poor things! Never fear. Robin has heard the trumpets of the north wind and is retreating leisurely toward the south; wise thing! Muskrat is building a warm winter lodge; Chipmunk has already dug his but and ben, and so far down under the stone wall that a month of zeros could not break in; Whitefoot, the woodmouse, has stored the hollow poplar stub full of acorns and has turned Robin's deserted nest, near by, into a cosy house; and Chickadee, dear thing, Nature herself looks after him. There are plenty of provisions for the hunting, and a big piece of suet on my lilac bush. His clothes are warm, and he will hide his head under his wing in the elm-tree hole when the north wind doth blow, and never mind the weather.

I shall not mind it either, not so much, anyway, on account of Chickadee. He lends me a deal of support. So do Chipmunk, Whitefoot, and Muskrat.

This lodge of my muskrats in the meadow makes a difference, I am sure, of at least ten degrees in the mean temperature of my winter. How can the out-of-doors freeze entirely up with such a house as this at the middle of it? For in this house is life, warm life, — and fire. On the coldest day I can look out over the bleak white waste to where the house shows, a tiny mound in the snow, and I can see the fire glow, just as I can see and feel the glow when I watch the slender blue wraith rise into the still air from the chimney of the old farmhouse along the road below. For I share in the life of both houses; and not less in the life of the mud house of the meadow, because, instead of Swedes, they are muskrats who live there. I can share the existence of a muskrat? Easily. I like to curl up with the three or four of them in that mud house and there spend the worst days of the winter. My own big house here on the hilltop is sometimes cold. And the wind! If sometimes I could only drive the insistent winter wind from the house corners! But

down in the meadow the house has no corners; the mud walls are thick, so thick and round that the shrieking wind sweeps past unheard, and all unheeded the cold creeps over and over the thatch, then crawls back and stiffens upon the meadow.

The doors of our house in the meadow swing open the winter through. Just outside the doors stand our stacks of fresh calamus roots, and iris, and arum. The roof of the universe has settled close and hard upon us,—a sheet of ice extending from the ridge of the house far out to the shores of the meadow. The winter is all above the roof—outside. It blows and snows and freezes out there. In here, beneath the ice-roof, the roots of the sedges are pink and tender; our roads are all open and they run every way, over all the rich, rooty meadow.

The muskrats are building. Winter is coming. The muskrats are making preparations; but not they alone. The preparation for hard weather is to be seen everywhere, and it has been going on ever since the first flocking of the swallows back in July. Up to that time the season still seemed young; no one thought of harvest, of winter; when there upon the telegraph wires one day were the swallows, and work against the winter had commenced.

The great migratory movements of the birds, mysterious in some of their courses as the currents of the sea, were in the beginning, and are still, for the most part, mere shifts to escape the cold. Why in the spring these same birds should leave the southern lands of plenty and travel back to the hungrier north to nest, is not easily explained. Perhaps it is the home instinct that draws them back; for home to birds (and men) is the land of the nest. However, it is very certain that among the autumn migrants there would be at once a great falling off should there come a series of warm open winters with abundance of food.

Bad as the weather is, there are a few of the seed-eating birds, like the quail,

and some of the insect-eaters, like the chickadee, who are so well provided for that they can stay and survive the winter. But the great majority of the birds, because they have no storehouse nor barn, must take wing and fly away from the lean and hungry cold.

And I am glad to see them go. The thrilling honk of the flying wild geese out of the November sky tells me that the hollow forests and closing bays of the vast desolate north are empty now, except for the few creatures that find food and shelter in the snow. The wild geese pass, and I hear behind them the clang of the arctic gates, the boom of the bolt—then the long frozen silence. Yet it is not for long. Soon the bar will slip back, the gates will swing wide, and the wild geese will come honking over, swift to the greening marshes of the arctic bays once more.

Here in my own small woods and marshes there is much getting ready, much comforting assurance that Nature is quite equal to herself, that winter is not approaching unawares. There will be great lack, no doubt, before there is plenty again; there will be suffering and death. But what with the migrating, the strange deep sleeping, the building and harvesting, there will be also much comfortable, much joyous and sociable living.

Long before the muskrats began to build, even before the swallows commenced to flock, my chipmunks started their winter stores. I don't know which began his work first, which kept harder at it, chipmunk or the provident ant. The ant has come by a reputation for thrift, which, though entirely deserved, is still not the exceptional virtue it is made to seem. Chipmunk is just as thrifty. So is the busy bee. It is the thought of approaching winter that keeps the bee busy far beyond her summer needs. Much of her labor is entirely for the winter. By the first of August she has filled the brood chamber with honey—forty pounds of it, enough for the hatching bees and for the whole colony until the willows tassel

again. But who knows what the winter may be? How cold and long drawn out into the coming May? So the harvesting is pushed with vigor on to the flowering of the last autumn asters—on until fifty, a hundred, or even three hundred pounds of surplus honey are sealed in the combs, and the colony is safe should the sun not shine again for a year and a day.

But here is Nature, in these extra pounds of honey, making preparation for me, incapable drone that I am. I could not make a drop of honey from a whole forest of linden bloom. Yet I must live, so I give the bees a bigger gum log than they need; I build them greater barns; and when the harvest is all in, this extra store I make my own. I too with the others am getting ready for the cold.

It is well that I am. The last of the asters have long since gone; so have the witch hazels. All is quiet about the hives. The bees have formed into their warm winter clusters upon the combs, and except "when come the calm, mild days," they will fly no more until March or April. I will contract their entrances, — put on their storm-doors. And now there is little else that I can do but put on my own.

The whole of my out-of-doors is a great hive, stored and sealed for the winter, its swarming life close-clustered, and covering in its centre, as coals in the ashes, the warm life-fires of summer.

I stand along the edge of the hillside here and look down the length of its frozen slope. The brown leaves have drifted into the entrances, as if every burrow were forsaken; sand and sticks have washed in, too, littering and choking the doorways.

There is no sign of life. A stranger would find it hard to believe that my whole drove of forty-six ground hogs (woodchucks) are gently snoring at the bottoms of these old uninteresting holes. Yet here they are, and quite out of danger, sleeping the sleep of the furry, the fat, and the forgetful.

The woodchuck's is a curious shift, a

case of Nature outdoing herself. Winter spreads far and fast, and Woodchuck, in order to keep ahead out of danger, would need wings. But he was n't given any. Must he perish then? Winter spreads far, but does not go deep — down only about four feet; and Woodchuck, if he cannot escape overland, can, perhaps, *under* land. So down he goes *through* the winter, down into a mild and even temperature, five long feet away — but as far away from the snow and cold as Bobolink among the reeds of the distant Orinoco.

Indeed, Woodchuck's is a farther journey and even more wonderful than Bobolink's, for these five feet carry him beyond the bounds of time and space into the mysterious realm of sleep, of suspended life, to the very gates of death. That he will return with Bobolink, that he will come up alive with the spring out of this dark way, is very strange.

For he went in most meagrely prepared. He took nothing with him, apparently. The muskrat built him a house, and under the spreading ice turned all the meadow into a well-stocked cellar. The beaver built a dam, cut and anchored under water a plenty of green sticks near his lodge, so that he too would be under cover when the ice formed, and have an abundance of tender bark at hand. Chipmunk spent half of his summer laying up food near his underground nest. But Woodchuck simply dugged him a hole, a grave, ate until no particle more of fat could be got into his baggy hide, then crawled into his tomb, gave up the ghost, and waited the resurrection of the spring.

This is his shift! This is the length to which he goes, because he has no wings, and because he cannot cut, cure, and mow away in the depths of the stony hillside, enough clover hay to last him over the winter. The beaver cans his fresh food in cold water; the chipmunk selects long-keeping things and buries them; the woodchuck makes of himself a silo, eats all his winter hay in the summer while it is green, turns it at once into a surplus of

himself, then buries that self, feeds upon it, and sleeps — and lives!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,

but what good reason is there for our being daunted at the prospect? Robin and all the others are well prepared. Even the wingless frog, who is also lacking in fur and feathers and fat, even he has no care at the sound of the cold winds. Nature provides for him too, in her way, which is neither the way for the robin, the muskrat, nor the woodchuck. He survives, and all he has to do about it is to dig into the mud at the bottom of the ditch. This looks at first like the journey Woodchuck takes. But it is really a longer, stranger journey than Woodchuck's, for it takes the frog far beyond the realms of mere sleep, on into the cold, black land where no one can tell the quick from the dead.

The frost may or may not reach him here in the ooze. No matter. If the cold works down and freezes him into the mud, he never knows. But he will thaw out as good as new; he will sing again for joy and love as soon as his heart warms up enough to beat.

I have seen frogs frozen into the middle of solid lumps of ice in the laboratory. Drop the lump on the floor, and the frog would break out like a fragment of the ice itself. And this has happened more than once to the same frog without causing him the least apparent suffering or inconvenience. He would come to, and croak, and look as wise as ever.

The north wind *may* blow, but the muskrats are building; and it is by no means a cheerless prospect, this wood-and-meadow world of mine in the gray November light. The frost will not fall to-night as falls the plague on men; the brightness of the summer is gone, yet this chill gloom is not the sombre shadow of a pall. Nothing is dying in the fields: the grass-blades are wilting, the old leaves are falling, still no square foot of greensward will the winter kill, nor a single tree perhaps in my wood-lot.

There will be no less of life next April because of this winter, unless, perchance, conditions altogether exceptional starve some of the winter birds. These suffer most; yet as the seasons go, life even for the winter birds is comfortable and abundant.

The fence-rows and old pastures are full of berries that will keep the fires burning in the quail and partridge during the bitterest weather. Last February, however, I came upon two partridges in the snow, dead of hunger and cold. It was after an extremely long severe spell. But this was not all. These two birds since fall had been feeding regularly in the dried fodder corn that stood shocked over the field. One day all the corn was carted away. The birds found their supply of food suddenly cut off, and, unused to foraging the fence-rows and tangles for wild seeds, they seemed to have given up the struggle at once, although within easy reach of plenty.

Hardly a minute's flight away was a great thicket of dwarf sumac covered with berries; there were bayberries, rose hips, green brier, bitter sweet, black alder, and checkerberries — hillsides of the latter — that they might have found. These were hard fare, doubtless, after an unstinted supply of sweet corn; but still they were plentiful, and would have been sufficient had the birds made use of them.

The smaller birds of the winter, like the tree-sparrow and junco, feed upon the weeds and grasses that ripen unmolested along the roadsides and waste places. A mixed flock of these small birds lived several days last winter upon the seeds of the ragweed in my mowing. The weeds came up in the early fall after the field was laid down to clover and timothy. They threatened to choke out the grass. I looked at them, rising shoulder-high and seedy over the greening field, and thought with dismay of how they would cover it by the next fall. After a time the snow came, a foot and a half of it, till only the tops of the seedy rag-

weeds showed above the level white; then the juncos, goldfinches, and tree-sparrows came, and there was a five-day shucking of ragweed-seed in the mowing, and five days of life and plenty.

Then I looked and thought again — that, perhaps, into the original divine scheme of things were put even ragweeds. But then, perhaps, there was no original divine scheme of things. I don't know. As I watch the changing seasons, however, through the changeless years, I seem to find a scheme, a plan, a purpose,

and there are weeds and winters in it; and it seems divine.

The muskrats are building; the last of the migrating geese have gone over; the wild mice have harvested their acorns; the bees have clustered; the woodchucks are asleep; and the sap in the big hickory by the side of the house has crept down out of reach of the fingers of the frost. I will put on the storm-doors and the double windows. Even now the logs are blazing cheerily on the wide, warm hearth.

GIPSY GEORGE

BY ARLO BATES

GIPSY GEORGE first bestowed upon me the honor of his acquaintance one sunny afternoon in August, in the quiet village of Lyndhurst. He came into a vacation which was filled with the wonderful beauty of the New Forest, and by the sheer force of his personality so impressed himself upon my memory that he remains the central figure in my recollections of that enchanted region.

On the outskirts of Lyndhurst is a large, rambling old inn, seedy and weather-beaten, a relic of the long-past bustle of coaching days. It still preserves some faded air of departed importance, like that of a decayed gentlewoman who has seen better fortunes; and it is the more lonely for its reminders that once it was the centre of so much life and stir. It has few patrons in these times, and the long seats which stretch away against the outer wall on either side of the main door are seldom warmed by lounging guests. Now and then it has the poor comfort of a loafer or two smoking here, but except during the Fair even this mockery of patronage is infrequent; and through most of the year the inn is little more than a forlorn relic.

A few furlongs beyond the White Swan the high road forks at right angles, and borders on two sides a wide sloping ground covered with pleasant English turf. The other sides of this common are backed by a fine thick growth of trees, largely beech. This space is the fair-ground of Lyndhurst; and here is held annually, on the ninth of August, a fair for the sale of the New Forest ponies.

All about the open spaces of the New Forest, on the lovely grassy downs, under the magnificent oaks and beeches, by the cross which marks the spot where William Rufus was killed well nigh a thousand years ago, among the furze or the ferns which grow to the breast of a man, are to be seen droves of small horses. Though they run apparently wild, they are all owned and branded, and when the time comes mares and foals are rounded up and separated. On August ninth the yearling colts are gathered on the common at Lyndhurst, and dealers from all over southern England collect to buy them.

Not only horse-dealers come together, but all the usual frequenters of an English fair appear. For days previous, come

drifting into the neighborhood the showmen, the jugglers, the peddlers, and all the mongrel riff-raff characteristic of such an occasion. The gipsies are by no means last or least in this motley assembly; and their carts are conspicuous for days before the Fair begins.

On the afternoon which enriched me with the sight of Gipsy George I was walking past the White Swan when I noticed a group of gipsies seated on the bench before the house, or standing near it. The temptation to observe them more closely led me to turn in and to take my place on the seat on the other side of the door. The men were seven in number, all comfortably dressed, all swarthy and black-haired, all keen-eyed. In their carriage they showed a fine freedom of action, the unconscious grace of unconstrained and open-air humanity. They talked in a tongue unknown to me, which I took to be Romany, and had I been George Borrow I should on the spot have invented wildly impossible analogies between chance-heard syllables and imaginary dialects of the Orient. As it was I merely admired, and rolled under my tongue the sweet cud of romantic encounter.

The tallest of these men was the handsomest human creature I ever beheld. He was an inch or two over six feet, as I discovered afterward by comparing his stature with my own; but he was so strongly built as hardly to look his height. He was superbly proportioned, with a magnificent head set on a column of a neck a Greek sculptor might have been proud of modeling. His hair, soot-black, was crisped into tight knots, which ringed his forehead like the locks of an archaic statue, and pushed from under the weather-stained red cap set on the back of his crown. His eyes were big, and bright, and merry, with a vivacity which kindled a spark in their velvety brown. They brought to my mind more than once the notion that they might be the eyes of a deer with a sense of humor, yet too they had a power which might

upon occasion look a man down like a blow. His mouth was half covered by a short, crisp beard and a close mustache, but the vivid red of his lips and the whiteness of his strong, even teeth could not be hidden. He was the incarnation of health and virility, and brought into my head the line: —

"Brown exercise leaped up to hear."

The tall gipsy was dressed in a corduroy jacket with metal buttons, knee-breeches, rough stockings, and hobnailed shoes. He was saying nothing when I came up, and yet he dominated the group. With no advantage of costume except his red cap, he easily, as theatrical folk might say, held the stage.

Hardly had I taken my seat when an unkempt barmaid came out with a frothing pitcher of ale. The gipsy nearest the door took it from her hand, and improved his opportunity to quaff sturdily. Then he proffered it to the tall man, with what from his manner I guessed to be a half jocose apology. The tall gipsy, instead of taking the pitcher, waved his hand grandly, and rolled out a sentence of angry Romany. To this the pitcher-holder retorted, the other rejoined, the bystanders struck in vehemently, and a storm of voices arose which for the moment seemed to promise me sport more exciting than I had counted on. It all ended, however, in the tall man's turning away with a superb gesture of disdain and a last scornful fling of sonorous syllables. The others called out to him in chorus, but he paid no attention. He stalked over to my side of the inn-door, and sat down close to me.

"My pretty gentleman," he said in excellent English, "I am heart-glad to see you. I've been long wearying for you."

I looked at him with natural surprise. He was apparently entirely serious, and I cannot even now tell why it flashed upon me that he was deliberately trying to fool me.

"That is the more kind of you," I returned with equal seriousness, "as you never saw me before."

He did not relax his gravity by the twinkle of an eyelash.

"Oh, my pretty gentleman," he said, "you're surely not going to deny me after the long love I've had since the day we parted at Salisbury Fair."

"When was that?"

"Two years this very month we're alive in," he answered.

The Salisbury sheep-selling does come in August, as nobody would know better than a gipsy, and for a moment I thought he might mistake me for somebody he had seen before. Then the conviction that he was playing with me reasserted itself.

"It was my spirit," I told him solemnly. "I was in America; but if you say you saw me at Salisbury, of course you did, so it must have been my spirit."

He threw back his strong shoulders and laughed, with a laugh as rich as oil from nuts.

"Oh, my pretty gentleman, you're too sharp for me. It's no use trying to fool you. This is the first time I ever set eyes on you, so of course you'll give me a drink."

"Give you a drink? I just saw you refuse one."

He drew himself up with a fine dignity, evidently as much genuine pride as acting.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded.

"I have not the honor," I responded with a mock bow.

He opened his splendid brown eyes to their fullest extent, and raised his head proudly.

"I am St. George and the Dragon," he announced.

"Indeed!" I cried, with an affectation of great enthusiasm. "I never expected to see you off of a sovereign."

The notion tickled him so much that for a second the absolute seriousness of his face relaxed, and his eyes sparkled.

"Then I suppose, my pretty gentleman, you are going to give me a sovereign as a token."

"You should ask for one thing at a

time," I returned. "You have n't told me why you did n't take a drink when it was offered to you."

"Take a drink? Did n't you see him drink out of the pitcher before he offered it to me?"

The indignation with which he said this was probably partly genuine, for Gipsy George stood always on his dignity with his men. He was, as I learned afterward, the head of a numerous and prosperous clan, and he did not easily bear any failure to observe toward him a proper deference.

"I don't see," I told him, "that because you are too lofty to drink after another, I am called upon to pay for your beer."

"But I told you who I am."

"St. George and the Dragon, I think you said."

"Oh, my pretty gentleman, you're so sharp you could use your wits for a razor; but I'm George and —"

The closing word was evidently Roman, and I did not catch it.

"And what?"

"Chief, you'd call it. Nobody has a right to drink before me."

Inquiries which I made later confirmed this statement. I found that Gipsy George, as he was commonly called, was a man of no little importance and of good substance. He had fifty ponies for sale at the Fair a few days later, and was besides proprietor of the numerous "cocoanut-shies" which encumbered the ground on that occasion and entrapped the pennies of the rustic youths. This opulence did not prevent him from begging every time I met him. From asking for a drink on this first occasion, he passed to a request for five pounds; and as denial met him he lessened his demands until he came down to a touching plea that at least the pretty gentleman would give him a farthing, so that he might make a hole through it and wear it around his neck until he died. The refusal of even this modest request he met with perfect good-nature, and the statement that a child-

like gipsy such as he had no chance against a mortal of intelligence so supernatural as that of the pretty gentleman.

From the country folk around I heard that the tribe had a reputation far from satisfactory. At the yard of a stone-cutter, where I lingered to look at the Purbeck marble he was working, I heard that every tool had to be either locked up or kept in hand so long as the gipsies were in the neighborhood. The man assured me that he had once laid down his hammer to light his pipe, and an invisible thief of a gipsy had made off with the utensil under his very nose. When I repeated this to Gipsy George he commented with entire placidity of expression, "These folks here don't know real honesty when they see it. It's naturally scarce in these parts when we ain't here."

I made it a point to see all that I could of my new acquaintance. He would have been worth following about for the simple delight of looking at a creature so magnificent. His motions were deliberate, but as easy and as sure as the swing of a wave. His talk was full of humor, and had not a little shrewdness. One day we were sitting on the bench where he had first joined me, while two or three of his tribe were on the other side of the door as on that day. A rather stout, commonplace Englishman came along the road, and stopped to speak to the men.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Gipsy George.

"Naturally not."

"That is the Inspector."

"What does he inspect?"

"Us," he answered. Then after a little pause which gave emphasis, he added, "And we inspect him."

He explained, in reply to my questions, that all the English gipsies are under the supervision of inspectors whose business it is to keep track of their wanderings, to see that they do not get into mischief, and to represent the august power of the law.

"He thinks he knows us through to the

bone," declared my gipsy; "but he believes anything we want him to. We can see the ideas crawling round in his head as clear as maggots in a cheese. Oh, he's our Inspector, all right."

"Meaning that you own him?" I suggested.

Gipsy George threw out his hand with a fine gesture of scorn.

"We would n't demean ourselves to own a spy-thing; but he's ours to use. Even if a ferret's mangy, he'll do to catch rats with."

I had no means of learning how far the Inspector was really beguiled, but as I looked into the unfathomable eyes of the vagabond beside me, I was entirely prepared to believe that the official was hardly likely to get the better of Gipsy George.

The talk I had with my engaging acquaintance ranged over a wide variety of subjects. Once or twice it touched on deep matters, although he had a wholesome preference for topics connected with tangible and sound concerns of daily life. He was a most thorough pagan, utterly unconcerned about spiritual mysteries because he had no shadow of belief in them. He one day summed up his whole philosophy of life and death in a single sentence.

"Oh, a man's like that cloud," he said, waving his hand toward a fleecy mass in the blue sky. "The wind's on the cheek to-day, and there is no cheek when the wind blows to-morrow."

Perhaps the thing which impressed me most when he said this was the absolute absence of anything like sentiment in his voice or manner. The wind would blow to-morrow, and the man would not be here to feel it on his cheek: this was simply a fact like any other, like the fact that the sun rises and sets. It was acquiescence in the laws of nature, as passionless as that of the leaf that falls or the dust that is scattered by the wind.

On the day before the Fair I sauntered out to the fair-ground. It was a day of enchantment, such as comes now and

then amid the multitudinous dampnesses of an English summer. The woods which rose on two sides of the place had for the occasion been shut off from the field by a high fence of rails, and rustled divinely fresh and verdant. The turf was a little trampled, but still green and agreeable. The scene, for which turf and woods formed the setting, was as varied and picturesque as heart could wish. Tents stood about, booths were being set up, gipsy wagons were ranged here and there, men, women, children, and dogs swarmed everywhere, and the air was full of busy voices.

Over a fire in a distant corner a woman with a scarlet kerchief on her head was superintending the boiling of a kettle, while two or three children and half-grown girls lay or sat around watching the operation with hungry interest. In the middle of the field was my friend, with a group of his fellows about him. He spied me almost as soon as I set foot on the fair-ground, and came forward at once with his easy, swinging stride.

"My pretty gentleman," he cried jovially, seizing me by the arm, "I was waiting for you, and great was the longing I had for you." He turned as he spoke, and in a voice like a trumpet roared across the whole width of the ground, "Ho, wife, there! Here's my pretty gentleman, the American, come to see us."

I had no chance to protest, but was led briskly across to the fire. The scarlet-kerchiefed woman straightened up as we neared her. Our greetings were far more awkward on my side than on hers, for she was on her native heath, and perfectly at her ease.

"The pretty gentleman has come to give you a pound," Gipsy George proclaimed unblushingly.

"Not that exactly," I corrected him. "I came over to see if you had that pony you promised to give me."

"No ponies till to-morrow," responded he. Then with a gesture in which he appealed to the red-cheeked lasses reclining on the ground and watching us with ex-

pressionless faces, he went on, "Look at that now! Here is this American duke that has two trunks full of gold at the inn over there, a black one and a yellow one, and I have to sleep on the bare ground; but he is n't willing to give me a penny."

Nothing in my intercourse with the gipsy startled me as did this remark. I had in fact a yellow and a black trunk at the inn; and the intimation that my shrewd Romany had been making inquiries was not pleasant. I had never seen him within half a mile of the inn, but at the moment the feeling of being spied upon so filled me with distrust that I got away as soon as possible. The wife bore me no malice, however, for on the next day, when I encountered her in charge of one of the cocoanut-shies, she greeted me with the affection of an old acquaintance, to the evident astonishment of some of the bystanders.

August ninth, the great day of the year for Lyndhurst, was again sunshiny and beautiful. Only one shower fell during the entire day. In the early dawn I heard men and horses going past my inn, and about the middle of the forenoon I went out to the fair-ground. I found everything in full swing. The shooting-galleries, the tents where rubber balls were tossed at pockets for ghastly prizes in the shape of plaster-of-Paris images, the cocoanut-shies, the beer-booths, the eating-booths, the raree-shows, were in vigorous operation. A raucous but delightful Punch and Judy occupied a prominent position, and before this I lingered long; for a considerable time, too, I watched a young lady, one of a party from a neighboring estate, shooting with an air-rifle. The mark was a blown egg-shell tossed into the air on a jet of water. Her aim was remarkable, and shell after shell fell in shattered bits until I began to wonder whether the supply would hold out.

"Where do you suppose," I asked an American girl who was with me, "they get all those eggs with nothing but wind in them?"

"The fowls of the air lay them," she replied with perfect seriousness.

One of the gentlemen of the aristocratic party, who had been watching my companion in open admiration of her beauty, opened his mouth upon hearing this. He evidently had it in mind to explain that the egg-shells were really the product of the common or garden hen, but his courage, like his perception of a joke, was unequal to the occasion.

The crowd collected at the Fair was most amusing. It included all grades, from the wearer of titles to the barefooted vagabond. The author of *Lady Audley's Secret*, a matronly, strong-faced woman, with shrewd and kindly eyes, walked about in a poke-bonnet of brown straw, and represented literature. I saw no Americans outside of our own party, and few foreigners of any sort; but the varieties of English were sufficiently great.

About a third of the fair-ground was occupied by the booths and shows, the rest of the space being given up to the ponies. These were, as they should have been, the most interesting feature of the whole. Emerging from among the tents, I came upon a scene of most exhilarating confusion. All over the field were scattered men and ponies, each man being attached to one end of a rope while a frantic pony was fastened to the other. All over the place they were darting and jumping, here a man dragging a pony, there a pony pulling a man, in a third place two or three of these strange couples tangled in a snarl, and everywhere observers running and leaping to avoid being dashed off their feet by the sweeping cords.

At intervals of a dozen feet all along the high fence which had been for the occasion put up on the wooded sides of the common, were bunches of foals, kept in their places by guards of boys. In each bunch the pretty creatures, only a few days in captivity, crowded together, half distracted by fear. They were continually in motion, the whole group circling around and around like a school of

minnows. Beside each group stood the salesman, calling aloud the perfections of his especial lot of horseflesh.

Would-be purchasers went from place to place, looking the ponies over, chaffering with the sellers, or making comments. Every few moments a buyer would indicate some particular beast in the revolving bunch. The seller would then take a rope with a slip-noose on the end, fix this in a hook on the end of a pole, and proceed to angle for the pony required. As soon as the noose was slipped over the neck of the foal, the poor frightened creature was dragged from among its companions and made to exhibit its paces in the open field.

I had the deepest sympathy for these clean-limbed, wide-eyed, frightened little beasties. For the first time in their lives they felt the tether, and their fright became panic. Across the field they dashed until brought up with a jerk which must almost have dislocated the neck. Then they tugged until the groom was forced to let them run again lest they choke completely; and so the process was repeated, until the pony was too exhausted to carry on the unequal struggle.

Amid the throng, as I darted hither and thither to avoid the ropes, I soon discovered Gipsy George. He was twenty feet of rope away from a beautiful bay foal, which danced, and rushed, and leaped, fearful but full of pluck. With a practiced hand he now let the colt run, now made it stand, sometimes paying out the entire cord, and then gathering it up until he was close to his prey. Meanwhile he was bargaining with a bull-necked farmer, a fellow so brutal-looking that for the pony's sake I was relieved when the price parted them. Gipsy George hurled after the departing farmer words of jeering so highly colored that I thought they might be answered by the farmer's fists; then he turned to me with an alluring and sunshiny smile.

"Ah, my pretty gentleman," he hailed me, "here you are at last. I've been keeping this little fellow for you all day.

Did you see that man that wanted to buy him? I sent him about his business, and he was ready to offer me his whole farm for the beauty."

Here the beauty made a diversion by plunging wildly into the middle of a group of bystanders; but Gipsy George extricated and managed him with skillful hand.

"I kept him to sell to you," he resumed as soon as circumstances allowed him to go on with the conversation. "You shall have him for five pounds. That's just half what I'd ask anybody else."

"You are generous beyond belief," I answered, "if I only had n't just heard you offer him for three pounds."

The pony made another opportune diversion, although he might have spared himself the trouble, for Gipsy George would not have been in the least disconcerted.

"Will you take him now?" was the question asked at the next breathing-space.

"What should I do with him?"

"Take him to America. He'll go in your topcoat pocket."

"Thank you; but I am afraid I might sit down on him."

"Then I'll go with you and take care of him."

We had more chaff in the same vein, diversified by frantic excursions on the part of the pony, of his master, and not infrequently of myself; but in the end Gipsy George got tired of tugging against the stoutly braced feet of the foal, and let one of his assistants restore the animal to the bunch from which it had come.

"Come now, my pretty gentleman," he said, wiping his wet forehead, "this is the last time I'll ever see your face. Give me a five-pound note to remember you by."

"If you can't remember me without that," I answered, "I shall have to bear the bitterness of being forgotten."

"Always too sharp for a poor gipsy! Give me a pound then."

"You ask just a pound too much."

"Ten shillings?"

"Nonsense!"

"Five shillings?"

"Rubbish!"

So we descended the scale to one shilling, to sixpence, to threepence, to twopence, to a penny. Then he began on my clothing. He begged for my hat; I declined to go home bareheaded: for my coat; but I was equally stubborn about parading in my shirt-sleeves; he demanded my shoes, my waistcoat, my cravat. Finally he was pushed to his last request, and he put it with a touch of wild fancy so fine that I immediately invited him to have a mug of ale at my cost.

"My pretty gentleman," he said, "you're going from me forever. Give me at least your handkerchief, and I'll use it in Paradise to remember you by!"

And the brown eyes of the dear rascal shone so, that although we chaffed one another over the ale, that delightful bit of extravagance is the thing which comes always to mind when I recall my too brief acquaintance with the gipsy. Never was a rover more attractive to look upon, with his handsome face and magnificent body; never was tricky spirit gifted with a more delicious humor, a humor conveyed as much by look and mien as by word; never was philosophical vagabond more enchantingly pagan, with the natural and inevitable paganism of the wild hawk or the lusty gorse. About him was a sense of the wide spaces on the downs, with the clouds sailing overhead, the wood-scents and the smell of the fire mingling into an indescribable and bewildering odor. In his presence one seemed to hear the call of the wild, to which respond the ancestral instincts that have come down from our forebears who treked over the plains of central Asia. Whether the wind is on his cheek to-day, or if no cheek is where the wind is blowing over English downs, I do not know; but at least in my memory is always alive and vital the figure of my one Romany, brown-eyed Gipsy George.

THE CHILD AND THE IMAGINATIVE LIFE

BY LOUISA LANE McCRADY

TWENTY years of more or less constant companionship with children have made me realize that their widely differing natures are not easy to understand, and that generalizations about their training and growth are not likely to be of practical value; but so many years of wonderful friendship make me watch each new child with the interest one feels in the well-known characters of a familiar story. The child life repeats itself, only with the changes that come from changed conditions and surroundings. There seems, however, to be one continuing influence on the children I have known in two periods of ten years. That influence in each child is his imaginative life.

Before the child's mind is strong enough to meet and grapple with the facts of life, the most real facts to him are what he calls "make believe." This phrase is suggestive because while the word "make" here means imagination, the word "believe" stands for what he thinks is real. Any one who goes back to the time when he was a child can bear witness to the reality of this imaginative life. To most people who have had a real childhood, not cramped by overwork, physical or mental, or starved by sordidness, or filled with an intellectuality beyond their years, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* are not far afield, the children of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* are real people, and *Peter Pan* is more than a delightful play. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Grahame and Mr. Barrie have all told the truth, because, with real children, things are always being "made believe" just a little different from what they actually are. Playing house in a fig-tree where your roof is made by broad leaves, and where wide branches make your floor, your successive stories, your

easy stairways; playing ship on a sofa or in an invalid's chair; playing street-cars with chairs for horses, and quarreling as to which child should be conductor and which driver, — but that was before the days of electricity; playing that you are a horse eating hay in your stall, — "a real horse, you know," as a child said to me last summer; playing wild animals in the most gruesome places until you are paralyzed with terror and afraid of yourself in the dark; "making believe" in every instance that you are grown up or different from what you really are, — that is a wonderfully rich life. You can be anything you like; for once you are not hemmed in by facts. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* is full of these happy days, of shadows and dreams and unseen playmates, of the most real thoughts of real children. There could hardly be a more perfect description of the return of a child from the imaginative to the real life than his poem, "My Kingdom":—

Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me,
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,

Nor other kings than me.

At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms!

One might multiply instances endlessly to show how children naturally turn away from the actual to the things they cannot see with the physical eye or hear with the physical ear or touch with their hands; how children in their play turn away from the facts of life. But the boy grows to the age when facts begin to interest him, — when his imagination takes the direction of investigation; he builds a boat and sails it, or he takes to pieces his mechanical toy to "see the wheels go round;" but with the children of whom Stevenson and I have been thinking, the age of fact does not come first.

The age of fact comes early to many children in these days when scientific discovery and the accumulation of fortunes make luxuries common even in simple homes. The conditions of modern life do not leave children long in a state of imaginative simplicity. Everything comes too easily; toys and amusements still more unimaginative are multiplied; the tangible things in life are ever present; the very development of the child, his dancing lessons, his riding lessons, his outing classes filling every afternoon, give him little time to fall back on his own resources, to direct even his own play, much less to think for himself; and the eager, questioning child who would once have been satisfied to be told that some questions have no answers, is told to-day that perhaps, not now, but some day, science will give him his answer, and science becomes the measure of his life; fact becomes his end; he must hold the stars in his hands. And this questioning child of the age when imagination is taking the form of scientific investigation

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and discovery is not different in nature from the child of a less complicated age, but he is different because of his bringing up. Usually he is studied from a psychological point of view; he is the most important person in the family, far more important than his father or grandfather who had no one to study them psychologically, no one to wonder what attitude of mind was represented by this or that spontaneous action of theirs; who were simply given certain elemental principles of right and wrong and made to follow them with little questioning of authority, when the twentieth-century child is likely to be reasoned with, apologized to, allowed to follow the line of his own development, even if that self-development leads a child to say with perfect unconsciousness of any disrespect, "Mother, how can you be so silly?"

It is perhaps not unnatural that the growth of fortunes should bring the facts of life early before the minds of children, and that, as a result, there should be a tendency towards materialism in even a child's point of view. Not long ago I heard two girls of six and seven talking on a country road. They were children whose parents were amply able to give them whatever they thought best for them to have. The first child said, "How can we make some money? I tell you what, Mary, we must sell your radishes as soon as they are ripe." Mary answered sadly, "I wish Aunt Susan were here; she buys radishes like the dickens." Now these children at this early age were discontented with their weekly allowance, and finding that they could not get more from their parents, decided to sell to the neighbors; and their parents, wishing them to develop themselves and to learn by experience, did not prevent their doing so. I have seen these children trying to sell a small bunch of nasturtiums in a neighborhood where nasturtiums were plentiful and where nobody could possibly want to buy them. If, therefore, they induced any one to buy their nasturtiums, they would merely be taking the money

as a gift, and the form of selling would be a farce. Were not these children getting a false idea of making money honestly? Children brought up in the presence of too many *things* naturally drift into thinking about getting and gaining instead of giving, and in the instance cited the desire to get and gain was at the expense of a clear understanding of the truth.

The use of the word "truth" brings me to the trait that parents usually think of as the first to be developed in children. I say "developed" because the truth can hardly be taught to children. A sense of truth is a habit of mind, and much of the untruthfulness which is called a moral fault comes really from a failure to see straight. So often, when a person does something which, to use a very expressive piece of slang, is not "on the square," the cause can be traced to that person's failure to look at things on a level, an incapacity to see things in their real relation to each other. Facts may be isolated, but principles grow out of facts related. It is the constructive power of the imagination that makes this relation plain, — the best illustration of which is the development of science. Of course the first thing a child has to be taught is to see an object and to express in one single word the truth concerning that object. The object may be himself. Tennyson expresses it in this way:—

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is pressed
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that this is I;
But as he grows he gathers much
And learns the use of I and me,
And finds I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.

This is the way the child begins to see things in their relation, and gradually he learns that truth is likely to be relative rather than absolute — the whole truth, that is the truth in its relation to other things, may be different from the truth as a separate fact; and furthermore he learns that a fact in itself entirely true, if

told out of its relation to other facts, may misrepresent the case. He learns all this, however, through the imaginative faculty; he comes through imagination into a fuller understanding of the truth. This aspect of the imagination, however, does not go beyond the bounds of fact, but merely brings related facts together. An uncontrolled imagination, on the other hand, may never see the fact as it is, but out of all proportion to the truth. Allowing the imagination to be unbridled brings about a fallacious habit of thought, and after a while the child becomes a grown person without any sense of truth. There are a great many people who from habit have become like that tribe of Cæsar who are remembered because "what they wished they believed." The child has to learn from the first to look at things squarely just as they are, to think $2 \times 2 = 4$, just 4, no more, no less; but all children who are quick at figures are not quick in this sense of fact in everyday life. The difficulty seems to be to know how to teach a child to think squarely. Parents and teachers are likely to go to one extreme or the other; either they are so literal-minded that from inheritance or training the child never gets beyond $2 \times 2 = 4$ in his entire conception of truth; he never has a chance to look beyond mere facts, facts of history perhaps, or of science, or of everyday life, but thought of as facts isolated and unrelated; or else the parents, more loosely imaginative, teach the children so little of hard fact and accuracy of thinking, and allow them to grow up with so much of hazy indefiniteness in their habit of mind, that they are without the very foundation of truth. The types of the schoolman and the mystic are not confined to the middle ages or the schools of philosophy. It seems to me that a regulated imagination ought to mean just a sane understanding of the truth. This does not mean "the fine frenzy" of the poet, the sense that can perceive "the light that never was on sea or land." That gift belongs to rare natures and is a higher development of the

imaginative life; but I do not believe that any one can have a healthy conception of the truth of any situation in life without using the faculty of imagination. As an instance where lack of imagination really hinders a perception of truth, one of my eight-year-old friends does not like to say "Thank you," or "Please." His parents, belonging to the literal-minded type of which I spoke, will not insist upon manners which go against real feelings. According to their theory, the child who is developing naturally must express what he feels and nothing else; any other course is insincerity. It seems to me that this is a plain case where the literal fact is not the whole truth. The surly feeling on the child's part is wrong from the bottom, and is the point to attack. The child has to become accustomed to use his imagination so as to put himself in the place of the person doing him the favor for which "Thank you" is the natural response. The only way to teach a child the meaning of such a human feeling is to bring him up with the constant habit of doing for others. When by experience he has learned the satisfaction that such service brings, he will not be slow about saying "Thank you," or "Please;" he will be able to imagine how the other person feels, and what is called "manners" then becomes the expression of his actual feeling. Teaching manners to children has always seemed to me only just one of the obvious ways of teaching them self-control, because it is important to realize that the line is very fine between what is often called sincerity and what really is want of self-control. Merely as a matter of expediency, the farsightedness of the kindness that spares a person's feelings at the expense of truth may always be questioned; but even children can learn that selfishness expressed in a frankness that is brutal must not be confounded with sincerity. When there is any danger of this being the state of a young child's mind, it is high time to teach him to put himself into the other person's place; then good manners be-

come only another illustration of what is meant by using the imagination to get a conception of the whole truth.

The words putting one's self into another person's place bring me to another trait of character dependent on the faculty of imagination. In a little country church I once heard an old-fashioned preacher say that if he were one of the fairy godmothers at a christening he would make sure of one gift for the princess, — imagination in the form of sympathy. Then he went on to show how, of all the ways in which the imaginative life expresses itself, the most practically useful for every human being in everyday life — no matter what his calling — is the power of feeling with others. Feeling *for* people does not mean the same thing, but the gift is there when one man is able to put himself into the place of another, when, in imagination, he can feel in the life of another what he has never known by actual experience in his own life. The Wise Man of history asked for this gift when he prayed for "a wise and understanding heart . . . to discern judgment." He saw the whole truth when he recognized the fact that without "understanding" every judgment is "ignorant." The worldly, materialistic Solomon, with his provisions for one day of "thirty measures of fine flour, ten fat oxen out of the pasture and an hundred sheep, besides harts and gazelles and roe-bucks and fatted fowls," felt his limitations in the imaginative life when he tried to understand the truth in its relation to other people; he did not wish to render ignorant judgments. He showed what use he made of his understanding heart when he ordered the sword to be brought so that he might render his historic judgment in favor of the true mother. It is surprising in what different aspects of life the "understanding heart" or its absence is felt. This is the trait that makes one man of business more valuable than another when, by quickly putting himself in the place of the other

person, he can deal with men of temperaments and conditions entirely different from his own; it is the gift of the physician who knows how to bring back the courage and hopefulness that his patient is losing; and, though widely different in degree, it is the same in kind as the power that made Fra Angelico just once put into his painting of Mary and the Child Jesus, in "The Flight into Egypt," the feeling of the real mother; just the same sympathy that Chaucer had with Constance when she says to her baby, —

"Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee non harm."
 With that hir kerchef of hir heed she
 breyde,
 And over his litel yën she it leyde;
 And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
 And in-to heven hir yën up she caste.

Here are instances in which men have put themselves, in imagination, into situations in which they could never have been; and by sympathy they have been able to express the truth in relation to the other person. It is the human trait that is essential in every philosophy that has lived. It is precisely this same power of imagination which made it possible for Christ to understand experiences that he never had, and to take other people's points of view without losing his own. This trait in his character has made men come irresistibly under an influence, lifted so far above the common dull literal-mindedness, that people have described his nature by the expression, "the divinity of Christ," a phrase that, accepted too literally or too symbolically, has divided Christendom. With the growth of the imaginative life such separation must disappear.

But all this imagination in the form of sympathy seems to belong to grown people. Solomon's "understanding heart" came with maturity; Fra Angelico was an ascetic; Chaucer was a man of the world.

One might naturally ask, What has all this to do with children? The only answer must be that such a gift as sym-

pathy, if not developed in childhood, can never become a part of a person's nature. The most selfish, unloving, unsympathetic children I have seen are those who are brought up by unimaginative parents, never made to have obligations of respect for others or taught to make opportunities for serving others, never having heard of putting themselves into the place of another. It is not uncommon to hear a child say, when told not to do something disagreeable to another child, "Why, I should n't mind if anybody did that to me." I think a child has to be trained from the beginning to see things from another person's point of view. That is the only way to teach unselfishness; he must learn that all children do not feel as he does, or like the same things, or mind the same things; and that sort of difference in feeling has to be looked out for in play unless people are willing to have children who will grow up unable to go beyond their sense of fact, who never can see the truth except in its relation to themselves. I believe that, next to a sense of truth, without which sympathy degenerates into sentimentalism, a faculty of understanding human beings and feeling with them is the power most important for any child or man to have, for his own usefulness.

There is another trait that is more lost among the growing young Americans I see than almost any of the big qualities that go to make nobility of character, — a trait belonging to the imaginative life perhaps even more directly than a large sense of truth and sympathy; and it seems to be dependent on both. This trait is reverence. I hardly know how to begin to talk about reverence; it does not belong to the unrest of the age of motor cars; it is not marked in the child who with utmost geniality, says, "Hello!" to every older person he meets; it is seldom a companion to any sort of familiarity; it does not flourish where there is little or no aloofness in each man's life; it is not the result of leveling in places where, as Pro-

fessor Münsterberg says, nature did not mean equality to exist, as in the relation between parent and child; it does not come from making everybody equal to everybody else; and yet it seems to be one of the silent laws of nature. Reverence does not seem to thrive in the presence of too many tangible things. The word is usually applied to the feeling men have for something they recognize as higher than themselves: reverence for laws and institutions and places set apart by their sacredness; reverence in the presence of the great forces of nature which represent a hidden power behind. The word "respect" is probably what St. Paul meant when he spoke of "in honor preferring one another," this being the feeling that ought to exist between equals. I think the word "reverence" is associated less with the patent facts than with the hidden forces of life. The modern American child has little occasion to feel reverence; he is left too little alone; he lives so constantly among things and so little among thoughts; his day is too full of facts. There is school, where all his nervous energy is strained to respond to the training of his eye, ear, and hand. The goal of the school is passing college entrance examinations. The necessary drill in facts leaves little time for thoughts, and at home the father, engrossed in his business, and the mother, in her clubs and philanthropy, are too busy to think. The child who used to have his mother for a companion, who used to learn all the stock of children's stories from her, has in these days an outing-class teacher, young, athletic, buoyant, in every way estimable, but not the child's mother. In many cases she would not know how to take him out and be interesting to him, because the power of winning children comes from the faculty of attention, taking the mind away from all other things and "stretching it" to their interests. The woman who can do this, by becoming a child with children, wins them irresistibly. It is just the same power she uses, however unconsciously, when she

holds her own in the society of men. It takes time, and even if the mother knew how to give herself up in this way to her children, in many instances she would not have time. She has to run schools to train the immigrant in the industries of this country, or she has to serve on a playground committee, or on the board of the Good Government Association, or attend the meetings of the Woman's Trades Union League. Now any of these objects if attended to must take the mother away from the children. To do any piece of work, the mind has to be on that work, and when the mothers are engrossed in these philanthropic matters, they cannot concentrate their thoughts on the biggest job of all, the work nearer home and far less commonplace, of learning to understand their own children. And in the mean time the children have their dancing classes, their riding lessons, their outing classes, to keep them busy. Little time is left them to play without direction. Because the parents are so anxious to develop the children, self-development in its truest sense is hampered. The child constantly in the presence of things grows up to feel that he sees everything; he grows up without any sense of wonder; his questions are almost all answered by facts. What facts? I have said that the facts of science, so far as he can grasp them, become the measure of the child's thought; but then he has to be told that science is constantly making new discoveries which modify what only yesterday was taught as truth. It is easy to see that an immature mind might not feel any particular reverence for mere law as law, even laws of nature, when he learns that these laws are subject to change. The one essential element in anything that is to inspire reverence is some sort of stability,—not physical stability, but something in thought that is steadfast and immovable as "the everlasting hills." And yet the modern child, no matter how ignorant the parents, grows up in an atmosphere strongly tinged with the influence of positive knowledge as a final

explanation of life. A child is not mature enough to realize that the laws of nature do not change; it is only that we learn more about them; his mind is hardly prepared to be let into the mysteries of these laws of which science is only the reverent formulation.

In the presence of so much fact and so little imagination, the effect of a reverent belief in a power behind law is scarcely felt. The parents, too, so much under the influence of things, have such cramped imaginations that it is not surprising when the form of belief known as faith is no longer theirs to pass on to the children as a tradition; and without that faith, I do not see on what ground they can hope to teach children respect for their fellow-men, which seems to be strong among those people who hold to the belief that man is made in an image higher than himself, — hence his self-respect and his respect for others. What I have been trying to say has been clearly illustrated by a modern educator who, in speaking of the Jewish influence on religion, cited reverence as the trait in the Jew that had made his religion fit to become the basis of modern thought. The Hebrew God was not a force of nature or a personified quality represented in tangible or heroic form, but rather a hidden power, although a real personality, whose striking qualities were aloofness and mystery. Yet to the Hebrew his God was the strongest force in his everyday life, and the soul of man was recognized as akin to his Maker in such a way that every man had his personal rights, his apartness, his separation, his individuality. Out of this apartness grow self-respect and respect for others. The people who are going so far from this old doctrine of apartness, who have grown too sophisticated, and too self-satisfied ever to wonder what is at the end of the rainbow or beyond the mountains, "in the land that is very far off," cannot, as an Irish writer has recently said, inspire poets; and their children, brought up so close to fact that

even they cannot wonder, must be wanting in reverence, without which they can never understand the real value of any truth.

But when a sympathetic understanding of the truth of a great principle does fill a man with reverence for something that he feels is higher than himself, this principle is likely to influence the man's life. Sometimes the principle is love of country or of fellow men or of some individual, or it may be religion; whatever the subject of the allegiance, the moment it becomes a law of life to which the person in question is obedient, another trait is developed which is the direct outgrowth of the sense of truth, sympathy, and reverence. This trait is loyalty: according to its derivation, obedience to law. In its fine flower loyalty comes with maturity; but on the other hand, from its very nature, it is a quality that can never belong to the man, if it was never known to the child.

To any children brought up in the atmosphere of such stories as the "Round Table" legends or Scott's novels or poetry, the word loyalty does not have to be explained. A train of pages, squires, knights, and nobles, honoring their king, makes a vivid picture full of the life and color that glow in Abbey's frescoes of the Holy Grail. The days of chivalry and romance are full of illustrations of loyalty; so that to the keen, imaginative sense of a child, loyalty, of all the traits I have mentioned, is the one he would probably understand with the least explanation. Children love stories, and there are just as many stories of loyalty as there are heroes, martyrs, and saints in history, — men who first grasped the idea of allegiance to some large truth, having recognized this truth in its relation, and by sympathetic understanding have entered into the spirit of this truth, to hold it sacred and, if necessary, die for it. The nation brought up to revere its heroes and to value the traditions and customs and institutions that have not become outworn with time, must be a people

with whom the imaginative life is strong, because literal-minded people rid themselves of the fetters of their customs and traditions, crying out for a liberty that is manifest. The more imaginative people value the symbolism of their customs and traditions and institutions, and often revere the thing signified after the usefulness of the symbol seems to have passed away. The nation or the institution that has the power to make people see farther than the law, the mere shadow of the truth behind, is bound to have loyal supporters, because such a nation or institution is more than a bare fact in the life of the people; it must be something that stands for the truth as they see it, — a living truth growing with the needs of changing conditions.

This trait of loyalty to friends, to country, to religion, is not common enough to pass as unnoticed as some of the other qualities I have named, which are accepted more as matter-of-course virtues. The reason loyalty is so striking a trait is not because people are often unfaithful in their allegiance to what they believe to be true and right, but rather because it is a rare gift when a nature intense enough to care deeply for any great cause, can care sanely and reasonably. Many people who are called "loyal" are obedient merely to the law as a fact, not to the truth behind the law of which the law is only the symbol. Such mistaken loyalty is not loyalty at all, but bigotry. Real loyalty is faithfulness to the thing signified in any great principle or institution or relation. Such faithfulness could never mean shutting one's eyes to the truth on any occasion when truth is violated or not faced. Loyalty seems to me to be a trait that would become a part of children's nature with the growth of the imagination. Of all the traits I have mentioned it would appeal most to a child's mind, illustrated as it is in the picturesque pages of history; and it is the trait that can be most readily learned by example. When loyalty is not cramped by bigotry or any

other form of narrowness, it is the biggest of traits, because it includes so many others; it means a sense of truth and sympathy and reverence united with faithfulness; and since it is one of the expressions of the imaginative life that belongs to a child by right, it is easy to see why it could hardly come with maturity, like such qualities as tranquillity and serenity. For the child's own happiness then, let him add to his sense of truth, his sympathy, his reverence, a loyalty that is a rarer trait because it comes from a higher imaginative life.

In trying to illustrate what I mean by bringing children up in an unimaginative way, I have not told the whole story of child life as it is now. The parents are not all gone who are doing their utmost to keep from their homes the undue influence of "things." There are still "tree-houses" and "unseen playmates" and wild animals far more real than pets. Not very long ago a small boy, now a sophomore in Harvard College, made Sunday hideous at home by engaging with another boy in the fight between the Philistines and Israelites, in which he played the part of David to a smaller Goliath. Any one living with real children sees every day equally imaginative games. I believe there never was a time when more thought and care were given to the training of children, and some of the most earnest, anxious mothers I know are those actively engaged in philanthropic work. Sometimes the present age is spoken of as "irreligious," and what I have written may seem like such a charge against many modern parents. On the contrary, whoever really thinks must feel the increased and growing earnestness of this early twentieth century. When any one charges the period with "irreligion," he must mean lack of imagination in the spiritual sense of the word. People are casting aside certain customs the meaning of which they have lost, but they are not forgetting the righteousness to which these customs bind them. And yet this literal-minded search for truth

which does away with symbols is telling on some of the children who are growing up now without all of the imaginative advantages under which their parents grew up, and against some of which a matter-of-fact age may revolt. Some of these children seem to be growing up without a background. Such young people always make me think of the Englishman who wondered how Americans can bear to live in a land without castles. I wonder whether Mr. Maxfield Parrish has the same thing in mind when he fills his illustrations with real children, giving them a background of dreams not less real.

I can readily understand that if any one has read so far what I have written about the child and the imaginative life, the natural comment may be, "How easy it is to be critical when one has not had the experience of success or failure in the training of children!" I admit the justice of this criticism, only answering that those who are engrossed in any undertaking of importance are too much interested in the piece of work to be able to stand off and look from a distance to get their bearings. It is the old story of the lookers-on seeing the game. It was not the football players but the spectators who saw the need of "the new rules," and could speak strongly enough to have them carried into effect. What I have

written, as a spectator, is a plea for children to be given their rights. Their greatest gift and source of happiness is the imaginative life, in their play as they make it, in literature as they learn it, in nature as they love it. From want of use imagination in children often seems cramped; and if I were asked the remedy, I should say just this: The surest way in which parents and teachers can keep children brought up among so many tangible things and facts from losing their birthright of imagination is not by intellectual theorizing upon the nature of children or of a particular child, fitting the child to the theory, but by a reverent belief in the imaginative life as the most real part of a child's thought and that which most nearly touches his idea of religion; and in regulating the daily life of children to remember "the scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven" who was likened unto "a man that is an house-holder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." The new things, the discoveries of science, the enlightenment of civilization, — the facts, necessary to be taught, but to be learned in their relation to larger truth; and in teaching these great facts to children to bear in mind the "old" part of the "treasure" suggested in King Lear's words to Cordelia, "We'll take on us the mystery of things as if we were God's spies."

MEMOIRS, LETTERS, AND DIARIES

BY S. M. FRANCIS

THOSE of us who in the spacious leisure of youth read and reread certain many-volumed memoirs, letters, and diaries, finding them never a foot-note too long, are inclined to be a little scornful of books made up, for busy or perhaps mentally indolent readers, of more or less aptly selected and arranged extracts from these delectable works. It would seem that the superlatively well-edited *Early Diary of Frances Burney* is of sufficiently recent publication to be hardly yet regarded as uncurrent literature; but still the chronicles of the Burney family in St. Martin's Street¹ — a period for which materials must be largely drawn from the *Diary* — is a book which can be heartily welcomed and enjoyed. If its pages sometimes repeat what should be a familiar tale, they also illustrate and supplement it. "Oh, how *agréable* they are," exclaimed the great and gentle Pacchierotti. "I don't know anybody so *agréable* as Mr. Dr. Burney's family!" Father and children were alike clever, tactful, good-humored, kind-hearted, and affectionate; and, fortunately for us, the pen of a ready writer was a common family possession.

Miss Hill and her sister, with pen and pencil, give us glimpses of the house, built by Sir Isaac Newton, which was the Burneys' latest London home. They take us into the hospitable dining-parlor, where guests whose names are known to all the reading world had a confirmed habit of dropping in casually as well as coming formally; the drawing-room so often crowded with distinction of every kind and of every clime; and the music-room with the two harpsichords, where Hetty

and her husband played duets with such taste and skill, and "the singer of singers," Signora Agujari, all of whose notes elsewhere were literally golden, sang divinely in twenty different styles for five hours at a stretch. There are well-selected portraits, some, like the charming miniature of Susan Burney, reproduced for the first time. The extracts from the diary of this loveliest of the sisters will be to many readers the most interesting new material in the book. She could write very nearly as vividly or as entertainingly as Fanny, whether in the brief notes during the anxious days and nights of the Gordon Riots, or of the wrappings with the English language of *l'Imperatore del Canto*, who sadly fears he must become the object of his gentle teacher's "peculiar despise." We care more for these things than for the scene from *The Wiltings*, though that can be read, even at this late day, with pleasure and a wish for more, yet with a tolerably assured conviction that its author's "two Daddies" were right in doubting its theatric possibilities.

Not only in the Burney records, but in all the social history of the time, David Garrick is a conspicuous figure. And he left behind him letters without number. How was so actively busy a man able to write so many, in days when even a busy man usually wrote with his own hand? But notwithstanding this wealth of material, the great actor has scarcely been happy in his biographers, and a book like that of Mrs. Parsons',² drawn as it is from a good-sized library of works readable and unreadable, is a thing to be grateful for. Not only does she appear to

¹ *The House in St. Martin's Street*. By CONSTANCE HILL. New York: John Lane Company. 1907.

² *Garrick and His Circle*. By MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS. London: Methuen & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

have read — and to have mastered — everything the most exacting could require; but she has shown excellent judgment as to fact and fable, essentials and non-essentials. In a series of vignettes, beginning with the boyhood in Lichfield, and ending with the burial in Westminster Abbey, Garrick's career and his associations, domestic, professional, and social, are vividly sketched. The writer has, so to speak, lived with Roscius and his friends, and portrays them with skill and insight. There have been other great players, but never one "who was so great a personality outside the theatre." Witness his Parisian social triumphs, remembered so long as old France endured, though there the attractions of the *cher et charmant M. Garrique* were only those of the private gentleman. Mrs. Parsons's agreeable book can be read and reread with so much pleasure that one regrets that her natural vivacity of style should now and then degenerate into a too persistent and colloquial liveliness. Dullness is not a danger she need dread. A word must be said for the well-selected and not too familiar illustrations — which really illustrate. In this connection mention assuredly should be made of the admirable sketch of Garrick which Sir Theodore Martin has included in his *Monographs*, now happily collected in a volume.¹ In less than a hundred pages this accomplished man of letters and wise commentator on things dramatic has produced a model brief biography. The more tellingly, perhaps, because so tersely he shows the baselessness of the tales of the "meanness" of one of the most generous of men, fables usually originating in professional envy, wounded literary vanity, or resentful ingratitude for favors received; and he touches with peculiar feeling the most fortunate event in the actor's fortunate life, — his marriage.

For nearly three hundred years Stan-

hopes have been Earls of Chesterfield, yet the fourth holder of the title is the Lord Chesterfield of men's knowledge and needs no further appellation. Unliterate persons will use "a perfect Chesterfield" as a descriptive phrase, and many, somewhat better informed, regard him simply as a well-mannered fop, who vainly tried to turn a dull, awkward youth into a finished diplomat of the eighteenth-century pattern, and who kept Dr. Johnson waiting in an ante-room, and was long afterward sharply and enduringly punished therefor. His latest biographer² very justly urges that the lighter and least worthy aspects of his subject's character have been dwelt upon more than enough, while his skill and eloquence as a debater, and the distinguished ability, energy, integrity, and political prescience which he brought to the public service have been well-nigh forgotten, — sufficient reasons for a new memoir illustrating these traits, if it be as intelligently written as Mr. Craig's volume. The writer in no way endeavors to produce a portrait without shadows; even his commendation is sometimes, perhaps, too carefully guarded. Chesterfield was often witty to his own disadvantage, and his rare powers were generally devoted to the Opposition; but his independence of mind and absolute incorruptibility — a marvel in that age — can account for some ill-success as well as his tactical shortcomings. His views on many public questions are so exceedingly modern that we have to remember that a century was to pass before some of them would be generally adopted. His greatest moment was when, in 1745, — an ill-omened year, — he went as viceroy to Ireland. The political wisdom, justice, tolerance he there showed can hardly be over-praised. We should be grateful to him that in 1752 the troublesome double

¹ *Monographs: Garrick, Macready, Rachel, and Baron Stockmar.* By SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1906.

² *Life of Lord Chesterfield: An Account of the Ancestry, Personal Character, and Public Services of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield.* By W. H. CRAIG. New York: John Lane Company. 1907.

date dropped from English use, yet how many remember that it was mainly owing to his energy, persistence, and eloquence that the reformed calendar was accepted in face of the strenuous opposition of conservatism which loved not "new fangled things," and ignorance mourning its lost eleven days. It is one of the many ironies of his history, that a scholar and lover of books, who had the sincerest respect for literary distinction, should always be remembered in connection with Dr. Johnson's "fancied grievance," — in truth, if examined, it is only that. It is to be hoped that this biography may help its readers to take a reasonably comprehensive view of a by no means simple personality.

At last we have an authoritative, and, it would seem, a definitive life of that most interesting of the women of the eighteenth-century Parisian *salons*, Julie de Lespinasse.¹ Unpublished letters and other papers, which the Marquis de Ségur, with his accustomed literary skill, has examined to such good purpose, may yet see the light, but they probably will only confirm the impression given by this admirable memoir. It is written not only with grace and charm, but with insight and sympathy. Some purveyors of biographic gossip have treated Mademoiselle de Lespinasse with that flippant depreciation which is such an easy denotement of worldly wisdom. But M. de Ségur, writing with both knowledge and understanding, shows us the real woman, so that in some sort we can comprehend the potent charm and very strong influence wielded by a hostess without beauty or wealth, or even a recognized social status. It was a complex nature, in its fine intuitions, its sensitiveness, its exquisite tact, its large generosity, its unflinching good sense, — for others, — its so long carefully maintained self-respect, and that intensely passionate temperament, which in the end — if it made her one of the world's great lovers — brought remorse,

suffering, death. The translation, only fair at the best, is occasionally more literal than makes for exactness or limpid English. We would suggest that the *belle-mère* of the boy Marquis de Mora was, as the context shows, his mother-in-law, not his "stepmother," a relation he did not possess; and why should Lord Shelburne be called a "Count" in his own language? "Has peopled Hell and small houses," is an anti-climax which the writer in her most overwrought moment would not have perpetrated — in English.

To retell a tale, known in some sort to all those who read history, with such completeness and accuracy of knowledge, such vividness and picturesqueness of style, such keen as well as sympathetic insight, so that the narrator seems an actual actor in his story and makes his reader share his experience, is surely no small achievement. M. Lenotre's history of the flight to Varennes and the woeful return therefrom fulfills² all these conditions. Again we meet that noble, steadfast son of the North, Axel Fersen, who in his French environment could well be called "so different from other men," with his life-long devotion to the Queen, a devotion as respectful as passionate. With the wisest foresight and "incredible energy" he arranges all the details of the flight, admirably carried out so long as he is in control. The first dangers past, the open country reached, the fugitives become almost cheerful as the terrible city is left farther and farther behind. The incidents of the long summer's-day journey live again, till night falls, and that stretch of road between Clermont and Varennes, haunted with tragic memories, is reached, where these poor people, "tracked like wild beasts," believing that safety is very near, fall asleep from sheer exhaustion. As graphic is the record of the dolorous journey to Paris, its miseries

¹ *Julie de Lespinasse*. By the MARQUIS DE SÉGUR. Translated by P. H. LEE WARNER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

² *The Flight of Marie Antoinette*. From the French of G. LENOTRE, by MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1907.

and brutalities which turned the Queen's hair white; while the after history of those concerned in the capture is followed to the end, an end usually calamitous. Even the obscure little town, made famous in one fateful night, had very good reason then and afterward to rue its sudden eminence. The illustrations always add to the value of the book, while Mrs. Stawell's translation is in every way so rare an excellence that never for a moment is the reader made conscious that it is a translation.

A clever writer has recently suggested that a detective story need not necessarily be devoted to criminal investigations. Why not tell a tale of biographic or historic research? And certainly M. Pichot's distinguished success in discovering the identity of the Count de Cartrie, and in tracing his family history, is a very pretty piece of highly skilled detective work. For more than a hundred years a manuscript English translation of M. de Cartrie's memoirs¹ has been in existence, in which the translator apparently wrote all proper names by ear, with most astonishing results. Fortunately this manuscript lately fell into the hands of an appreciative London publisher, who persuaded M. Pichot to examine it and expound its mysteries. The Count de la Cartrie belonged to a *famille de robe* illustrious in their province, having for generations deserved well of their country. He lived on his paternal acres the life of a rural gentleman, devoted to the education of his children, and on the best of terms with the peasants around him. To this household as to thousands of others, victims equally blameless and equally forgotten, the Revolution brought utter ruin and misery beyond all telling. M. de Cartrie, like his neighbors, was practically compelled by the country-folk to join the revolt against the tyranny

of the Convention, and his memoirs are another record of the hopeless heroism and the unspeakably cruel reprisals which make the story of the war in La Vendée. How the husband and father was separated from all his family save the youngest boy, how through a thousand perils he at length escaped, made his way to England, and there for some time worked as a gardener, is told with a simplicity as pathetic as unaffected. By painful economies he was able to return to France in 1800, but the story of him and his was to have no happy ending. The smallest restitution did not come to the old Vendean—he was given the Cross of St. Louis! After lives of military service his sons died in poverty. His tenderly reared young daughters, escaping the executioner, in their helpless desolation were married to men of such low degree that perhaps their fate forms the most tragic element in the long-drawn-out family tragedy.

An earlier and more fortunate *émigré* was the Marquis d'Osmond, a courtier wiser than most in that he had some comprehension of the mistakes and follies of those about him in Versailles or in exile. His only daughter's upbringing was what then would have been thought, to use our speech, "advanced," her infancy not being spent in a foster-mother's cottage, nor her girlhood in a convent, while the father himself directed her quite genuine home education. From her ten years' life in England she brought a belief in English constitutionalism and an ability to look at her native world with a certain detachment. Marrying at seventeen, for her impoverished family's sake, a soldier of fortune of fifty, possessing (for that day) "vast wealth," her future in one respect was assured, through as ill-assorted a union as might be. When in 1835 she began to write her reminiscences,² her *salon* had been for thirty

¹ *Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie*. With an Introduction by FRÉDÉRIC MASSON. Appendices and Notes by PIERRE AMÉDÉE PICHOT and Other Hands. New York: John Lane Company. 1906.

² *Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, 1781-1814*. Edited from the original MS. by M. CHARLES NICOLLAUD. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1907.

years open to all opinions and talent of every kind. Her story of the last years of old France has an individuality which gives new life to an oft-told tale. Noteworthy, if not edifying, are her sketches of some great prelates, especially of the — to speak mildly — very secular household of her kinsman, the Archbishop of Narbonne, though his guests, out of respect for his office, attended mass on Sundays, carrying not prayer-books, but volumes of light and even scandalous literature; the brilliant social career of this ecclesiastic, who spent a fortnight every two years in his diocesan duties, fittingly ending in bankruptcy.

Mme. de Boigne and her family held proudly aloof from the imperial court, but she frankly owns that had the empire lasted a few years longer all the old nobility would have been absorbed by it; still she had no illusions as to the Bourbon princes, daughter of the crusaders though she was. We know now from whom Sainte-Beuve heard of that five hours' drive in an Alpine storm, when half-a-dozen personages, enthralled by Mme. de Staël's eloquent discussion of the just published letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, were absolutely unconscious of the lost road, the passage of time, and the fury of the tempest. With some delightfully graphic touches, Mme. de Boigne depicts life at Coppet, where talking well was everybody's first duty. That the mistress's conversation "was far more remarkable than her books" can well be believed; she had made it an art, and was so great an artist that art seemed simply nature. Mme. de Boigne herself "possessed in the highest degree this delicate and charming science of good society," and this charm is to be found in her unstudied literary style; it is always a quick-witted, open-minded, and agreeable talker, who relates her experiences or gossips entertainingly. An honest narrator, we believe, of what came within her own cognizance, her hearsays are probably as heard. If, for instance, several earnest biographers have of late en-

abled us to deal more accurately with the early career of Emma Hart, we have entire confidence in the young Adèle d'Osmond's actual impressions of Lady Hamilton. There is no doubt as to the welcome which the readers of the first volume of the Memoirs will give to the second.

It would not do to inquire too closely as to the extent of the acquaintance of English-reading folk with the personality and history of the woman who became, one may almost say, the patron-saint of Prussia. So Miss Moffat's well-written, well-arranged, and always interesting memoir,¹ which in every page shows the author's clear comprehension of the historic as well as the biographic aspects of her subject, and her faithful use of the new material only of late years available, should reach a wide circle of readers, by just desert and to supply a need. Louisa of Mecklenburg inherited from her mother's family the beauty so often before and since the dower of Hessian princesses; she was "beautiful as an angel," declared the King of Prussia when he sought her hand for his heir. A loyal and loving wife, with the German woman's belief in the divine right of kings and husbands, she seems from the first to have been sensible of the prince's limitations, understanding that she must take thought for him, not he for her; opposing, when the evil days came, her clear intelligence and cheerful courage to his irresolution and despondency. She could quickly learn the lessons of adversity, and realize that institutions worn out and noxious must be swept away, and she was astonishingly shrewd in her judgment of men and measures. Constantly she was a mediator between her husband and his able ministers, striving against his tendency to trust the incompetent. When Stein was transforming a mediæval into a modern state, the harassed Queen writes, "If he were a little more careful of the

¹ *Queen Louisa of Prussia*. By MARY MAXWELL MOFFAT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1906.

way in which he addresses the King, if he could contrive not to appear so great a man as he is, all would go well." At once Napoleon recognized her as a dangerous enemy, and used against her the weapon of widely published calumnies, in their insinuations as vile as contemptible. She plainly foresaw the appointed end of overweening ambition, but the day of reckoning was still in the future when her short life ended. "In death as in life she was the heroine of the struggle," her memory a veritable inspiration in the conflict yet to be. Happily for our real knowledge of the woman, her letters to her father and brother show her very self. An unavoidable reflection, of course, in considering the heavy burdens and bitter sorrows and humiliations of Louisa's last years, when she hoped little for herself but much for her children, is that in this case the revenges of time were of a singular and startling completeness.

It is a far cry from London, Paris, and Berlin to the inchoate town on the Potomac to which Margaret Bayard came as a bride in 1800, and which was to remain her home for the rest of her life. Indeed Washington, even in its small, unattractive beginnings, was her world, one with which she was well content. If cities and men elsewhere interested her at all, save as regarded her own kindred, no sign of it appears in her published correspondence.¹ She writes easily and readably, though without special grace or charm; she has good feeling and good sense, and a lively interest in her friends, including of course certain public characters. Her concern with politics is in men rather than measures. Her father was a Federalist; her husband, the founder of the *National Intelligencer*, a Republican;

and while she naturally accepted his views, she does not seem ever to have been violently partisan, though Jefferson was her idol, whom she places and keeps on so high a pedestal that we get no very vivid impression of him. She was an ardent admirer of Crawford, that unimportant and almost forgotten presidential candidate, — an admiration probably excited by his attractive personal qualities, — while Henry Clay was her long-time and greatly attached friend. After twenty years in the capital she could write, in a rare moment of depression, that she lived in a land of strangers, with no family connections about her, and her society constantly changing. There are graphic touches depicting the advent of Jackson, and the dismay and suffering caused by the baleful inauguration of the spoils system. Socially, aside from its political quality, Washington in those days was in most respects a Southern town. It had too often its epidemics, and one great "revival" is described, its most intimate features forming the principal topic of conversation to a degree of which Mrs. Smith by no means approved. There were for many years Sunday services in the Capitol, a curious mixture of a religious and social function. The letters appear to have been transcribed with unusual care; only in a very few instances is a word misread, as when we are told that Jefferson was "a notional man, full of odd fancies in little things" and he appears as "national." The editor's notes are always to the point, but we wish he could have given one or two to Mrs. Smith's own family. Her daughters we have to find out for ourselves, and even the index mixes up a sister-in-law and child of not quite the same name. We are sometimes interested in the kindly writer's domestic happenings fully as much as in her social life, as is usually the case with the letters of a housemother after a hundred years.

¹ *The First Forty Years of Washington Society*. Portrayed by the Family Letters of MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH. Edited by GAILLARD HUNT. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1906.

TWO DAUGHTERS OF ONE RACE

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE clerk at the hotel desk answered Felicia's question with his usual smiling urbanity. Yes, the Signorina had gone out some minutes before; adding, as he handed her the room-key, "with the Signorino." "The Signora," he further added, "was just in time for the sunset;" — and it was the unconscious malignity of that final thrust which Felicia still quivered under, when, up in her room, she cast aside her hat and parasol, and sinking into the chair by the window gazed stonily out at the golden expanse of lake.

Was it going to be as it always had been? The shock of the question turned Felicia's face suddenly to middle age; the sunset, for which she had been in time, brought cruelly out the fine worn lines about her eyes and temples.

She herself had sent for Kathryn. In this extraordinary thing which had happened to her, she had felt the need of Kathryn to confirm her own assurance, as it were. They had only been separated three months, but that had been long enough for the extraordinary thing to happen, — the thing which she had believed to be beyond the possibility of happening in her life.

Not that there was anything in Felicia herself naturally to preclude such happenings; they had indeed been rather plentiful in her youth; but always at the crucial moment Felicia herself had drawn back; she had never felt quite sure enough. There had been a good deal of drawing back, altogether, in Felicia's life; hers was not a nature to hurl itself headlong into the doubtful places of being, and there had always been somebody or something to consider; she had been constantly stepping away, or aside, as she saw it, in favor of others.

And into the gaps thus left open, it was curious how many times Kathryn had as lightly stepped. There was nothing which inclined to drawing back in Kathryn's temperament; her every movement was a forward one, generally with the effect of a considerable impetus behind it.

When it had been a question of accompanying an aunt to China, and Felicia, her trunks already packed, knew sudden scruples at parting with an invalid mother, it was Kathryn who packed overnight and went. When it had been a question of the cousins going to Paris to study art seriously, it was Felicia who hesitated before so grave a life-decision. Had she, after all, the justifying talent for forsaking all who depended upon her in varying degrees, and changing the whole current of a life? It was Kathryn, impecunious and doubt-free, who went. Incidentally, it was Felicia who helped her to go, — and this had been their relation all their lives. Kathryn had done unexpectedly well in Paris; if she had not demonstrated herself a genius, she had abundantly justified herself in a growing gift for portraiture; she found already a modest market for heads, and looked forward — with Kathryn's vision — to larger futures. And from this hopeful contemplation Felicia herself had summoned her, for her own nameless need. In the little Italian lake-village where Felicia was passing the summer there was good sketching, and there were young people — the golf-playing, tennis-playing kind; Kathryn could sketch and golf and play tennis, while — Felicia blushed as she left the sentence unfinished.

There was no real reason why she should have blushed. Cloudsley's devo-

tion was an unconcealed, unmistakable fact. Felicia's years did not separate her from the other young people with a greater finality than Cloudsley's quality as a poet separated him. From the first day of his picturesque appearance at the hotel, he had singled Felicia out with that directness which was a part of his charm, ignoring with an equal simplicity the flattery of appeal from every pretty girl in the hotel, dazzled by the rising of a literary sun. Felicia and he drew together by an irresistible attraction. She had thought of him at first as almost a boy; as for Cloudsley, it was not in his nature to think of age at all in connection with a woman so delightful. Everything about her pleased his sensitive taste and satisfied his mind. In her indulgence towards his youth she had given him a better opportunity to know her than she gave to other men, putting up no defenses; and it was not until they had sat and walked beneath many suns and moons, in a deepening intimacy of companionship, that she suddenly realized that he was not so much young as ageless. And he was poor and great. It had not yet ceased to be to him a kind of genial miracle that the world permitted him to make a meagre living out of the work it praised, and it was a part of his own charming nature that he bore it no grudge for its tardy permission; it was not in him to bear anybody or anything a grudge. If it had been, he might have grudged the advent of Kathryn, as an interruption.

Felicia, vividly alive to catch their mutual impressions of each other, had noted with amusement Cloudsley's impersonal scrutiny of her young cousin, — the wide-eyed look with which he searched by instinct every human document that came his way; she had seen his straying glance arrested once or twice by Kathryn's bright ruffle of rebellious hair, — hair as vitally full of color as Kathryn herself. Felicia's own hair was beautiful in another manner, fine and brown and soft, and she had

felt kindred expressions in Cloudsley's eyes when they rested on it.

As for Kathryn's impressions of the poet, she frankly pronounced him the most beautiful creature she had ever seen, explaining in terms of the art school the reduction of this beauty into a matter of facial angle, caves of the eye, and certain modelings.

"Yes, dear," answered Felicia absently; she was thinking of the dark wells in those caves and the stars that lighted them.

Kathryn's aspect seized, the poet was done with her; and when she appeared a fixed fact in their solitude of two, he had instantly shown a transparent shadow of unrest and discontent, causing Kathryn to look in her turn a silent question from her cousin to him and back again. Then she had smiled a little.

The next morning she declined Felicia's invitation to go rowing with them. Pleading a mood of work, she had gone off alone with her sketching traps, and they had had a perfectly beautiful morning on the lake, — a morning in which the unspoken word hovered so near that Felicia found herself fending it off in a sudden insane panic of delicious terror, — terror of her very longing for it to be spoken.

Why had she done so? why had she not let him speak? she asked herself now in the passionate review, and growing cold answered herself, —

"Because — if that were all — it was n't worth the having."

That had been their last beautiful morning. On their way home they had come across Kathryn, her hat cast on the ground, painting with ardor. Cloudsley, in the little sting of the rebuffed mood, had stopped to talk with her, and presently Felicia had made an excuse to leave them and hurry on to the hotel in a kind of unhappy happiness. She was bitterly angry with her own perversity, — but there would be to-morrow; and with the prescient joy of that to-morrow came a terror of that joy. *Was* it, after

all, too soon — too hurried, too hurried for *him*? She was so much the older, ought she not to be also the wiser — wiser for *him*? True, she had persuaded herself that the difference only made for an increased capacity of love, devotion, understanding — on her side. And she had been glad that he was poor. He had never thought of her money, and — what was a good deal more significant of the man — nobody else would ever think he had thought of it; but Felicia had thought; it was one of her assets, enabling her to do so much for him that she would have so much joy in doing. The unspent mother in Felicia, that long-defeated maternity of the heart which enters into an elder love so much more profoundly, had taken this too into account. But had she perhaps overestimated that account in her own favor? He had suddenly looked so young there beside Kathryn; and Kathryn had looked so young. Oh, — it was necessary to be vitally sure of a thing like this!

"If he loves me *enough*, it will all be right," Felicia thought; "but there must be no mistake — no hurry. I must leave him absolutely free."

Her manner of leaving him free was to withdraw herself into a spiritual distance. If she let him see — let him even suspect how much she cared, that would not be leaving him free. He should have every chance — even the chance to change.

"And if he *can* change — I do not want that kind of love," said Felicia, proudly miserable, to herself.

Nothing she could have devised would more have baffled a temperament like Cloudsley's. It might be true of other men that they only prized what they must fight for; it was the exact untruth of Cloudsley. He only prized that which was given; the very fullness of the gift was that which stirred and drew him. It had been the generosity of their relation which had made it wonderful to him and made Felicia wonderful. He had had his dreams of such a woman. Now

that on whatever side he approached her he found her wrapped in an impenetrable veil, so fine and slight that he could not say of what it consisted, but so tenacious that it baffled all nearness, he was first perplexed, then wounded, then indignant. What had he done that she should change like that? Was she no more than ordinary woman after all? Now and again, since Felicia was in truth exactly that, — ordinary woman, — the old fires escaped a moment and burned alluringly in eyes or voice, and he drew eagerly nearer; but if they parted on that nearness, half an hour later Felicia would descend the stairs wrapped anew in an extra fold of the impenetrability which turned him cold again. She was "leaving him free" once more. But to-day, she had gone much farther.

At lunch, Cloudsley, transparently restless, had talked with Kathryn but looked at her — Felicia. At last the persistent gaze had caught her own; he had instantly leaned forward and addressed her.

"Will you go out to-night to see the sunset on the lake?"

And Felicia had answered carelessly, while her hands clutched the napkin in her lap to stop their trembling, —

"I am sorry — but I shall hardly be back from town in time."

The look in his blue eyes followed her all the way upstairs.

Kathryn also followed, and closing the door behind them, faced her cousin with uncompromising directness.

"Felicia," she said, "do you know what you are doing?"

Felicia, who was busy spearing her hat with a long hat-pin, answered from the refuge of its veil, —

"I am getting ready to go to town."

The scornful little gesture which was Kathryn's sole reply made Felicia flush, but she went on gathering up her parasol and gloves and pocket-book.

"If they are so necessary, I will do your errands for you," said Kathryn.

"Thank you, — but I really prefer to do them myself," replied Felicia cor-

dially. "Have a good afternoon sketching, Kitty," she added, lightly touching her cousin's cheek. "I shall be back for dinner."

Kathryn had half stretched out her hand to detain her cousin as she passed her; she suddenly withdrew it and let it fall at her side. It seemed to Felicia that Kathryn's accusing gaze accompanied her down the stairs as Cloudsley's had followed her up.

She was back in ample season for the sunset; in her heart she had all along known that she intended to be; her eyes leaped hungrily to interrogate the hotel veranda and shady lawn. No one was there. It was the clerk, who, answering her casual inquiry for her cousin, gave into her hand, she felt, not one key but two.

So it had all come to this, — that she sat by the window and asked herself if it was going to be once more as it always had been. She was still sitting there when the two came up the little path from the lake an hour later; when Kathryn opened the door of the room, however, she found her busy writing.

"Felicia," she said, standing close beside her and looking down at her with a new expression, "*do you know what you are doing?*"

Felicia poised her pen above the paper a brief moment.

"I am writing letters, as you see," she answered a little coldly.

And Kathryn without another word closed the door between the two rooms with needless emphasis.

Felicia bent lower over the sheet, and presently a slow tear fell upon the blotting pad.

"A man is not a woman," she thought. "He can always make opportunities; he can always end it when he will."

And since he did not make the opportunity, did not end it, she grew daily more disengaged in manner and more engaged in time.

As for Kathryn, her part had been taken; with the closing of that door she

had definitely closed the whole affair. She persistently refused to make a third in walks and talks; she made it silently clear that Felicia need expect no help from her, and went off daily by herself sketching. Felicia was, however, often aware of her cousin's gaze, and sometimes longed to have it out with Kathryn; but when the moment came she thrust it from her with the energy of an undetermined fear.

It came at last inexorably. At the lunch table, chosen precisely for its publicity, she handed back one day to Cloudsley a manuscript, with some trifling observation in its praise. Even by her own measure she had said too little, and that little too lightly, because she was so afraid of saying too much — of betraying how infinitely she cared; and in the triviality of her words something — a certain fire of hunger in the poet's eyes — seemed suddenly to flash and go out. He took the paper with a bow, and Felicia, sitting back in her chair with a breathless agony at heart, caught her cousin's gaze, bright and judicially stern. She followed Felicia to her room.

"Felicia," she began, without any preface, "are you quite mad? Don't you *care* to be loved?"

Felicia held herself by an effort which shook her from head to foot.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand," she said slowly, "and — I *don't* care for some kinds of love."

Kathryn considered her a moment.

"You have certainly done your best to put an end to *this* kind," she remarked.

"That is exactly it!" said Felicia. "If it *can* be put an end to! You forget that I am thirty-eight years old," she added bitterly.

"Well," said Kathryn calmly, "I should think *that* was old enough to have more sense."

Felicia made a movement; in another moment she felt she *should* cry out.

"What I should like to know," continued Kathryn, still calmly, "is how much longer this is to go on?"

"Since, so far as I am concerned, nothing is going on, I cannot answer your question," replied Felicia; "and if you please, we will not talk of this any more, — ever."

Kathryn stood a moment, looking, not at her cousin, but out of the window.

"You really mean what you say, Felicia?" she asked at last, in a changed voice.

"I do."

Kathryn was silent a moment more; then she gave her cousin a glance in which Felicia received a quivering impression of many things, including compassion.

"Very well," said Kathryn briefly, and walked away. This time she shut the door with an extreme gentleness which reverberated through Felicia's nerves like the thunder of approaching doom.

She sat trembling; and presently, from where she still sat, she saw Kathryn issue forth with her sketching things, and a little later Cloudsley, with bent head, strolled moodily in the opposite direction. It was nevertheless with the certainty of foreknowledge that she later awaited their return on the veranda, in the golden end of the day. He was carrying Kathryn's sketching box, and Kathryn passed her with a little nod.

"We met in the forest," she said only.

At dinner Kathryn wore her prettiest gown; it was a gift of Felicia's, for Kathryn's gowns were not many. She had cast aside her summer's studious silence, and Cloudsley and she were almost feverishly brilliant; Felicia could be dumb as she felt.

"Which way do you go to-morrow?" she heard Cloudsley ask, and felt Kathryn's deliberate glance at her before she answered, —

"To the larches beyond the bend."

"I shall come and carry your things," said Cloudsley.

Kathryn leaned suddenly forward.

"Felicia — let us all go." The undertone of her voice drew Felicia's eyes up-

wards in spite of herself. "Let us make a picnic for once?"

Felicia did not shrink; her gaze met Kathryn's squarely.

"Thank you," she said slowly, "but you know I detest picnics. Besides, I am going to town." Cloudsley's chair moved brusquely on the floor.

This time Felicia overstayed the sunset; later she schooled herself to be present at those golden home-comings into which the two so quickly fell; she even went with them occasionally; it became her point of honor.

As the interminable summer neared its end, Kathryn ripened with it into a different beauty; she had begun a portrait of the poet. But what was singular was that she was also stilled; it was Felicia who was now the cheerful, the discursive. More, and far more richly, changed than either was the poet himself; he was working exuberantly now; often he brought Felicia the sheets of paper, and they were moist and grassy, more often than not, from the forest earth.

"I get them under my elbow somehow, in the posing," he explained with the old sunny smile, while he brushed away the stains. He had long ago forgiven Felicia everything.

"She paints to music, then," was Felicia's smiling comment, the first time this happened. "It ought to help her."

"I should like to think it did," Cloudsley answered seriously. "She has a very rare talent."

"Oh, yes; Kathryn has talent," Felicia said quietly.

Kathryn had indeed several kinds of talent, she reflected bitterly, when he had gone, walking swiftly, towards an easily divined goal, with the eager forward bend of his singularly youthful head. He was immortally young, Felicia thought; and she — she was worse than old, *middle-aged*. She took the poems up to her room and shut herself in with them. She laid them down hours later with something like a sob. Oh, there was no mistaking *their* quality! And he read these

things to Kathryn — to Kathryn whose intellect Felicia had always a little despised!

There was a knock at the door and Kathryn walked in. She bore in her arms a large square canvas, and she propped it, without a word, on a chair in front of Felicia and turned away.

Felicia looked and grew still paler. Her first thought was, *Kathryn had seen him look like that!* her second, *Kathryn could paint like that!* Felicia's justice was instinctive, like her pride or generosity. With Cloudsley's manuscripts still in her hands, she went up to her cousin, and putting the two poem-filled hands on her shoulders, turned her gently round till their eyes met.

"Kathryn! I did not know you could paint like that!"

"No," said Kathryn, whose color was coming and going, "I did n't know it either; it is because — because — Felicia, — you know —"

"I know," said Felicia quickly. She put up a fending hand, but Kathryn caught it tightly in both of hers.

"Felicia — it is n't I! — it is n't I! You think you loved him, but, oh, my dear, — if you *had* loved you would never have stopped to weigh, to think, to measure, to fear, to consider, to remember how old you were — as if *that* mattered! You would only have thought of *him*, instead of making him wretched all those weeks. But you can't help weighing, thinking, considering, Felicia; you always have done it and you always will, and so — you would only have harmed him."

"I — Oh!" breathed Felicia, turning her sick, indignant eyes at last on her cousin. "I — Oh!"

"Yes, *you*," insisted Kathryn, clasping her cousin's hands with almost fierce tenderness. "You would have given him everything — except yourself. You don't know *how* to give yourself, Felicia, — to let yourself *go*! And it is n't as if he were only a man we love, — he is everything else besides! *He* is the thing to

be thought of — not you — or me. Oh Felicia!" Her eyes ran suddenly over; she dropped her cousin's hands and turned away.

Felicia stood mechanically clasping the poems; her despairing eyes traveled the room, to fall again upon the portrait. The root of her despair — the terrifying thing — was that with the fragments of her broken life about her Kathryn, who had broken it, should be able to justify herself to Felicia's own inmost self-conviction. It was not after all Kathryn who had done the thing to her, — it was her own hideous failure. Kathryn was the elder and the wiser, — and how much the stronger! Kathryn had somehow seized selflessly a selfish bliss, and turned Felicia's self-crucifixion into something selfishly small and mean. Kathryn could love; Kathryn could understand; Kathryn could help; the poems and the portrait were there to prove it. And therefore Kathryn was right, — nothing else mattered. Felicia surrendered proudly.

"You are quite right," she said. "Nothing matters but what is best — for him." She added with irrepressible bitterness, "And does n't it all prove too how right *I* was?"

"No," said Kathryn sadly, "it proves nothing, — except that you are you."

Felicia winced slightly; she laid down the poems quietly, however, and folded one hand within the other; it was the symbol of her regained self-possession. She looked at Kathryn, and her lips smiled faintly.

"I hope you will be very happy, dear."

"Oh," exclaimed Kathryn angrily, "as if *that* mattered! but I shall be, by and by, — when you are."

Then — thought Felicia — you will never be happy again in this world. Aloud she said, "It is best to say everything — now. There is one thing, — it is only a little thing, but I hope you will not deny me it. I — I have so much money; it means nothing to me," — she could not repress *that* bitterness nor the

gesture of her empty palms, — "and I can't bear that such a miserable thing as money should limit him or keep him back — or you — from anything. I hope — I hope you'll let me do that — for both of you, won't you? Help — I mean? After all, we are cousins."

Kathryn stood looking a moment silently at her.

"Yes," she said at last, "you shall — help." And Felicia with one more shock of perception recognized that the acceptance left Kathryn somehow still magnanimously the greater of the two.

WIND SCENTS

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS

THE songs that the wind has sung,
The scents that the wind has flung
From the flower-hearts where they clung

But yesterday —

These are too sweet to linger or delay.

The songs that haunt the past,
The fragrances too faint to last —

Will they never come

Wearily, happily home

To the flowers where they clung,

To the heart of the wind that has sung,

Forever to live in the air —

Forever there?

The dreams that are past and gone!

Is there not one

That shall ever come

Wearily, happily home?

Shall they forever fade

Into the passing shade

With all the passing fragrance that has clung

In long dead flowers,

And with the dying hours

Die with the songs the dreaming wind has sung?

GOLD OUTPUT AND HIGHER COST OF LIVING

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

At the end of June, 1907, statistical tables, through which is struck a rough average of the prices of all commodities used in every-day life, showed that the cost of living stood, on that basis of reckoning, at the highest level in more than thirty years. At no time since the early months of 1877 had prices of such necessities reached the level of the past mid-summer. Taking the most familiar of these "index numbers," the average compiled by the London *Economist* at regular intervals, during forty-five years, from the prices of forty-seven representative commodities in London and Manchester, it will be found that cost of the articles which go to make up daily expenditure, such as food, clothing-material, wood, hardware, leather, coal, and household utensils generally, had increased $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent since the beginning of the present year, $24\frac{3}{4}$ per cent since the middle of 1906, $36\frac{1}{2}$ per cent since the middle of 1905, and no less than 56 per cent since the end of June, 1897, exactly ten years before.

The specific calculations, at these various dates, I shall have occasion to cite later on, and to compare with other previous periods of high prices. For the present, it is sufficient to point out how revolutionary a change in the conditions of ordinary life is shown on the face of the calculations. They will probably cause no great surprise; for no topic of discussion has become more familiar, of recent years, in every civilized community of the world, than the rise in cost of living. The portrayal of that movement in actual averages and percentages has a peculiar interest for two reasons: it makes possible, first, some rough calculation by the individual as to how far increase in income has kept pace with the average

increase in rates of expenditure, and how far comforts of life have been cut off from those whose income has remained unchanged. What is still more to the point, it shows at once that the upward movement of prices has increased very greatly in rapidity during the past two years. Of the past decade's entire rise in average prices, no less than 61 per cent has been achieved since June, 1905, and considerably more than half of this 61 per cent has occurred since June, 1906. This is a fact which may well cause serious thought. It is a problem which personally concerns, with greater or less unpleasantness, every member of the community; and when it is considered that the averages cited above take no reckoning of rent or cost of land, which have gone up in equally startling proportions, the importance of the questions, what is the cause of this extraordinary movement, and what is to reverse or arrest it, is manifest.

It has long been customary to ascribe such rise in prices and cost of living, in a general way, to what we call prosperity; and in point of fact, though the advent of prosperity is hailed by the community at large as a welcome turn in the situation, the woman who defined prosperity as "larger bills at the end of the month" was not wholly astray from the facts. In the greater demand for necessities and luxuries, which accompanies the increased business profits and increased employment of labor in a prosperous season, we certainly have one fundamental cause of the rise in prices. This rise, indeed, may readily be seen to play the part both of cause and effect; for as increased profits of trade and labor cause, thus indirectly, higher prices through the use of the expanded incomes, so the higher

prices, in their turn, cause still greater profits to manufacturer and laborer. One might suppose, if he reasoned out this situation in the abstract, that such a process would go on repeating itself forever. The experience of practical life, however, teaches him that it does not; that prolonged rise in prices begins at some point to cut down the purchases of people who do not appear to have got their proportionate share of the supposed increase of income; that this reduced consumption occurs at the moment when the high range of prices has induced extensive new production, and that a reverse movement, usually after no very long interval, and usually of no great violence, occurs in the market for commodities. The familiar ebb and flow of prices — often occurring in alternate years, affecting now one set of articles and now another — is the result. Both the upward and the downward movement, within moderate limits, are taken as part of the ordinary vicissitudes of life.

It is familiarity with this frequent alternating movement, scattered irregularly over a wide range of articles, and rarely of long duration, which lends to the present persistent, rapid, general, and continuous rise in prices its formidable aspect. With such results before them as we have seen to be summed up in the *London Economist's* averages, it is not strange that economic scholars, financiers, and the average practical business man, should ask if there is not some other underlying force at work. Most of those who are at all familiar with the principles of political economy end by vaguely ascribing the phenomenon to expansion of the money supply through increase in gold production. Supposing that the world's gold output has increased, the simple formula of the average man is this: Prices are the measure of commodity supplies in money; if the money supply increases, there will be more of money in proportion to existing commodities than there was before; therefore, increase in

the money supply means higher prices. Knowing, as a matter of fact, that gold production has greatly increased during the past ten years, he ascribes the phenomenon of prices to that cause.

It is partly the purpose of this article to show whether his inference is right or not; but it has also another purpose. Even if increased gold production were admitted as the single cause of the past decade's rise of 50 per cent or thereabouts in cost of living, the man who pays the bills will not be much better off, so far as concerns his ability to deal with the situation, than he was before. What he really needs to know is, exactly through what means this cause produced that result, and what may be judged of the future from the past. In the discussion of these questions, I shall endeavor to avoid the technicalities of the economic schools, and to trace the movement, in this and in other similar periods, through the familiar processes of every-day life. John Stuart Mill's more or less qualified assertion that "if the whole money in circulation was doubled, prices would be doubled," may command assent as a philosophic principle, but the practical man has the right to know something more, — for instance, exactly how the doubled supply of money finds its way into markets where prices are determined; who gets the new money, and how; who spends it, and for what; whether he buys more than before, or only pays higher prices for the same amount; why supplies do not increase sufficiently, in response to such higher prices, to beat down prices to the level presumably fixed by the original ratio between supply of commodities and supply of money; and, most important of all, to what conditions the present prolonged upward movement is leading, and how it is to end.

In the first place, what of the actual facts of prices and gold output in the present situation? This is the course of the world's annual gold production, in the decade past; the figures being those of the United States Mint:—

1906	\$400,000,000
1905	377,135,000
1904	347,087,300
1903	327,702,700.
1902	296,737,600
1901	262,492,900
1900	254,556,300
1899	306,724,100
1898	286,879,700
1897	236,073,700
1896	202,251,000
1895	199,304,000

That is to say, in a dozen years the world's gold production has almost exactly doubled. During the same period, the *Economist's* index number of commodity prices, as of January 1, has been reported as follows:—

1907	2,499
1906	2,322
1905	2,136
1904	2,197
1903	2,008
1902	1,948
1901	2,126
1900	2,145
1899	1,918
1898	1,890
1897	1,950
1896	1,999

The middle months of the year 1897 included the lowest figure, in the average of commodity prices, reported in the whole series of calculations; the figure of July, that year, was 1,885. It is this decade, therefore, which concerns us in the present inquiry. So far as the figures go, the assumed simultaneous rise, in annual gold production and in cost of living, is a verified fact.

This brings us fairly to the question, exactly how, if at all, does increased gold production operate to force prices of commodities to a higher level? This practical aspect of the inquiry appealed strongly to Professor J. E. Cairnes, of London, after the discovery of gold in Australia and California, the world's enormously increased annual production as a consequence, and the subsequent increase in prices of commodities. The gold discoveries occurred in 1848. In the decade

ending with 1850, the world's average annual gold output was \$38,194,000; in the next five years, the annual average, by the Soetbeer estimate, was \$137,775,000, and it reached, by some estimates, the figure of \$182,500,000 for one year of the last-named period. The course of prices, during the decade from 1847 to 1856, was traced by the French economist Levasseur, with the result that a rise of 67.19 per cent was found to have occurred in natural products, of which increase the investigator ascribed 20 per cent to results of war and scarcity, and 5 per cent to speculation, leaving 42.19 per cent to be accounted for, in his judgment, as increase from some other cause. Manufactured goods he reckoned to have advanced 14.94 per cent, of which 7 per cent, or nearly one half, was due to war, scarcity, or speculation.

In 1859, Professor Cairnes undertook an inquiry as to just how this rise in prices actually happened. The discovery of gold in Australia was, he pointed out, "an occurrence by which a common laborer was enabled, by means of a simple process requiring for its performance little capital or skill, to obtain about a quarter of an ounce of gold, in value about one pound sterling on an average, in the day;" and this he declares to be "the fundamental fact from which the remarkable series of events which we have lately been contemplating took its rise, and to which the whole movement following upon the gold discoveries is ultimately traceable." These events, in Professor Cairnes's judgment, followed much in this way: Since labor in Australia rushed to the mines, the non-mining part of the country had to bid for labor, in order to retain its services, something not much below labor's value in the gold-fields. Now, common labor had previously, in Australia, commanded three to five shillings per day; twenty shillings was now the average, first at the gold-diggings, then, of necessity, in the cities; and even when the gold-diggings lost their first productiveness, ten shillings could still be had.

This rise in wages necessitated either a great advance in the price of the goods made by such high-priced labor, or else the virtual abandonment of industries which could not afford to pay the wages. But when thus abandoned as native industries, their output was replaced by importations into Australia from abroad, easily paid for by the new gold output of the colony. The influence, at first exerted only on the Australian community itself, thus extended presently to the rest of the producing world. Directly, prices of commodities were raised through the larger demand by possessors of the new wealth obtained by them in the mines; indirectly, they were raised through reduction of supplies, due to abandonment of production because of higher wages. In brief, the equalizing process spread by irregular steps throughout the world, affecting first the commodities "which fall most extensively within the consumption of the productive classes, but more particularly within the consumption of the laboring and artisan section." Naturally, also, the first effect in the way of enhancement of prices fell upon countries most closely connected, through trade relations, with the gold-producing community.

So much for Professor Cairnes's first explanation of the means by which increased gold output raises prices. His secondary explanation has to do, less with the personal actions of the ordinary purchaser or laborer, than with the machinery of the banking system. The gold-producing community has satisfied its new requirements and established its scale of wages on the new basis, and, in so doing, has profoundly influenced the trade and prices of other nations. It has done this, obviously, through parting with its gold. Does the gold, thus exported to outside markets, have any influence of its own on prices, apart from the new commercial status of the mine community? Professor Cairnes thus traces its operation in a country where the credit system has been developed:—

"Let us consider for a moment what becomes of a sum of coin or bullion received into England. I do not now speak of that moving mass of metal which passes (so to speak) through the currency of the country, — which, received to-day into the vaults of the Bank of England, is withdrawn to-morrow for foreign remittance, — but of gold which is permanently retained to meet our genuine monetary requirements. Of such gold a portion — great or less, according to circumstances — will always find its way into the channels of retail trade; and so far as it follows this course, its effect in augmenting the circulation will be, as in India, only to the extent of its actual amount. But a portion will also be received into the banks of the country, where, either in the form of coin or of notes issued against coin, it will constitute an addition to their cash reserves.

"The disposable cash of the banks being thus increased, an increase of credit operations throughout the country would in due time follow. The new coin would become the foundation of new credit advances, against which new cheques would be drawn, and new bills of exchange put in circulation, and the result would be an expansion of the whole circulating medium greatly in excess of the sum of coin by which the new media were supported. Now credit, whatever be the form which it assumes, so long as it is credit, will operate in purchases, and affect prices in precisely the same way as if it were actually the coin which it represents.

"So far, therefore, as the new money enables the country to support an increase of such credit media, — to support them, I mean, by cash payments, — so far it extends the means of sustaining gold prices in the country; and this extension of the circulating medium being much greater in proportion to the amount of added coin, the means of sustaining gold prices will be in the same degree increased. Thus, supposing the ratio of the credit to the coin circulation of the country to be as four to one (and

the proportion is greatly in excess of this), the addition of one million sterling of coin would be equivalent to an increase in the aggregate circulation of four millions sterling, and one million sterling of gold would consequently, in England, for a given extent of business, support the same advance in gold prices as four times that amount in India."

This analysis of the operation of gold production on prices has remained the standard of economic criticism on the subject, during the period of nearly half a century since Professor Cairnes first grappled with the phenomena of the gold discoveries and price inflation of his period. It will therefore be interesting to apply his explanation to the course of events since prices began to rise in 1897. The first difficulty which will arise to mind, in fitting the scheme of Professor Cairnes to the events of the past few years, is that the new demand for commodities, by the inhabitants of a gold-producing community, can scarcely exert the influence to-day which it did in the decade after 1850. This is so for two reasons. The richest gold mines of the world — notably in the Transvaal, where annual production has risen from £8,597,000, or \$42,500,000, in 1896, to £24,580,000, or \$122,500,000, in 1906 — are worked by costly machinery and at great depths. The miner whose pick dislodges a nugget in the mountainside, and who thereby is raised in a day from poverty to riches, is rapidly becoming a mere picturesque tradition of the industry. By far the greater part of the world's new output comes from immensely expensive plants, installed by engineers for the benefit of the shareholders in heavily capitalized joint-stock companies. Therefore the beneficiaries are in the main the investors in a distant country, to whom the quarterly dividend check is sent when the gold shipped to London has been "sold" to the foreign banker or to the Bank of England.

Even so, there might theoretically re-

main Professor Cairnes's supposition of wages so high as to divert the laborer from other productive industry to the mines, and consequently force up in all branches of trade the price both of labor and of finished product. But here, too, modern conditions do not square with those of 1850. Not only has use of machinery reduced to a minimum the employment of human labor in the mines, relatively to the output, but in a great part of the world, the bulk of the labor employed is of the lowest order, and is paid proportionately. Not least among the problems just now before the British government is that of dealing with the Transvaal labor question; the difficulty of obtaining Kaffir hands to work under the white "contractors" having been met only through importation of Chinese coolies, at wages which no white man would accept.

Obviously, the gold diggers of such a community are not in a way to force up wages elsewhere, as did Professor Cairnes's Australian miners, through the attraction of labor from other industries to their own. And while conditions in the mines of Colorado and the Klondike are not in all respects identical with those in South Africa, nevertheless their difference from the state of things in the Californian and Australian gold fields of the fifties is sufficient to make application of Professor Cairnes's first explanation, to the present rise in prices, very difficult. The new demand for labor in the present-day gold fields, and the consequent new expenditure by the community for necessities or luxuries, could not approach, as an influence on the whole world's market, the new demand for labor arising from the extension of profitable farming in Northwestern Canada or in Argentina.

But we have seen that, although part of the rise in prices, traced in the Australian episode, originated from diversion of labor from other industries to the mines, part also was the result of demand for commodities from the possessors of

the newly mined gold. Now some one gets the new gold to-day, as in 1850, and whoever gets it cannot actually use it except through spending it, either directly for his personal wants, or indirectly by lending it to other people who will spend it. Let us see how this part of the situation compares with 1850. One thing is clear, that the first real possessors of the new gold output of to-day are by no means exclusively, or even chiefly, residents of the community where the gold is mined. Where a mine prospect is capitalized into stock distributed on investment markets, as is generally the case in the Transvaal and in America, increase in the gold output goes to the shareholders. When, as is also very commonly true, the stock has been sold at a price which makes the mine, even with an increased output, an investment of very ordinary character, the profits will have been reaped by the fortunate or unscrupulous promoter. In either case, some man or group of men will have much more money to spend than they had before; but the point to notice is, that their expenditure will not operate as did the expenditure of the Australian miners as analyzed by Professor Cairnes.

A substantial part of the new wealth of the mine proprietors to-day will doubtless go into more lavish outlay for the comforts or luxuries of the owners; but to this there is a natural limit, and the bulk of it will unquestionably flow into other investments. The experience of every market is, that the men who have grown suddenly rich from gold-mine operations become large investors or speculators on the Stock Exchange. The result of such purchases is, of course, to drive up prices of securities, and this is one logical explanation of the rapid rise in stocks which accompanies or promptly follows great increase in gold production. In the period under examination, it will be found by the records that the price of investment stocks advanced with violence, long before the prices of commodities in general had moved on a similar scale.

To the extent that the wealth derived from the increased gold output is invested in stocks and bonds, and has its effect on stock exchange prices, it cannot directly influence prices of commodities. Indirectly, however, there is one way in which such investment purchases may affect commercial markets. Increased facility of floating new railway or industrial securities, on the basis of such enlarged investment demand, leads to the starting of new enterprises, to the employment of more wage-earners, and therefore to a larger aggregate income accruing to the community as a whole. This greater income will result in larger purchases, and the resultant larger demand for necessities and luxuries of life may result in higher prices. The qualifying consideration is, how far such a tendency to raise prices, through increased demand, will be offset through the very increase in supply of manufactured articles to which this ability to start and finance new enterprises contributes.

When we undertake to apply to the present day the second part of Professor Cairnes's analysis,—the influence of the increased gold supplies on bank reserves and hence on facilities for credit,—conditions in the financial world are such that we find ourselves at once on firmer footing. Whatever the beneficiaries of the new gold do with their increased wealth, there is one thing which they or their agents do with the gold itself. They bring it to a government assay office or mint, or sell it outright to a bank, receiving either currency or drafts available in the money market. These credits they deposit in their banks, which thereby obtain the title to the gold itself. The gold thus finds its way into bank reserves, and becomes a basis whereby the limit of credits allowed by the banking institution is extended.

Deposit liabilities of national banks in cities of the United States, and therefore the loans which create such liabilities, are restricted by the law requiring cash reserves amounting to 25 per cent of

such deposits. The Bank of England traditionally maintains, in cash, forty per cent or thereabouts of its deposit liabilities. Loans cannot be increased without increasing deposit liabilities, because the borrower's purpose is to establish such a deposit credit for himself. If, therefore, gold holdings of the banks are rapidly increased, there is at least an opportunity

for expansion of loans, under the strict provisions of the law, in a very much larger ratio even than the expansion of reserves. What has actually happened in this regard, during the period since 1897, may be judged from the following items of the comparative statements of certain institutions, in the middle of each of these two years:—

GOLD RESERVE

	1897.	1907.	Increase.
New York Associated Banks ¹	\$ 90,496,000	\$200,792,000	\$110,296,000
National Banks of the United States	193,686,000	423,236,000	229,550,000
Bank of England	125,976,000	118,404,000	7,572,000 ²
Bank of France	400,965,000	554,600,000	153,635,000

¹ Including a small amount of silver.

² Decrease.

LOANS

	1897.	1907.	Increase.
New York Associated Banks	\$532,708,000	\$1,126,539,000	\$593,831,000
National Banks of the United States	1,966,891,000	4,631,143,000	2,664,252,000
Bank of England	176,867,000	204,461,000	27,594,000
Bank of France	216,845,000	366,035,000	149,190,000

From such a loan expansion, involving liberal granting of credit to all sorts of applicants, three familiar consequences follow: first, the launching of new enterprises, with the consequent increased demand on labor; second, increase of individual expenditure through the enlarged facilities of credit; third, and by no means least, the equipping of merchants or speculators, in markets of every sort, with such borrowed capital as will enable them not only to buy commodities for the rise, but actually to hold these commodities off the market until the consumer yields to the higher price exacted. Supposing the gold to continue flowing, in constantly larger quantities, into bank reserves, — the banks being naturally eager to employ in profitable loans their new facilities, and being able to do so because their gold reserve expands along with their deposits, — it is not at all difficult to see what influence the process may exert on price of commodities. Nor is it hard to understand one problem which frequently perplexes investigators of this question, — why increase in wealth through develop-

ment of a new and prosperous farming region, and increase in bank deposits as a result of that new wealth, do not act equally on prices of commodities. The reason for the difference between the case of such depositors and that of depositors of gold is that the farmer's banking credit, taking the whole financial world together, brings no increase in reserves, and therefore, if loans are already expanded to the legal limit, cannot lead to increase of bank loans in the aggregate. But the gold producer's transaction with his bank increases not only deposit liabilities but cash reserves, and therefore extends the basis prescribed for the institution's loans.

This brings us back to the pregnant question, What is to stop the rise in prices and the increase in cost of living, if the world's gold output continues to increase? That such an advance has never, in the past, gone on indefinitely, — that, indeed, the upward rush of prices has been checked at the regular intervals which we call our "cycles of prosperity," — are facts established by the unvarying ex-

perience of the markets, and illustrated clearly by the same series of "index numbers" of commercial prices, to which I have already referred. This is the London *Economist's* annual average as of January 1, during the whole period since the new gold of Australia and California began to affect the markets:—

1851	2,293	1880	2,538
1852	1,863	1881	2,376
1853	2,167	1882	2,435
1854	2,445	1883	2,342
1855	2,357	1884	2,221
1856	2,459	1885	2,098
1857	2,645	1886	2,023
1858	2,612	1887	2,050
1859	2,304	1888	2,230
1860	2,426	1889	2,187
1861	2,727	1890	2,236
1862	2,878	1891	2,240
1863	3,492	1892	2,133
1864	3,787	1893	2,121
1865	3,575	1894	2,082
1866	3,564	1895	1,923
1867	3,024	1896	1,999
1868	2,682	1897	1,950
1869	2,666	1898	1,890
1870	2,689	1899	1,918
1871	2,590	1900	2,145
1872	2,835	1901	2,126
1873	2,947	1902	1,948
1874	2,891	1903	2,003
1875	2,778	1904	2,197
1876	2,711	1905	2,136
1877	2,715	1906	2,322
1878	2,529	1907	2,499
1879	2,225		

It will be seen, from a survey of these tables, that the general level of prices rose violently and almost continuously from 1852 to 1857; declined steadily, but with much less rapidity, from 1857 to 1859; advanced to greater heights than ever before, between 1859 and 1864; declined continuously from 1864 to 1871; rose between 1871 and 1873; went down again between 1873 and 1879; advanced in the next year, and then declined until 1886; rose in the next five years; declined from 1891 to 1898 (the low level being in the middle of 1897); and from then on, save for the interval of 1901-03, has been once more advancing.

Now the downward movement in prices which began with 1857 occurred when

both gold and silver production were at their maximum. The decline between 1873 and 1879 was accompanied by a heavy increase in the world's gold output—it was estimated by our Mint at \$90,750,000 in 1874, and at \$119,092,000 in 1878. The lowering of prices between 1880 and 1886 came in a period of nearly stationary gold production. Most impressive of all, the period between 1891 and 1898, marked by an almost continuous decline in commodity prices, was also marked by a rise in the annual gold output from \$130,650,000 to \$286,879,000, not one year of the series failing to record a substantial increase over the year before. Taking all due account of the demonetization of silver in 1873,—which had not the slightest effect on this country's circulating medium, whose effect on Europe's has, in my judgment, been greatly exaggerated, and which cannot, except by the largest strain of inference, be assumed to have influenced the period 1891-1898,—these facts ought to be sufficient to show that something else than decrease in production of the precious metals has been able in the past to reverse the upward movement of commodity prices.

What is perhaps even more to the point, in discussing a practical question, is the present position of the markets. Admittedly, annual gold production is increasing now as rapidly as it has increased in the past four years; yet the essence of the extraordinary financial situation, which prevails to-day in every money market of the world, is that demand on investor's capital and on bank resources has so far outrun supply as to bring to a halt the whole machinery of finance. From all financial centres comes the story that the requirements of trade, especially as represented by incorporated industry, are greater than the available resources of the world can meet. The case of our own railway industry, which has for six months been unable to raise on first-class long-term bonds the money needed to pay for necessary improvements,—many of which had been made

already, on the basis of notes-of-hand to the contractor, — is a conspicuous instance, and is fairly typical.

The logical result of such a situation would no doubt be immediate curtailment in trade activity and in prices of commodities, since it is the abnormally high scale on which both are operating which has created the embarrassment. But to cut down with sudden violence either volume of trade or prices of manufactured articles would go far towards touching commercial credit. Capitalization of incorporated companies, and current debt of individual producers, have been adjusted to the volume of trade anticipated from the experience of later years; instantaneous contraction would leave the indebtedness while removing the means of paying it. On the other hand, a cut in prices of finished products, on a similar scale of violence, would create a situation where the manufacturer, who had paid high prices for his raw material of manufacture, would find his anticipated profits converted into staggering losses through the diminished returns from his manufactured goods. This is unquestionably why, at the present moment, capital on all the markets of the world is being withdrawn from investments in our loans upon securities. That is the ready market for conversion, and the capital withdrawn is at once applied to the needs of trade. The inevitable result is the world-wide fall in prices for securities, good and bad alike, which has been the characteristic incident of the past half-year, and the offer of abnormally high interest rates by Stock Exchange operators, as a means of inducing lenders not to take their capital away. This withdrawal of capital from the Stock Exchange, unpleasant as its own immediate effects have been, is clearly the price which the community at large is paying for the averting of industrial calamity. It is when the field of Stock Exchange speculation and investment no longer offers opportunity for such wholesale withdrawal of capital, without upsetting credit, or when the pressing indebtedness of

industry has reached a magnitude which will make even diversion of capital from the Stock Exchange to general trade an inadequate resource, that we have to face commercial panic.

But taking the present extraordinary situation as it is, we have a right to ask, in view of our previous examination of the supposed effect of increased gold production on prices and prosperity, how such a state of things should be possible at this time, when increase in gold production has not been checked at all. The answer to this, as to the same question similarly put in 1857 and 1890, is, in my judgment, that the action of new gold supplies on prices, through the medium of bank loans expanded in response to the new gold reserves, has reached, for the time at any rate, its limit. A bank which goes on expanding loans when the whole world's available capital resources are tied up, will do so at its own very serious peril; if the policy is practiced by the whole community, break-down of credit and collapse of the whole supporting structure of prices are invited. A loan is sound when the security which lies behind it is such that the borrower can pay it at maturity, through use of outside capital, or that the bank, if the borrower default, can rely on outside capital to take over the security. But if real capital is already under such a strain that such recourse is doubtful or impossible, then expansion of loans is a policy which will hardly commend itself to the prudent banker.

In these days of intimate relations in international finance, it is the habit of markets, whose own capital resources show signs of no longer satisfying home demands, to borrow the capital of outside markets. Our own extravagant "boom" of 1901 was largely built up through use of European capital, and a season of somewhat prolonged depression followed when the loans had to be repaid. The still more unpleasant strain of 1903, created through the exhaustion of capital

and credit facilities in this country, and leading, as the similar phenomena have done this year, to forced liquidation on the Stock Exchange, was eventually relieved through the use of capital transferred from England and Germany. Those nations were, and continued to be, in a position to provide it. Last winter, when the American market as a whole was approaching another situation of the kind, recourse was had again, and on a quite unprecedented scale, to foreign capital. By the time the European banks had provided for what seemed to be our needs, they had themselves exhausted the capital resources of their markets; they could lend no more to America, and in fact began, somewhat peremptorily, to call in what they had loaned already.

They were in fact confronted by an exactly similar situation in half the active industrial markets of the world. From France, Germany, Austria, Egypt, and South America, came a chorus of complaint that home capital was inadequate for the commitments of industry and speculation. Recourse was had to credit, and there set in, to support the resultant bank position, so urgent an international demand for gold that reserves of the world's oldest and greatest institutions decreased at the very moment when their maintenance was most needed. The quite inevitable sequel was a season of worldwide liquidation, — converging, however, on the markets for securities, which fortunately have thus far been able to surrender without catastrophe the capital required.

What is to be the end? In particular, what is the bearing of these phenomena of the day on the question, how long the rise in prices and increase in cost of living is to continue to perplex the householder? These events in high finance are linked inextricably with such homely problems as the paying of higher rents and higher charges for food, clothing, and household utensils, by the clerk whose annual salary has not been increased. For the present,

the most obvious fact of the situation is that the general rise in prices has been checked. It has been arrested through precisely the process which we have just been tracing, — through inability of the world's supply of capital to sustain any longer the loans by which commodities, like securities, were being held indefinitely for a continued advance in price. Commodities in which a sudden scarcity of supply may have occurred will possibly continue to advance, even in the face of this shortage of capital resources, — the world's deficient wheat crop may bring about such a movement in this season's price of grain; it has done so with wheat, even in years of commercial panic such as 1857 and 1890. But for the general run of commodities, a halt is inevitable; something more than a halt has already happened in highly speculative markets such as that for copper, which has declined substantially, notwithstanding trade statistics which appeared to demonstrate that supplies were inadequate to meet the trade demand. The simple truth of this episode was that, while consumers did have use for all available supplies, they dared not pay the former price with capital so scarce and credit conditions what they were. In greater or less degree, markets for other commodities will be subject to similar influences.

Whether the receding movement will or will not be long-continued, depends on the question, whether the credit situation is to be soon unraveled, and how. On the one hand, an experience of this sort is certain to bring a warning as to the use of credit, and as banks grow more circumspect in providing resources for the holding-up of commodities to an exorbitantly high level, the tendency should be for such prices to relax. The mass of consumers who, as the expression is, are "living on borrowed money," will be forced to cease or reduce their purchases, as a result of the credit situation. An abnormal and excessive demand, which has played its part in the

extravagant rise of prices during the past few years, should by this process be cut off.

At the same time, the difficulty in procuring credit, on the former scale, should lead manufacturers and producers with expensive plants to seek the line of least resistance through a competitive lowering of commodity prices. We have already seen how great a part of a rise in prices, even when sustained by increased gold production, results from the use of credit pure and simple, to hold off the market great supplies of commodities until a high price is bid for them. A process of readjustment, such as seems now to be fairly foreshadowed, may result in a considerable easing of the strain in cost of living. In so far, however, as inadequacy of existing supplies of capital is the fundamental cause, it must not be forgotten that accumulation of capital goes on perennially. If its use in trade, and its absorption in speculation and company promotion, are kept down

to a smaller level than of late, supply will again overtake demand. This happened after the disturbances of 1903, and it may easily happen again.

If, however, inflation of prices in every market, absorption of capital on a scale of unthinking recklessness, and use of ill-secured credit to make good deficiencies in the supply of ready capital, are resumed on the scale of the past few years, it is highly probable that not even constantly increasing gold production will save the markets which have indulged in such excess from a complete and prolonged collapse. The strain upon capital and credit may be eased sufficiently to restore equilibrium in financial and commercial markets; but if the strain continues beyond a certain point, a breakdown of credit follows, and with it, forced liquidation of the whole position on which the existing level of prices was built up. This was the history of the periods immediately preceding 1857 and 1873.

EXTERNALISM IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

At almost every great European seat of learning the observer feels that all its present sponsors are faithful children of the past. The softened forms of ancient buildings, the survival of use and ceremonial from an age long gone, — these and a multitude of other witnesses seem to tell of a mysterious spirit there awaiting and subduing all who come. A suppression and blending of private wills in fealty to a higher power seems but a fair copy of those outer patterns with which the universities of Europe have long stood face to face, — with captained soldiery, with the sway of pontiffs in the church, with kings and emperors.

Yet the European higher schools, in

their own rule, are strangely free. The masters, the professors, have the chief voice in choosing those who are to join their body; and though it often reserves the right to intervene, the state regards with favor the autonomy of this band of men. And while there is no lack of rank and dignity, — of Heads of Colleges, Rectors, Chancellors, — the university is unconstrained in the presence of its visible lord, bringing, as he does, no thought of imposition, but standing forth rather as the representative and spokesman by free choice of those who are the learned guild. In many a European university the headship is conferred by the faculties, often for a single year,

upon one of their own professors, who returns, at the close of his brief term, to his old estate, and some colleague takes his place. Often, as in some of the great British universities, the election to the most exalted station brings a splendid honor whose real power, however, has wholly passed away. Everywhere in the Old World, titles and robes and golden symbols, beautiful to the imagination as the illumined initials on some vellum page, meet one at the opening of the seals of knowledge. But the real dominion over the mind is recognized as coming no more from those initials than from the characters, untinctured, which form the body of the work.

In the New World all is changed. A citizen-like plainness has long marked the buildings, the dress, the customs, and is only now departing here and there. The surroundings would make one expectant that with us least of all would learning be overgoverned, — here in the land of loose bonds, of individual excess. For in no part of the world is there among the people as a whole more concern to avoid the danger of domination: the federal power is narrowed in by the reserved power of the states; few men are permitted to remain long in public office, lest they should learn too well to govern; the legal safeguards about the person charged with guilt are so absurdly effective that almost the only assurance one can have of life and liberty is to commit some fearful crime. Yet among a people so jealous of private rights, so patient of the inconveniences of weak and scattered powers and changing persons in political government, lest the individual should be oppressed, — among such a people, university government has assumed a form that we might have expected to see in a land accustomed to kings. European universities have a constitution that might have come from some American political theorist; American universities are as though founded and fostered in the bourne of aristocracy.

The government of American univer-

sities is essentially from without. A board of governors known by many names — "trustees," as at Johns Hopkins, "regents" at the University of California, "the corporation" at Harvard, "fellows" at Yale, — belongs neither to those who study nor to those who teach, and is in consequence disjoined from the real life of the institution. Often their high character, their training, their devotion to the work, greatly reduces the disjunction, yet is the separation real. Even when some of their number are graduates of the university they govern, they are sons who have left the family hearth, and too often they are unequally yoked with unbelievers. For some of their fellow-members of the board may be there merely by reason of election to a remote political office, or by virtue, or vice, of great possessions, and neither of these successes, we have learned, does always insure the presence of wisdom for academic guidance. Yet even in those frequent cases where there is sympathy and understanding for the work, it remains a curious departure from our usual American ideas, as well as from the scholarly custom elsewhere, that we should have called into existence in affairs of learning a regnant body the life activities of whose members lie outside the realm they rule. And these men, besides administering the funds, choose the man who is the power of all powers in our academic world, the university president.

The American university president holds a place unique in the history of higher education. He is a ruler responsible to no one whom he governs, and he holds for an indefinite term the powers of academic life and death. Subject to the formal approval of the trustees, he selects new members of the faculty, promotes, dismisses them. To the faculty, it is true, there seems to be left the important power to define the requirements for admission to the university and to its degrees, and yet these activities are in a fundamental way directed by the presi-

dent, since by his word comes growth to this department and atrophy to that. And while his sway is subject to a constitution, and he cannot quite justly be called an autocrat, nevertheless the charter brings to him, perhaps, less serious restrictions than those which often in the larger world bind men who bear the name of emperor.

There is thus a marvelous disparity between the rule of states and of their own academies, both here and elsewhere; nor is it easy to see why Europe and America should each be harboring what would seem properly to be sacred only to the other. Still it is possible, would one but look far enough, — to the colonial times of America, to the mediæval times of Europe, — to catch some glimpse of the causes which have brought about this strange condition.

The early American college had but few students and few instructors, a body compact and not unlike a family. Its students were younger than our undergraduates to-day, and the care of youth so tender in their years may easily have suggested patriarchal forms — forms that, we know, rise readily to monarchical. Moreover there was no growth side by side, as at Oxford and Cambridge, of several relatively independent colleges to check each other and to keep, as always in a federation, a certain jealous guard and division of their strength. But with us a single college, modeled in many ways after the single English college, rather than after the university, expanded in its isolation until, with all its paternal spirit still unchanged, its size seemed to become a warrant for a more impressive name. It seems probable, moreover, that a strong influence to fix the early form came from the imitation of a type of government common in the colonies, where a small corporation, or "company," often resident in distant England, controlled its colony through a single local governor. For it can hardly be by chance that the old collegiate constitution under which we still live repeats

so exactly the political model of the time — the academic trustees, or corporation, corresponding to the "company," while the president, appointed from without, would answer to the governor administering the colony in the company's name. And long after the political forms became by hard struggle more democratic, and the small external corporation ceased to rule the colony (the governor being now chosen by the colonists themselves), the seats of learning, that cling so long to ancient ways, still kept in thoughtless piety the older rule.

Even where there has been some attempt to follow the European course and live as befits believers in democracy, the opposing current has proved too strong for the sturdiest hearts. Several of our universities began their life without long tenure and high power in the office of their president, but one by one their courage fails and they follow the custom of the land. The most notable of these conformists is the honored University of Virginia, that after nearly a century of loyalty to Jefferson's democratic ideal has finally in these last days inaugurated its first president according to the usage of America. The polity that we might call monarchic is thus not only frequent in the new-world colleges, but it is stripping away the few torn shreds of popular control which still remain among them. Chiefly at Yale of all the leading universities is there some vestige of real power remaining to the faculty. Yet, as by historic humor, she celebrated nearly two centuries ago the prime importance of the president, even in the official style of her corporation, "The President and Fellows of Yale College," and in these later times has set forth anew his primacy in a golden glory of mace and massive chain.

As the American university has preserved almost unchanged the constitution of its younger days, so the European university has continued the form of government with which its life began. And there the controlling type of associ-

ation was the mediæval guild. The universities at the beginning were but loose associations similar in many ways to modern trade-unions, — now a guild of masters or professors, and again a company of students. At Bologna, where was the best instance of a student corporation, the strange spectacle is presented of a great university governed by those receiving instruction, — students electing their own rectors, engaging their own teachers. At Paris, where the contrasting type of organization came to power, the University was ruled, not by its students but by its professors, and such was their strength and corporate spirit that they could, battling, win their freedom from the domination of the bishop's chancellor. These two early and wonderful instances of academic order, the University of Paris and the University of Bologna, have shaped the polity of the universities of Europe, so impressing their own features upon their descendants that these are, even to this day, essentially what universities were in the Middle Ages, — free guilds of men professionally interested in the higher learning, with power to determine their own membership, elect their own officers, administer their own property.

But after history comes judgment and prophecy. And having tried to see the distant influences which have made the university government in America stand out so sharp against her political usage and opinion, what should be said as to the wisdom of such a contrast? Were it not better if we instituted here the form of government under which have prospered the greatest universities of the world, — a form of government which might well with us have hope of fortune, familiar as we are with the mechanism of self-control? There are many who would welcome such a change; many who feel that the presidency in our universities is like that oak in the Finnish tale, which sprang up late, and yet in the end shut out the light of day and must be felled, lest all other life

should fail. And not alone the overshadowing presidency is regarded with distrust; many are doubtful also of the whole system of direction by an alien body of trustees.

It is not entirely clear that a change of these externals would of itself ennoble the spirit of our academies; and the spirit is the chief care, and can live true in bodies diverse in form. When Matthew Arnold named the English as having undue faith in machinery, he no less noted a trait of the American, who is so often confident of the efficacy of outward means. And our university reformers are possibly not untouched by this idea. Yet the truth is, that the body exhibits the mind even more than it controls it, and therefore there are changes on the face of our universities that would be grateful, not so much as sources from which would come some inner transformation, but rather as the legible record of such a hidden change already far advanced. In its turn the outward sign would minister inwardly, as a banner helps an army.

The changes that seem seriously worth attempting — not suddenly, but after the manner of Fabians, glad to bide their time — would bring us to a middle way between the present course of America and that of Europe. The board of trustees one need not wish utterly to abolish, although here and there the manner of their selection might be improved. For, all in all, the American is perhaps right in placing the care for the general plan of income and expense in the hands of an external body of men trained in the management of funds. But the action of the trustees might well stop at narrower limits than those to which at present they often go. In appointing new members of the faculty, they should perhaps best confine themselves to granting a stated annuity for a particular academic office. The man to fill this office should properly be selected by the faculty itself. And the faculty alone should normally have the power to dismiss its own members. But

still more important and beneficial for our present needs would it be to have the professors rather than the trustees elect the university president and determine the powers which he should wield. The office of president would thus remain, but he who occupied it would be the representative directly of the faculty, and he could be efficient only so long as he retained their confidence. In such a plan the president need be no puppet of the professors, any more than at present he is a puppet of the trustees. He would best be a wise leader, yet going all the while only where he could lead and not compel, — lead not a majority merely, but the body as a whole. One can readily imagine the delays and even abuses to which such a system might give rise, especially during the years required for the self-training of the faculty to its new responsibilities. But such evils would hardly exceed the worst that comes from the present system, and in the end the movements of the university would tend more and more to spring from inner harmony and conviction; a university that would stand at the front, not in numbers but in worth, would have to bring itself to harmony, would have to become convinced. In a few of our best American universities the president even now is in a hidden way the representative of the faculty: they believe in him; he feels it necessary to have the support of those who are so vital to the institution, those who devote their lives to teaching and research. It would do no harm in these universities — where such a spirit now is wanting, it would doubtless be of infinite good — if provision were made in the very constitution that the president regard the faculty as men from whom must come real guidance; as men who must if necessary be forced, even against their present will, to be more and more answerable for the ideas that dominate their seat.

While a change of government might thus assist us, it is not our chief necessity. We need what is of greater value and

far more difficult to obtain. There is called for, both in the public mind and in the universities themselves, a refinement of the measure of academic progress. An evil spirit afflicts us, whose spell might be broken if, following the custom of primitive men, we turned stoutly upon it and called aloud its secret name. For to externalism, in the end, we must attribute the prominence of the president, the dependence of our universities upon him. This condition of ours comes not so much from a want of democratic spirit, if by this we mean an easy intercourse, a bonhomie, of college men, a hatred of snobs and vanity, a desire for public service. It comes rather from a passion in our people for visible accomplishment, a love of dimensions, an admiration for alert administration, for forceful public utterance.

In politics we have in some measure been influenced by the thought that weakness in government is not wholly unjustified if thereby the individual is encouraged to be strong. Although our public affairs indicate a certain loss of enthusiasm for individual initiative and freedom, nevertheless our thought of government has long been molded by an educational ideal. Our universities, strange to say, have been swayed more by political motives, — by the feeling which works for compactness, for energy at a focal point. Rather than render some slight sacrifice for the sake of spontaneity and inner strength, our universities feel that they must first of all have the power of rapid adjustment to a changing situation, the power to strike while the iron is hot, the power to go forth, also, in a direct and personal way to get help as well as give it. And all this means administration centred in a man free to act. In the ship of state we have been willing to consult the passengers and crew at each change of the vessel's course; in trying to make the port of knowledge, however, we are strong for authority and discipline. Yet we may well doubt whether our university meth-

ods have been quite as manly, quite as farsighted, as our statecraft. Our colleges could now afford to be less worldly-wise, to be less ready to move toward small ends and more steadily attentive to the great aims of education, to be less fascinated by quantity, to have less eye and more vision.

The American university is wonderfully enheartened by outward prosperity and outward growth. In a recent letter of resignation of the aged president of one of our more conservative colleges — a college so conservative that it has never assumed the title "university" — there is a tone of satisfaction almost exultant, because the freshman class had increased during his administration ten-fold in number, and the college buildings had enlarged by equal bounds. If success is to be measured merely, or even mainly, by changes of this kind, there is need of strong officering. The strong officering, the emphasis on officering, brings in its turn an undue attention to things that can be expressed in statistics and to the eye.

There can be little question but that the president's prominence and the general system of external government add one more to the many motives toward academic inflation. I would say nothing that even seems to be unappreciative of the character of our presidents, many of whom are among the truly honorable men of the nation. Yet in any group so large there are characters that are not quite crag-like, and to these comes at times the temptation to justify their prominence by results that can be shown. A reputation for resourcefulness must be made or maintained, bringing an inner prompting to hurry and harry the college with "original" ideas. On view by day and by night in the public place, and having attributed to him many of the natural ups and downs for which he is nowise answerable, any man whose foundations do not go down to rock is liable to be shaken. He becomes restless and moves by popular favor, or op-

position, so that steadiness and sound growth in the university are in great peril.

A university works best when its work is quiet and deep; and all its forms and organization should express and strengthen this idea. Its first duty is to offer men knowledge and the power of judgment. And yet so closely are the springs of life united that knowledge and judgment are always found close to the love of moderation and order. The line between science and art can be seen only when one does not look directly at it, disappearing before our closer gaze. For science is but the art of seeing the world as it is, — temperate, law-bound. The university therefore hinders the cause of intelligence unless in its own conduct it is patient and steadfast; unless it shows itself the one institution above all others that can train itself and train its sons to be serene and moderate, out of very loyalty to the changeless good. The true university is, in its action, neither feverish nor slothful. Having in its keeping the great ideas that guide all progress, it is at its best neither in shiftily efforts at advance nor in listless contemplation of the good; so that the strongest universities have ever been ready to give their own kind of support to living ideas, while disinclined to rush forth at every cry of "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" Certainly no place where intelligence really exists will lose its excuse for being if it fails to increase in size. The American reverence for quantity is a great hindrance to our universities in pursuing their proper end. We need a prophet crying, "Woe unto all things that are big!" We need this cry for our universities no less than for our insurance, our railways, and our sale of oil.

Moreover, the externalism in the universities, whereof the elevation of the presidency is but one sign, takes responsibility from its rightful place. We make central the administrative office, as in some great commercial undertaking, instead of the office of teacher and truth-

seeker, the office of student. Yet here is the locus of success and failure. No one would claim that the professors are a worthier group of men than our college presidents; it is not a question of personal rights or jealousy of honors. It is a question of right or wrong to the cause; and the universities themselves, knowing what is in their charge, should be the last to typify in their own structure the thought that discovering truth and imparting the vital principle whereby others may discover it are of a dignity less than that of organizing and management. And yet, much more than in the great universities of Europe, we exalt administrative ability above scientific insight. We bestow the praise for success, the blame for failure, more upon the administration and less upon our professors and our students, who are rightly answerable for the university's achievement. Our undergraduates are a painfully dependent class, overtaught and undertrained, accustomed to incessant drill and supervision, themselves the victims and encouragers of this policy. The professors likewise are not without fault. They look wistfully at the activities of other callings, and show in this that they have no full sense of the dignity of facing square toward truth and belonging to its council. Only a short time ago a college teacher spoke seriously in public of the banker, the lawyer, and even of the burglar, as being in touch with life in a truer sense than is the university professor. And the professors' frequent reference to the poor rewards and all the outward hardships of their work indicates some little envy of the goods of life which come to the merchant, the lawyer, and the physician. Yet there is no lot on earth that offers greater rewards and greater opportunities. And when an individual has grievances, the blame is often placed primarily on the president, since the form of organization encourages the professors to place the responsibility anywhere but on themselves. It would be

more fitting if their constitution gave no excuse, but constantly invited each to perceive that with himself it rested whether he would succeed or fail. Externalism is thus no purely Philistine failing, nor a failing only of the president and trustees. Students and professors are alike infected with it; they too are looking outward for their succor.

It is but natural where organization is so important and the office of administration is magnified, that the presidency should fast lose its connection with active and advancing scholarship. There is so much governing to be done — because in our universities we trust so much to government — that in but few places can a president continue a scholar's life. So the old type of leader, learned and temperate, fast yields to the new type, — self-confident, incisive, Rooseveltian. And with the coming of the new type, there seems to be an increasing stress upon rapid accomplishment, upon "doing things," with grave risk that our places of learning will preserve a less clear vision of what is catholic and enduring.

The constitution of our universities is an appearance of their indwelling mind, and therefore is of moment for their future. It is difficult to foretell whether the American will continue forever the government that was well enough for a boys' academy in colonial times. The desire is unquestionably awakened in us to have universities that can stand with the greatest of the world; and the desire will in the end, I believe, lead us more and more to distrust external rule. Our present forms have served our nonage; the days of our ignorance have been winked at, but now we are commanded everywhere to repent. We shall hardly reproduce in haste the European models, with all their clear advertisement that they are scholars' commonwealths, are municipalities of science; and yet it cannot be thought that we shall continue forever and without regret upon our present course. We shall in the end place less reliance upon commercial methods

in discovering and bringing into harmony the choicest minds; the university will perceive that it must become for them a hospitable place, showing in its very laws and customs that it is a union of gifted

persons sanely working together to increase the store of intelligence among men. It will feel that it must bestow on all who come within its walls the keys and freedom of a great city.

THE FIGHTING BLOOD

BY ANNA E. FINN

I

YERGER, sitting at his desk in the schoolroom, narrowly watched the big clock opposite. Most of the children were already in their seats, the few delayed ones hurrying in with a good deal of noise and clatter. The hands of the big clock were already on the stroke of nine, and still Yerger's usually prompt hand stayed in sounding the bell. His lean, muscular hands, heavily veined and browned by exposure to the sun, worked nervously, and his eyes traveled from the big clock to the door. It suddenly opened and was carefully but hastily shut by the Commodore, who met Yerger's keen eyes for a moment and slipped quickly into his seat as Yerger's hand came down sharply on the bell.

It was the Commodore's last day at school, and he had prepared his lessons with unusual care and was glad that he had been in time. It would have been a dreadful blot upon his punctuality — a black mark the last day.

Yerger rose and advanced to the end of the platform, and the children collected their singing-books and waited for the number of the page to be given out. But for some reason, they noted with surprise, his own singing-book, though open, lay untouched on the desk near by. He was a tall lean man, dark of coloring and with cheek bones of unusual prominence, giving credibility to the report of the older members of the town, of what had been

Yerger's one boast in his youth. — his direct descent from an Indian chief. The children had half accepted the report, awed yet curious, and it might have accounted for much that was stern and forbidding in his appearance and his nature, and for an unusual reticence.

For a moment Yerger hesitated, and the children, sensitive to all moods of older people, noticed it with surprise. The schoolmaster was not inclined to hesitate. Once his eyes rested on the Commodore, and it was only the Commodore who fancied he saw a slow, dark flush creep up into his face.

"After long consideration," he began slowly, and it seemed to the curious listening children that his voice was more than usually severe, "I have decided to abolish corporal punishment. All of you know that I have in the past never resorted to this except under extraordinary circumstances, — principally that of flagrant disobedience. However, in the future there will be some other penalty, equally severe, for similar offenses. I have not taken this step without much thought and — advice from competent authority." He smiled a little ironically, but the children did not notice it, and when he paused an audible stir went through the schoolroom. The Commodore alone did not look at Yerger, and he began to trace intricate patterns with his finger on the top of his desk. Amelia Flora, on the opposite side of the room, tried vainly to attract his attention.

"That is all," said Yerger, apparently not noticing the stir that his words had created; and he turned to the desk and picked up the open singing-book.

"You will all turn to page ninety-three," he said, motioning to Amelia Flora's older sister who played the accompaniments of the simple songs the children sang, "and we will sing, this morning, 'Robin Adair.'"

II

The Commodore's education, in spite of much thought and not a little worry on the part of his relatives, had mostly taken care of itself. His parents had vainly tried to solve the problem that had beset other fathers and mothers in the Service, of a child old enough for instruction and yet too young, according to the American idea, to be put upon his own resources and sent away to school. The problem for the most part had solved itself, to the infinite satisfaction of the Commodore, if not to the grandmothers and great aunts left at home, who had old-fashioned ideas of how a child should be trained in the three R's. His father, after a trial or two, and with the devotion for which naval officers are noted, had refused to allow the recurring cruises, which were a necessary evil of his profession, to continue to separate him from the sweet, frail woman he had met and loved long ago as a girl, when he was a midshipman; and since his wife had always firmly maintained that the Commodore couldn't do without her any better than he could, the Commodore had been accepted along with the cruises, not even the Commodore realizing how important a part he played in their scheme of life. Thus it chanced he had taken his first step 'way off in China, and knew much of the lingo of his amah, unintelligible to most people, before he could say a dozen words in his own language. He had shed his kilts and put on his sailor blouse in Leghorn, just before his father was detached from his

ship there. He was n't going to be taken for a girl on his return to a Navy Yard in his own country,—the first that he could remember. Circumstances rather than intention had molded his life always, and while fractions were a quantity he knew of only vaguely, and the first pages of his scrawled and dirty Latin grammar an abomination, he could always lead the geography class; and even Yerger, passing through the playground at recess, would pause on the outskirts of the crowd of listening children gathered around him, to hear him tell how they "did things" in other lands.

The stories he told and the boats he whittled were a source of constant delight to the village children he had come among, and it is to be much feared that if the lessons of truth and honor had not been early instilled, he might have been led into an almost excusable prevarication at times.

He had appeared among them suddenly one April morning, and had reported at Yerger's desk, much as he had seen the men report to his father as officer of the deck. Yerger, quick to note details, was struck by something in the Commodore's bearing that was foreign to that of any pupil in his school. The Commodore's eyes were different, too.

The Commodore's father had called the evening before at Yerger's home, excusing himself on the ground that he wanted no time lost, and requested the privilege of sending the Commodore to him the next morning.

"You'll find him pretty rusty," he said with a short laugh, that fell on Yerger's ears like a healthy breath from the open sea. "He's behind on his book learning, but he's seen a good deal of the earth, for a little chap, and he is n't stupid. Get into him all you can while this steel-inspection duty lasts. I'll probably be detached sometime in the fall. I'm going to make this pretty little river town of yours my headquarters, and leave my wife and the boy here. He needs the schooling, and they both need the tonic

of your hills, and I'll be near enough to run up twice or so a week."

III

Yerger found himself studying the Commodore as the days went by. The Commodore, poring over his lessons, used to think and ponder over the schoolmaster a good deal. As far as he could find out, no one really cared for the schoolmaster, unless it was the invalid sister with whom he lived. Certainly none of the children cared for him, not even Amelia Flora, the best-natured member of the school. He had even heard Amelia Flora say that her aunt had told her cousin that he was cruel, like the Indian chief whose blood ran in his veins. The Commodore listened and thought things out for himself in a way the Commodore had, and when the burden of his thinking grew too heavy for him, he would talk it over a little with his mother.

The Commodore never saw the schoolmaster walking with any one on the streets, out of school hours, or standing on the corners talking to other men. Yerger had no friends, — he never tried to make any. Once, the Saturday before Easter, the Commodore had met him carrying a big pot of flowering geranium in his arms, and the next day he had seen the plant at Yerger's house, blooming in Miss Betty's sunny window. Later, one day just before school closed for the summer, the Commodore, in shopping with his mother, had noticed the schoolmaster standing before one of the shop windows looking intently on a fine silk shawl. Yerger had raised his hat as they passed, and his mother had stopped to speak to him and inquire for Miss Betty, with that tender sympathy in voice and eyes for which she is remembered in the Service. The Commodore had never noticed until then how kind a smile Yerger really had. He used to wonder too what Yerger did with his Saturdays and Sundays — how he was going to spend the long vacation near at hand. He had

heard that Yerger did a good deal of quiet studying at home, and Amelia Flora's cousin said that he read a good deal aloud to Miss Betty. He had the reputation of being the best fisherman in town, and owned an old boat that he would pull up and down the river until stopped by the ice, exploring with rod and reel every cove and cranny for miles around. The Commodore met him sometimes, returning from a day of fishing, — he was always alone, — and there were always fish upon his line, no matter if the other men and the older boys of town came back empty-handed. Once he sent around to the Commodore's mother a five-pound bass he had carefully fried himself, with his and Miss Betty's compliments.

School ended, and the Commodore closed the detested Latin grammar with a sigh of relief; but queer thoughts kept coming into his head as he gathered his books together to take home until school should open again in the fall. Why was it the schoolmaster was so unapproachable in school? Why was it he had never seen him smile but that once at his mother in the street?

He walked home slowly that day, taking a back street that he might escape the other children. He supposed he was glad school was over. Of course he was glad school was over! That miserable Latin grammar! That awful arithmetic that made his head swim with its figures! And yet mathematics were so necessary at the Academy! He had said that once to Yerger in a burst of discouraged confidence. He still remembered the queer look Yerger had given him then. He *would* have to try and work a little on his mathematics this summer with his father's help.

When he reached the two bright rooms in the private boarding-house where they lived, he was met by his mother with a telegram in her hand.

"Grandmother is sick, dear," she said with a clear directness that reminded one of the Commodore's own candor.

"I'm going this afternoon to help make her well again. I want you to stay here to be company for father his nights at home, and I don't want you to have to take the long trip. Mrs. Jensen will see you have everything you need, and I know I can trust you to be good when father is n't here."

The Commodore looked up at her squarely.

"I'll be good. You can trust me," he said.

"I know I can, although it does seem as though I could n't leave you both on so long a trip. I'll try and be back by next week. I've just wired to father and he'll try and get up to-night."

The Commodore went around and got the expressman for the trunk, and he insisted that she lie down and rest while he went down and checked the baggage and got the ticket for her. Was n't his father away?

He saw her off at the station, ate a hasty supper that somehow choked him when he glanced at his mother's vacant chair, firmly but politely refused the second doughnut that Mrs. Jensen tried to press upon him, and went upstairs and began to figure over his mathematic book with a stub of a pencil and a torn sheet of paper, until it grew too dark to see. He lighted the big lamp, then, replacing with great caution Mrs. Jensen's magenta shade, got his father's slippers ready, as he had always seen his mother do the nights he was expected back, and placed the daily paper near the lamp. Then he got a book of travels and sat down to wait for his father.

IV

The Commodore did not go around much that next week, although some of the boys came over and tried to drag him into their games. The boys he cared mostly for had gone away on a camping trip, and the Commodore took the opportunity to finish whittling and painting the big man-of-war he had begun before

the final examinations of school. He wanted to have it done when the Baxter twins returned, for they were to make a big day of it on the river and put it into commission. The remembrance of the school examinations made him think of Yerger and of what the boys had said that day of Miss Betty, who had grown suddenly worse. The Commodore thought the matter out very seriously. There was no one to advise him excepting old Mrs. Jensen, and he hardly wanted to talk to her about it; but he kept remembering the way Yerger had smiled when his mother had spoken to him about Miss Betty, and he kept remembering that big five-pound bass he had sent. After a while he went out to the florist and bought some carnations — they were a bright red, like the stripes in his flag at home — with some of the money his father had left with him that morning. Then he went home and hunted around in his mother's desk until he found one of her visiting cards, which he held in his hand, regarding it solemnly, for a long while. His mother always wrote something on her card when she sent flowers. It seemed to the Commodore that he had once seen her write "Congratulations;" he could n't think of anything else, and "congratulations" would probably do. He hunted for the word in the dictionary and carefully copied it on the card, and tied it to the big bunch of flowers. Then he went and left them with the servant at Yerger's door.

He heard nothing from them although he waited impatiently, and two days later he went and inquired how Miss Betty was. Miss Betty was much worse, the girl told him, and the next evening he met Amelia Flora on the street, who told him Miss Betty was dead.

For the next three days he whittled furiously at the man-of-war and kept reading over his mother's little notes. Grandmother was better, but she would n't be able to be left for another week. How was father? And she was sure her

little boy was taking her place in every way.

That last letter decided the Commodore. His father had n't been home since Miss Betty's death, and that was three days ago, and the Commodore felt something ought to be done. He remembered his mother usually went to call after such events. His mother and his father were not here, but he must take their place!

Yes, Mr. Yerger was in. Did the little boy want to see him? He did? Well, she would see. He had better take a seat in the parlor.

The Commodore entered, his heart beating violently beneath his linen sailor blouse, and he sat down carefully on the edge of a horsehair chair. It was quite early in the morning and the warm summer sun streamed in through the half-closed blinds, and mercilessly showed forth the dust lying on the table and the chairs. There were some dried and faded carnations in a vase on the table, and a flute lay near it, and a pink silk sewing-bag. There were a few fine old pieces of mahogany in the room, some books, and one good painting. The Commodore waited very quietly. By and by he heard some one come down the stairs. He recognized the tread. It was decided but — how slow!

Yerger stopped in the doorway and the Commodore rose, grasping his hat nervously in his hand.

"I've — I've come to see you, sir," he said, vainly trying to conquer a sudden huskiness in his throat.

Yerger, his lean face leaner than ever, looked at him with keen, dry eyes. Then he entered the room and sat down wearily.

"So!" he said.

"I thought, perhaps, sir, that you might like to see me," began the Commodore, and then flushed a deep red. It had not been what he had planned to say at all. "I — that is — you know I'm here alone, sir, my mother is away nursing my grandmother who is sick."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Yerger gravely.

"She's getting better, though. I think my mother will be back next week;" and the Commodore's face lighted up suddenly.

Yerger watched him for a moment in silence.

"I guess you're lonely too," he said after a pause.

The Commodore nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said.

"So *you* brought the flowers?"

The Commodore's heart thumped violently.

"Yes," he said again.

There was a long silence. The sun-motes continued to pour in through the half-open blind. Somewhere upstairs a canary began to sing. At the sound Yerger rose suddenly and began to walk to and fro — rapidly now.

"You must find time drags," he said after a while, not pausing in his walk.

"Oh, well," said the Commodore philosophically, glad that his throat was feeling better again, "I'm very busy fixing that man-of-war. You see, sir, when the Baxter twins come home we're going out on the river with it."

"Ah! do you go out on the river often?"

"Not often, sir. Sometimes on Sundays with my father. But it's great — is n't it?"

"Yes," said Yerger, stopping in his walk and looking at him curiously. "Do you like fishing?"

The Commodore drew a deep breath.

"Indeed I do!" he said in a low voice.

"Has any one ever taken you to Onizaba's Rock?" asked Yerger, a suggestion of a smile around his mouth.

The Commodore shook his head.

"Suppose you come with me fishing to-day. There is an island nearly opposite that we can row to. Do you care to come? Neither of us seems to have much to do — now."

The Commodore rose suddenly.

"You really mean it? To-day, sir?"

When Yerger came back with his fishing clothes on, his rod and reel and a lunch basket in hand, he found the Commodore staring at the faded flowers, the sun-motes on his hair.

The Commodore walked by Yerger's side to the river in an ecstasy of joy. A whole day on the water with Yerger, the best fisherman in town!

Yerger took the oars, and the Commodore sat in the stern and steered, flushing with pleasure when Yerger commended him in his hard, dry way. He at times almost forgot the rudder in watching Yerger. The schoolmaster had opened his faded chambray shirt at the throat, exposing a long lean neck which made his face all the sharper by contrast. An old battered hat was pushed high up on his forehead and tilted back. His sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, and the Commodore kept watching the rhythmic rise and fall of such muscles as he never had dreamed that the schoolmaster possessed. The boat shot out swiftly to the middle of the river, where the sun caught the drops of water from the dripping oars as they were raised, turning them to gold.

By and by they left the central current and the hot sunshine, and skirted the opposite shore, where the great willows hung above the water's edge, and made cool, dark spots upon the surface of the stream. They spoke but little, Yerger too intent upon his task and thoughts, and the Commodore fearing to disturb him. For half an hour Yerger pulled, slowly, steadily, and then the boat rounded a bend in the river and a small island came in view. Beyond the island, looming bright and still in the summer sun, rose Onizaba's Rock, its steep sides sloping down in almost perpendicular lines to the river far below.

Yerger rested on his oars, and the current bore them swiftly toward the patch of green in the middle of the river, and half turning in his seat, he broke the long silence.

"It's the rock of the Indian princess,"

he said slowly. "There's a wonderful view from there! Did you ever hear the story?"

"No," said the Commodore, in a low, eager voice, leaning forward.

Yerger took a few strokes more and pulled the boat on to a shady beach of the island, where it rocked gently in the shadows. Then he drew the oars in and leaned forward, facing the great pile of stone, his lean face in his strong brown hands.

"She was the daughter of an Indian chief, whose tribe had for centuries owned miles along the river. In one of the Indian wars with the early settlers, she was captured and held for hostage in the settlers' blockhouse. There she met the young son of an English admiral, who had come over to seek his fortune. He had heard great stories of the treasures of the upper wilderness, and he left Jamestown, and, with a few others, joined the small settlement of white men here. He was in the fort when Onizaba was brought in and—well, he fell in love with her—and they were married. The settlers held the blockhouse over a year against the repeated attacks of the Indians, but at last it fell, and Onizaba was carried back to her own people. They told her that her husband and her child had been both killed, and the old chief tried to make her marry the son of a friendly tribe. She used to come out of the wigwams of her father, and sit up there on that big lonely rock and wait—and wait. She always said he and the child would come back. She always said they lived. One day, the old chief and the young one came on her by surprise and tried to carry her away by force."

Yerger stopped. He seemed to have forgotten the Commodore. He sat staring up at the big rock, uncapped, but around whose base the shadows were beginning to creep. The Commodore, wide-eyed, drew a deep, long breath.

"Oh! please go on!"

Yerger came back to the present with a start. His eyes met the Commodore's

grave, intent ones. His face relaxed a little and he sighed.

"She was true to him," he said; "she knew she could not escape. She threw herself from that rock. It is called for her."

The Commodore said nothing, but he raised his face and eyes and stared long at the granite mass.

"That was a brave thing to do," he said at length; "something like going into battle."

"She was the daughter of a chief," said Yerger.

The Commodore spoke in a low hushed voice.

"But the — son of the Admiral, and the little baby — " he questioned Yerger with his eyes.

"They were alive."

"Oh!"

"The man took the baby back to England. In the beginning of the last century, some of his descendants came over to America and settled near here."

The Commodore unconsciously leaned a little nearer Yerger in his interest.

"Are any of his people alive to-day?"

"Just one," said Yerger slowly.

"Oh!" said the Commodore again.

Yerger rested his chin on the knuckles of his right hand, and he looked at the Commodore sitting there in the boat before him. It was a long, long while since any one had ever sat there—so long that he could not remember.

"Did any one ever tell you I had some Indian blood in me?" he asked suddenly, a grim smile around his lips.

The Commodore started guiltily.

"I've — I've heard it said, sir," he said after a short pause, in which it seemed to him all the blood of his body was in his face; but he looked at Yerger squarely.

Yerger rose, stepped out of the boat, and pulled it high on the beach.

"Well, boy, it's the blood of the old Chief and — Onizaba — that's all."

A strange spell of reticence held the Commodore all day. He helped Yerger

get his tackle together, and he passively allowed Yerger to show him the most approved way to reel his line. He unpacked the lunch basket while Yerger built a fire and fried some of the fish, the schoolmaster's dark face lighting up with real pleasure as he turned the bass on his improvised spit; and he went down to the water's edge with the dishes when they were through, and carefully washed them; but he spoke but little, and he seemed to be thinking deeply. Yerger made a few attempts at conversation while he was smoking his pipe after lunch, but gave it up when he went back to his reel.

The Commodore watched him, a puzzled expression in his eyes which Yerger did not see, and then he idly began to build a blockhouse of the bits of wood that had been washed ashore. By and by, when the blockhouse stood completed, he came back and sat down near Yerger and raised his eyes to the big rock again.

"If — if it is n't impolite, sir, I'd like to ask you something," he said at length, his voice shaking a little.

Yerger wound his reel slowly. There was something unusual in the Commodore's voice, and he wanted to listen, even though the Commodore had spoiled the best bite of the day.

"Go on," said Yerger, looking at him curiously.

"Well then if — if it is n't impolite, sir," said the Commodore, "I'd like to know if you have n't ever wanted to — to *fight*, sir?"

It seemed to the Commodore that Yerger must be angry, he was so long in answering. There was such a hard, straight line beneath his mouth — like he had so often seen there in school when things went wrong.

"What made you ask that?" said Yerger, laying down his rod.

"Well, you see, sir, I've — I've been thinking of the Chief and — *her*, sir;" he nodded in the direction of Onizaba's Rock. He hesitated.

Yerger sat staring at the river.

"And you wondered where my fighting blood was, did n't you?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir," said the Commodore, "but —" he hesitated again, afraid of hurting Yerger.

"There was the old Chief," said Yerger slowly, and he counted off the fingers of his hand as he spoke. "There was Onizaba. There was my great-great-uncle on the Bonhomme Richard, and my father with Farragut, and my mother's brother with Semmes. That makes five. You see the fingers are all taken." He looked down at the Commodore and laughed shortly.

"You forgot the English Admiral," said the Commodore, "and — yourself —"

Yerger smiled grimly.

"True, I had forgotten the English Admiral! And I — well, I went to the Academy for nearly four years."

He had spoken. The long, long silence of the years that not even Betty had ever alluded to, was broken. A slow dark flush crept over Yerger's face.

The Commodore sprang up, facing him.

"Really, sir?" he asked. "But why —" he caught himself suddenly.

"Why did n't I stay in the navy? Why did n't I graduate instead of coming home and teaching school?" Yerger looked down at the reel at his side and played with it with nervous fingers.

"It's a long story," he said, looking up at the Commodore, the flush gone now, and his usual expression on his face. "It's a much longer story than the one I told you about Onizaba this morning, and you could n't understand it as well — now. You may when you get a bit older and go to the Academy. Something happened to me while I was there that upset me a good deal. I let things go their own gait — it's a bad thing to do, I tell you — and I flunked in the finals — that's all."

"Just before graduation," said the Commodore, a funny sound in his throat.

"Just before graduation," said Yerger, not looking at the boy.

The sun had almost set behind Onizaba's Rock, that loomed dark and shadowy, with only a touch of sunlight on its summit. Clouds edged with black hung in the sky above it. A sharp wind had arisen. Yerger felt it against his face and he glanced at the river anxiously. He had pulled against that river current once before when the wind was high. He still remembered it.

Out in the stream he pulled against it once again, while the Commodore's strong little hands tried to control the rudder. The Commodore would n't let Yerger know how his arms hurt — how hard he tried to steer straight for the opposite shore. Yerger never told the Commodore how his own muscles ached with the effort to hold his own. Once they lost a little, and the current took the boat and swept it in the direction of the dam. Something came into Yerger's face then, with its high cheek bones and swarthy skin — something that might have been in the old Chief's as he led his braves on the warpath. Something of the Indian's lean and tremendous strength was in his muscles as he regained the distance that he had lost, and pulled the boat out of the swift current into the more quiet water near the shore. They made their landing a little to the right of Onizaba's Rock. Yerger drew a long, exhausted breath. The fighting blood of his fathers ran red and pulsing in his veins as he stood there looking out upon the lowering waters, his dark, lean face covered with the sweat of battle. The blood of Onizaba, long hidden by the years, — of the Indian princess who had remembered and been true, — throbbed in his heart and hands, as he reached forth and lifted the weary Commodore in his arms and placed him on the pine-strewed ground beside him.

V

School opened just when the children were beginning to talk and plan of the coming nutting season. It was hard to settle down again to the distressing per-

plexities of the multiplication table and mathematics and the Latin grammar, when the days were still warm and hazy — when the river was still such a delightful place in which to swim. If the languor of the Indian summer crept into Yerger's veins no one ever knew it. He picked up the threads of school just where they had been dropped in the early summer. He was seen less about town than ever, spending his Saturdays and Sundays alone on the river fishing, and his evenings in reading or playing on his flute. Sometimes if the wind blew in the right direction, the Commodore, lying awake, would hear him playing, and the long sweet plaintive notes would stir the child's imagination with a vague sadness of which he was not conscious. He got in the way of listening for the music and of waiting patiently for what was always the closing piece, and he would lie very still with eyes fast shut until "Robin Adair," with its pathetic rise and fall and soft crescendos, was done.

The piece grew to have a strange influence on the child, as it did on the schoolmaster; and somehow, although the Commodore could not have told why, things in school always went better the days they sung that song.

The short Thanksgiving recess was fast approaching, and it might have been the hope of early liberty that just then tempted Amelia Flora into the way of transgression. Yerger had few rules and fewer punishments, controlling the noisy little throng of scholars by the sheer force of personality and will; but the rules he had had never been disregarded without the full penalty being paid. The children had grown to know this, — those who had been with him since they first wept over the difficulties of their A B C's, — and the Commodore, the newest member of the school, had always vaguely felt it. But it was not until Amelia Flora, with the pride that comes before a bitter fall, had ventured openly to disobey the schoolmaster, that the Commodore knew things for himself.

Just why Amelia Flora decided at this time carefully to reduce to pulp scraps of paper, and dexterously spit them at the Baxter twins, could not be told. It might have been joy at the coming vacation, or grief for the Commodore's departure that was near at hand, — him she had in secret worshiped. At any rate Amelia Flora fell, and — Yerger caught her falling!

The Latin grammar class was at recitation, and the Commodore was struggling bravely with the subjunctive mood, when Yerger, suddenly motioning him to cease, rose, and came to the edge of the platform. There was a terrible silence in which no one moved, and he fixed his eyes on Amelia Flora.

"Come here!"

Amelia Flora trembled. She forgot to drop the pulp bullets, carefully prepared, which she held in her hand. Her feet seemed shod with lead.

"Come here!"

Amelia Flora rose and advanced falteringly. An almost unheard whisper of excitement stole through the schoolroom.

"A year ago," said Yerger, "I warned every child in the school of what might be expected if this offense was repeated. Amelia Flora, hold out your hand."

Yerger took a ruler from the desk. The whisper of excitement grew, and then a perfect stillness followed. Amelia Flora stood immovable as though turned to stone.

"Hold out your hand."

Amelia Flora did so, and all the sticky pulp bullets slipped to the floor at Yerger's feet. She did not even see them for the tears.

There was the sound of scraping feet in the Latin grammar class. The Commodore, his face white as from some illness, came up to Amelia Flora, and reached forth and took her hand. Then he looked up at Yerger. At first it seemed he could not speak, and then his voice grew steady. The words reached even the Baxter twins at the back of the room.

"You're not going to strike a girl, sir!"

Yerger met his eyes calmly, an odd light in his own. The slow dark flush, so seldom seen upon his face, rose to it now, and the children, straining ears and eyes, held their breath.

"Am I going to strike a boy, instead?" he asked in his cold, dry way.

The Commodore's hold tightened a little on Amelia Flora's hand. He breathed heavily.

"No, sir."

"You are afraid?"

A sudden rush of blood came to the Commodore's face and then receded, leaving it whiter than before. He dropped Amelia Flora's hand suddenly and took a step nearer to Yerger. His eyes met Yerger's with an all-consuming anger and his voice shook.

"No, sir, I'm not *afraid*," and he caught his breath sharply over the word. "I don't mind a licking—square! I'll *fight* you, sir, all right, though I know you won't leave much of me! We put the men in the 'brig' in the navy, sir, when they disobey, or in irons, or on bread and water, but we don't *touch* them!"

The Commodore stopped with a sharp indrawing of the breath, and slowly the anger faded from his eyes. Yerger's had never left his face.

"Is that all you have to say?" he asked.

The Commodore shook his head a little.

"Well, no, sir, not quite," he said, and his voice was respectful and almost pleasant again. "I—I just thought that perhaps—for the minute, sir—you forgot how they do things in the navy!"

There was a long silence in the school-room, broken by the fall of a coal in the big stove. The dark flush had gone from Yerger's face, leaving it as immovable as before. He looked from the Commodore over the sea of children's faces and then back into the Commodore's grave eyes again. Then he stepped back and laid the ruler on the desk.

"You are right," he said, in his cold, dry way. "I—had forgotten."

Then he turned to Amelia Flora.

"There will be an extra lesson for you to study in your vacation, and you will come here Saturday morning and recite it to me. You may take your seat."

The Commodore stood waiting.

"As for you," said Yerger, "there will be on your desk later a Latin exercise. You will stay here this afternoon and copy it one hundred times."

"Yes sir," said the Commodore, not looking at Yerger now.

"That is all," said Yerger.

The Commodore turned and resumed his seat with cheeks that burned anew. His punishment had been spoken before the whole school, and he had only one day more; but Amelia Flora had not been struck!

VI

The long afternoon wore onward to its close. Yerger waited at his desk until the Commodore was through, that he might close up for the night. The Commodore labored wearily over the Latin exercise, and already was the big sheet of foolscap blotted in two places, and sticky in half a dozen from the "jaw buster" Amelia Flora had laid upon his desk on leaving. The "jaw buster" helped some, but he was very tired, and the long exercise was only a little over half done.

He copied the words laboriously, spelling them sometimes aloud to help.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

Yerger had copied the Latin words at the head of the sheet and the translation below it. The Commodore read it through slowly as he rested.

"It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country."

The Commodore was obliged to admit that the words thrilled him, but the balm the sentiment of them gave him hardly compensated for the weary copying that had been the price of Amelia Flora's release. He had forgotten Yerger. Indeed he did not even hear him as he quietly left his desk and renewed the

fire that was dying with the day. He did not hear Yerger return. He did not know that Yerger was watching him.

"Dulce — et — decorum —"

He traced the words out more and more slowly. The growing heat of the room made him drowsy.

"— est pro patriâ mori."

The hundredth line had been reached. The pen slipped from his brown, cramped fingers; his head, already close to the desk, fell forward, and the Commodore, his task done, slept.

The fire in the big stove flared up, and very slowly began to die out again. A few last sunbeams crept into the quiet room where Yerger watched. By and by these faded, and shadows stole into the far corners. It almost seemed to Yerger as if the shadows were taking shape, — strange, silent forms of lost, dead things. He kept staring at the shadows and the Commodore. In some strange fashion, the shadows and the Commodore became a link to bind him to the past, and then the schoolroom in all its bare ugliness stood out, — the rows of narrow desks, the rows of narrow benches, — as narrow and as cold and unresponsive as his life had been. The twilight gathered, and softened the hardness of all things, and the Commodore slept on. Yerger watched him, a strange expression in his eyes. Just one day more! Such a little time as he had had to teach him the little that he knew himself! The days would come and go. Amelia Flora would continue to struggle over the multiplication table; the Baxter twins would continue to be late as usual, — all the endless round, — but the Commodore would never come again!

The chill of the room suddenly struck on Yerger unpleasantly. He rose and

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lighted a big lamp that hung behind his desk. The movement roused the Commodore, who looked up guiltily, and then with the paper in his hand came to Yerger's desk and laid it down beside him.

"It's finished, sir," he said, and then a little anxiously, "Is it all right?"

Yerger's eyes traveled down the length of the sticky, blotted sheet. From the seventieth line until the end there shone forth an *i* in *decorum* and an *e* in *patriâ*. Yerger folded the sheet carefully and laid it in his desk.

"That will do," he said.

The Commodore was almost late the next day, but not quite, and he was there in time to hear the little speech that Yerger made the children. Often he kept remembering it in a puzzled way.

"After long consideration, I have decided to abolish corporal punishment. All of you know that I have in the past never resorted to this except under extraordinary circumstances, — principally that of flagrant disobedience. However, in the future there will be some other penalty, equally severe, for similar offenses. I have not taken this step without much thought and — advice from competent authority."

Then Yerger had given out the page for the singing, and his deep baritone had led, —

"What's all the world to me,
Robin Adair —"

He had stopped suddenly, but the children had not noticed. Only the Commodore's clear, grave eyes met his own, and, above the other voices, above the music evoked from the old piano by Amelia Flora's older sister, the Commodore's clear young voice carried the measure to its close.

SINNING BY SYNDICATE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THOSE who contend that men are growing better, and those who insist that matters are growing worse, may both be right. "Look at the amelioration in the lot of women, of children, of blacks, of convicts, of defectives," flute the apologists. "Never were punishments more humane, manners milder, amusements cleaner, gifts larger, the rights of the weak better protected, the lower creatures more considered." "But mark the ruthlessness of industry, the ferocity of business, the friction of classes, the stench of politics," rasp the critics. "Never in our time were children so exploited, workers so driven, consumers so poisoned, passengers so mangled, investors so fleeced, public servants so tempted." The key to the paradox is that while men are improving in their personal relations, the control of industry and business is becoming impersonal.

Take the face-to-face element out of a relation, and any lurking devil in it comes to the surface. In the old South there was a world of difference to the slaves between the kind master and the hard master. But these differences tended to disappear as the plantations grew big and the slaves came under the immediate control of overseers. The Irish found tenancy tolerable under a good landlord; but with absenteeism and the management of the estate by the agent, all that was oppressive in landlordism came out. It is noteworthy that the strife between employer and employee was never so bitter as it has become since corporations came to be the great employers. So, also, the tension between the railroads and the people has grown with the merging of lines locally owned into huge systems controlled by remote investors in the East or in Europe.

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There is nothing like distance to dis-infect dividends. Therefore the moral character of the stockholders makes very little difference in the conduct of the affairs of the corporation. Christian or heathen, native or alien, blue blood or plebeian, rich or poor, they all sanction much the same thing, and that is, the policy that promises the biggest dividends in the long run. To the directors their virtual mandate is, "Get results!" The directors pass this mandate on to the officers. The officers pass it on to the heads of departments, and these send it on down the line. Take one gas company formed by saints and another formed by sinners. The directors of the two companies will be more alike than the stockholders, the officers will be still more alike, and the men that come into contact with the legislature or the city council, or the gas consumers, will not differ by a shade. The saintly stockholders not only do not know what is going on, but so long as the dividends are comfortable they resent having inconvenient knowledge thrust upon them.

The corporation, to be sure, has certain good points. The corporate owner — of course we are not speaking of one-man corporations, or of those whose officers follow their own sweet will — is not warped by race antipathy, or religious prejudice, or caste pride. Unlike the individual business man, its course is never shaped by political ambitions or social aspirations, or the personal feuds of its wife. It does not exact personal subservience, does not indulge itself in petty tyranny, is not held back from negotiation with its employees by aristocratic haughtiness. It does not feel angry or hold a grudge. If it ruins any one, it does so not from malice, but simply

because he stands in the way. Let him meekly creep into the ditch, and it honks by unnoticed. The business man may be swerved by vindictiveness or generosity, by passion or by conscience, but the genuine corporation responds to but one motive. Toward gain it gravitates with the ruthlessness of a lava stream.

Nevertheless, if the corporate owner is free from the weaknesses of the individual, it escapes also his wholesome limitations. It feels not the restraints that conscience and public sentiment lay on the business man. It fears the law no more, and public indignation far less, than does the individual. You can hiss the bad man, egg him, lampoon him, caricature him, ostracize him and his. Not so with the bad corporation. The corporation, moreover, is not in dread of hell fire. You cannot Christianize it. You may convert its stockholders, animate them with patriotism or public spirit or love of social service; but this will have little or no effect on the tenor of their corporation. In short, it is an entity that transmits the greed of investors, but not their conscience; that returns them profits, but not unpopularity.

In view of the psychology of the corporation, the fact that in a lifetime it has risen to the captaincy of more than half the active wealth of this country cannot be without bearing on our moral situation. A current manual describes 6700 companies (not including banking and insurance companies) with a capitalization of thirty-six billions of dollars, and an actual property estimated to be worth twenty-seven billions or sixty per cent of all the wealth of the United States outside of farm values and of city values in residences and in private businesses. Surely the misconduct of this giant race of artificial persons deserves consideration by itself.

More than other sinning, corporate sinning alienates social classes.

Thanks to the magic of limited liability, every year finds a greater distance

between the corporate business and its absentee owners. Every year sees these owners more numerous, more scattered, more dominated by the big insiders. Every year sees savings banks, trust companies, and insurance companies coming between the corporate management and the millions who furnish the money, thereby making it harder for their conscience to reach and tincture that management. Moreover, the Big Men's practice of watering a paying stock and unloading the infusion upon the investing public is marvelously potent in banishing humanity and decency from the corporation's treatment of its labor, its patrons, or the public authorities. To doubt if stock-watering tightens the squeeze is to doubt if the *bona fide* investor, restless on the bare bench of a paltry three per cent per annum, will yammer harder for more dividends than one lounging luxuriously on the velvet of twelve per cent. The device of capitalizing and marketing the last turn of the corporation screw has a diabolic power to convert the retired preacher or professor (who has exchanged his life's savings for aqueous securities at par) into an oppressor of Tennessee miners, or Georgia operatives, or Kansas farmers, as relentless as an absentee Highland laird or a spendthrift Russian nobleman.

These developments tend to bring to the headship of certain big businesses — especially public-service enterprises — men akin to the steward on a feudal estate or the agent of an Irish landlord. With growing remoteness and anonymity of ownership, the railroad, gas, or traction manager who aims to develop his properties, to prosper through the prosperity of the community instead of at its expense, to respect local sentiment, the rights of others, and the law of the land, is dropped. Quietly, but relentlessly, the popular man of local antecedents and attachments, who calls his men "Bill" or "Jim," is discarded for the imported man with "nerve," who "does things," who "gets results" — no matter

how. The owners fête and cheer the "efficient" railroad president who has increased the net earnings "520 per cent in eight years," heedless that he lets the trestles rot till cars full of sleeping passengers drop through them, overworks his men till people are hurled to destruction in daily smash-ups, and denies sidings for the swelling traffic till his trainmen pay death a heavier toll than soldiers in the field.

Now, the stockholders for whom all these iniquitous things are done do not consciously stand for them. They do not will that children should be worn out, workmen maimed, consumers defrauded, the ballot polluted, or public men debauched. They seem to demand such conduct only because they fail to realize what they are doing when they exact the utmost penny. However harmless their intentions, their clamor for fat dividends inevitably throws the management of quasi-public — and some other — businesses into the hands of the domineering-arrogant or the suave-unscrupulous type. The manager represents just one side of the shareholders, namely, their avarice. In other respects he is no more typical of them than the company doctor is typical of physicians or the corporation attorney is typical of lawyers.

The million or million and a half owners of corporation stock in this country are not as a rule law-despising, unpatriotic, or hardhearted. They are inoffensive American citizens who probably love their country and their fellow men as much as the brakemen or miners or farmers under the corporation harrow. But their amiable traits are not likely to reflect themselves in the officers and managers of their property. What, then, is more natural than that those in contact with these agents should take them as representative, should estimate the owners by them, and should accordingly foresee an irrepressible conflict between a lawless, anti-social capitalist class and the masses? Thus springs up the delusion of progress by class war, and the

mischievous policy of appealing solely to the class interests of workers instead of chiefly to that sense of right and justice which is found at every level and in every quarter of society, and which is the only power that can settle things so that they stay settled. For you cannot sharpen class consciousness without whetting class hatred and loosening social bonds. The only hatred that is wholesome and social and propulsive is the hatred of the righteous for the willfully unrighteous. A reform that follows this line does not breed a reaction.

Aggressive corporation men put in a wrong light not only capitalists, but their opponents as well. In excusing the troubles their arrogance provokes, they pass along to owners biased versions which, by misrepresenting the claims of patrons and laborers, root capitalists generally in the notion that the masses are uppish and heady, and inspire in them a "last ditch" sentiment as foolish as it is dangerous.

Now, the corporation cannot mend itself. More and more it is impersonal and non-moral. More and more the far-away manager is rated as a profit conveyor, and the conduit with the bigger flow is always preferred. It has become a machine, and Mammon is its master. Reform, therefore, will not come from the inside. Those who supply the capital cannot mold it to their better will. But they can change its spirit if they will join with their fellow citizens in restraining the corporation by public opinion and by statute. If the reaction of organized society upon the Gradgrind type of manager is so severe that he cannot make so much money for his stockholders as a more reasonable and representative type, he will give way to the better man, and one cause of the needless alienation of classes will be removed.

In resenting corporate sins we must follow the maxim, "Blame not the tool, but the hand that moves the tool."

The savage beats the stone he has stumbled over without inquiring who left

the stone in his way. Early law punishes brutes for the harm they do, and the domestic animal that hurts a human being is *deodand*. Law now looks farther back, but the public in its shortsightedness is like a stricken animal biting at the arrow in its flank instead of charging on the hunter.

In view of the pressure they are under, what folly to mob the spade men who set telephone poles where they have no right to be, rather than the manager in a downtown office who gives these men their orders! Why execrate the dozing operator, or the forgetful engineer, rather than the superiors who exact the long hours that incapacitate for duty? Why lynch the motorman for running over the baby, when he is on a schedule that obliges him to violate the municipal speed ordinance or lose his job? When powder firms or armor-plate companies are detected giving aid to the enemies of their country by furnishing bad plates or poor powder, what childishness to be satisfied when the employees who plugged the blow-holes or "switched the samples" are dismissed with a great show of virtuous indignation, while the instigators go unpunished!

There is no work so dirty or dangerous but that it will attract volunteers pleading wife and babes to support. An economic constraint, more or less harsh, binds the ordinary underlings of a corporation and obliges us, in quest of the one to blame or punish, to turn to "the men higher up." Nor is it easy to find the right place to stop. Whom shall we blame when orders for automatic signals put in by superintendents of railroads on which heart-rending collisions have occurred, have been turned down by the Wall Street owners? The company claim-adjuster who, by playing on the ignorance, fears, and necessities of the injured, "bluffs" them out of their lawful indemnity, insists with truth that, if he did not cheat the victims, another man with fewer qualms would be given his place. The attorney who fights all claims, just as well as

unjust, to the last court in order to intimidate claimants, pleads that his corporation will wear them out anyway, and he might as well hold the job as some one else.

Ought we, indeed, to flay the legislator who, under pain of losing the renomination, votes as he is told on corporation matters, or the bureau chief who winks at crooked land entries because he feels at the back of his neck the chill of the axe? He is no hero, to be sure, who eats dirt in order to keep his berth; but if he refuses he will become a martyr, and it is doubtful if we have the right to require martyrdom of anybody. The society that allows its enemies to run the party conventions, or lets unclean hands wield the official axe, has only itself to blame for what follows.

In all such cases the blame meted out should correspond to the degree of actual — not formal — freedom enjoyed by the agent. Society may call upon a man to renounce his champagne and truffles for the right's sake sooner than his cake and jam; to quarrel with his cake and jam sooner than with his bread and butter; to sacrifice his own bread and butter sooner than the bread and butter of his children. In general, as we ascend from the track-layers who grab a street over night to the foreman of the gang, to the superintendent, to the general manager, accountability broadens and the tale of stripes should increase. Still, even the man high up may act under duress. For example, in a certain city a cotton mill wanted a new street opened and larger water-mains laid. The city council tabled the request, but an inquiry showed that \$15,000 would "fix" the council. The manager, who "did n't believe in doing business that way," held out for over a year. Meantime the mill suffered financially. The directors became restive, investigated, and found that a manager with a Scotch conscience was standing between them and their profits. They dismissed him for a more "practical" man.

In the corporation the men who give orders, but do not take them, are the directors. They enjoy economic freedom. If their scruples cost them a reflection, their livelihood is not jeopardized. In the will of these men lies the fountain head of righteousness or iniquity in the policies of the corporation. Here is the moral laboratory where the lust of an additional quarter of a per cent of dividend, on the part of men already comfortable in goods, is mysteriously transmuted into deeds of wrong and lawlessness by remote, obscure employees in terror of losing their livelihood.

The anonymity of the corporation can be met only by fixing on directors the responsibility for corporate sinning.

In enforcing the rules of the game the chief problem is how to restrain corporations. The threat to withdraw the charter alarms no one, for corporations know they are here to stay. Fine the law-breaking officers, and the board of directors by indemnifying them encourages them to do it again. Fine the corporation, and, if its sinning is lucrative, it heeds the fine no more than a flea-bite. Never will the brake of the law grip these slippery wheels until prison doors yawn for the convicted officers of lawless corporations. Even then you cannot fasten upon the officers legal responsibility for much of the iniquity they instigate. For example, to deceive the state insurance commissioners the president of a culpable insurance company directs the actuary to make up a report of such and such a character. He hands it to the treasurer and the auditor who, as required by law, swear that "to the best of their knowledge and belief" it is true. The high officials who screen their mismanagement with this false report have not been obliged to perjure themselves by swearing to it. The law has no hold upon them.

Again, a rich corporation desires legislation favorable to its own interests. The president engages an eminent at-

torney to draft a bill to that effect. He then takes it to a great law firm versed in practice of a legislative character. "I want you gentlemen to use all proper and legitimate means to secure the passage of this measure. Send the bill to me." The firm gets the measure introduced and then engages the service of a great lobbyist. The lobbyist seeks to influence men who are under obligations to him for financial help in getting elected. If some needed legislators stand out demanding money, he engages the services of small lobbyists, or sends an intermediary with a bribe. Thus the chief offenders protect themselves by working through accomplices, in many cases so remote from them that they are not even aware of the accomplices' existence.

Until the courts recast their definitions of legal evidence and legal responsibility, much of the control of corporations must devolve upon some agent free from the pedantries and Byzantisms of the law. Public opinion, however, is impotent so long as it allows itself to be kept guessing which shell the pea is under, whether the accountability is with the foreman, or the local manager, or the general manager, or the president, or the directors. How easily the general wrath is lost in this maze! Public indignation meets a cuirass of divided responsibility that scatters a shock which would have stretched iniquity prone. Till the law lifted its mailed fist, how futile were the agitations against grade crossings, link couplers, and fenderless cars! Instead of playing hide-and-seek in the intricacies of the corporate structure, public opinion should strike right for the top. Let it mark the tactics of the Philadelphia mothers who, after vain appeal to underlings to put in a gate at a railroad crossing their children must make on the way to school, stormed the office of the president of the road.

The directors of a company ought to be individually accountable for every case of misconduct of which the company receives the benefit, for every preventable

deficiency or abuse that regularly goes on in the course of the business. Hold them blameless if they prove the inefficiency or disobedience of underlings, but not if they plead ignorance. Consider the salutary side-effects of such severity. When an avalanche of wrath hangs over the head of the directors of a sinning corporation, no one will accept a directorship who is not prepared to give a good deal of time and serious attention to its business. Strict accountability will send flying the figurehead directors who, when the misdeeds of their protégés come to light, protest that they "did n't know." It will bar buccaneering insiders from using a group of eminent dummies as unwitting decoys for the confiding investor or policy holder. It will break up the game of operating a brigand public-service company (owned by some distant "syndicate") from behind a board of respectable local "directors" without a shred of power.

Let it be understood that a man's reputation may be blasted by scandal within his corporation, and we shall not see men directors on a score or two of boards. In New York city one man is found to be director of forty-five railroads, another of forty-two, others of thirty-seven, thirty-five, twenty-eight, twenty-two roads. Fifteen men are in sixteen or more railroads, thirty-four are directors of from ten to fifteen roads. Forty-eight are directors of seven roads or more. Those on the boards of from two to six roads are almost innumerable. Seventy-six men, holding among them about sixteen hundred directorships, are said, on high authority, to control fully one hundred of the greatest railroad, industrial, and banking corporations, with a capital equal to one fifth of the national wealth! Now, stricter accountability would greatly enlarge this directing *personnel*, and perhaps rid it of some of that plutocratic arrogance which is inseparable from filling boards of directors with Wall Street bankers and speculators and a few men of enormous wealth. By enlist-

ing more men with an interest in the technical side of the business, or in the community it serves, the evils of financial directorates would be mitigated.

In one state, newspapers have been required to print in every issue the name and place of business of the publisher or proprietor, in order that the responsibility of the paper may be certain. It ought likewise to be customary to print along with the news of exposure of corporation misconduct the names of the directors, in order that the public indignation may not explode without result, but find rather a proper target; for just indignation is altogether too precious a thing to be wasted.

Make it vain for a director to plead that he opposed the wrong sanctioned by the majority of his colleagues. If he will keep his skirts clear, let him resign the moment he is not ready to stand for every policy of his board. In the board of directors, as in the cabinet of parliamentary countries, the principle of joint responsibility should hold. It ought to be as inevitable for the entire board of directors of a railroad company caught systematically stealing mineral lands or oppressing coal operators along its line, to resign, as now it is a matter of course for college trustees to resign when they have been caught unloading bad securities on the college funds.

The trust practice of cross-checking, setting off plant against plant, and one department in a plant against corresponding departments in all the other plants, while keying up technical efficiency, drives the superintendents and foremen under this staccato rivalry to bear hard on labor. The public conscience will not long tolerate such ruthless exercise of corporate might, especially when the workers are women, or children, or unskilled. Let directors become habituated to full responsibility, and a reputable man will decline to stand for the treatment of labor under modern systems of cost accounting, unless he is protected by a "labor commissioner" or "welfare

manager" responsible directly to a committee of the directors. It would be the duty of such an officer to limit the pressure of foremen on the workers, and to standardize at the level of the moral sentiment of the time such matters as hours, night-work, pay for overtime, safety provisions, accident indemnity, the conditions surrounding women and children, and the treatment of company customers or tenants.

Corporations are necessary, yet, through nobody's fault, they tend to become soulless and lawless. By all means let them

reap where they have sown. But why let them declare dividends, not only on their capital, but also on their power to starve out labor, to wear out litigants, to beat down small competitors, to master the market, to evade taxes, to get the free use of public property? Nothing but the curb of organized society can confine them to their own grist and keep them from grinding into dividends the stamina of children, the health of women, the lives of men, the purity of the ballot, the honor of public servants, and the supremacy of the laws.

♦ A PENNSYLVANIA QUAKER BOY

BY ISAAC SHARPLESS

It was a beautiful corner of Pennsylvania in which the Quaker settlers of 1682 and the following years found a home. The great river fronted it, and streams, some of them navigable, paralleled each other up into the country. The gently rolling upland was covered with a great forest of hard wood which, when cleared, uncovered a soil of unusual fertility and freedom from surface rocks. Within it wandered immense numbers of deer and not a few elk. The only animals of prey were the small wolf and the black bear, neither dangerous under ordinary conditions. The marshes abounded in waterfowl, and at certain seasons wild pigeons and other migratory birds could be captured in abundance by throwing stones into the flocks. There were turkeys, pheasants, and partridges. Shad and other sea-fish were plentiful in the river, and the little streams were amply stocked with trout.

Nor were the settlers unworthy of their possessions. A few men of rank and education began a life of trade in the towns, burying their coats of arms as unworthy a Christian democracy. But the

greater part were British yeomen, some landowners in their native land, the most of them renters who had loaded all their furniture, plate, clothing, and in some cases framed houses, into the little sailing vessels, and set out on the two or three months' voyage to the free land which the foresight and generosity of William Penn had secured. They had shown their capacity to suffer by lying months and years in British dungeons for a point of conscience, small perhaps, but which, because it was conscience, they had persisted in thinking was worth more to them than property or liberty or life. They had shown their fraternity by offering themselves — man for man and woman for woman — for their unfortunate brethren who were about to die for conscience' sake in the horrible pest-holes of England. They were to find the free air of the woods, a soil as good as the best they had left, a life of conquest over nature to draw out their best energies, and, better than all, an ideal commonwealth where persecution should never come, and where fraternity would know no bounds of rank or sect or race.

It was a venture, as all emigration is; but the results were happy. There was none of the suffering of Massachusetts and Virginia. Flesh and fish and fowl were to be had for the capture. "We could buy a deer for two shillings and a turkey for one shilling" of the Indians, one of them has recorded. The wise arrangement of Penn had made the red-men more than friends. They were glad to have the Quakers, who paid for everything, who never cheated them, whose guns were used only against the beasts of the wood, and who tried their best to restrain them from fire-water. Little troubles occurred. The Council listened to a complaint of the Welsh settlers of Haverford against the Indians "for the rapine and destruction of their hogs," but the Indian "kings" were sent for, and the matter quickly settled. The Quaker home and children were left in perfect security, while the adult attended the quarterly meeting, or the market-place at Philadelphia or Chester, and so far as the Friends were concerned these kindly relations never ceased.

A cave in the bank, a brush lean-to against a rock, or a log hut, sufficed for the first winter; but better houses soon arose. Each settler had made his purchase in England from rude maps, and quickly found it in the woods. The sales were liberal, five hundred to five thousand acres to a family, for a trifling sum and a quit-rent. The woods fell before their axes, and with a plough drawn by oxen the soil was quickly prepared for wheat, barley, and Indian corn. In one year every farmer had a sufficiency of everything but money, and improvements began. The old houses were discarded and stone buildings arose. Barns for crops and cattle kept pace with the clearing land and increasing produce. As the first settlers died the great farms were divided among the boys, or the younger ones plunged farther into the woods and repeated the process.

They were practically all Friends. If you lay a straight-edged ruler from a

point on the Delaware River midway between Trenton and Easton to the point where the Susquehanna crosses Mason and Dixon's line, you will cut off a corner which for one hundred and fifty years was largely Quaker land. Up to the Civil War not a few townships knew no land-owners outside the fold, and the farms had come down without a deed except the one from William Penn. As time progressed the farms grew smaller by subdivisions, till one hundred and twenty-five acres or thereabouts became the normal size, and the productivity always increased. The young man who could not buy a farm with borrowed money, and stock it, and by middle life have it clear of debt, was seriously lacking in business management or economy, or both. Expenses of living were trifling. The boys did the work outside and the girls within, and there were usually plenty of both. The fields and the garden gave the vegetables, and the barn, the pig-pen, and the poultry-yard the meat. The housewife spun the flax, wove the cloth, cut out and sewed the garments. She made sausage and scrapple and mince pies, carpets and candles and feather-beds. Such lives developed qualities of saving and hoarding, and so it happened that not a few families passed from generation to generation an ever-increasing stock of money at interest, and enlarged houses and barns, and ideas of fine tillage and care of soil, and furniture plain but solid, and shade-trees around the place, and looks that bespoke comfort, homelikeness, and family pride.

The New England farm developed strong men; but the rugged soil did not invite their continuance, and the strength of New England went to the cities or the West. The western farm made great crops, but western farmers are nomads, and in general have no ancestral homes. Perhaps nowhere else in the United States has there been that combination of soil and social conditions which created a satisfied, intelligent, permanent yeomanry. The land itself was treated al-

most as a sentient being. It must not be abused any more than a horse or an ox. It must be fed, and not cropped into sterility, and so, unlike the south land, it grew in fertility with each generation, clearer of weeds and stones, more mellow and rich and kindly. The great stone houses, of plain but harmonious outline, the whitewashed outbuildings and fences, the evergreen and deciduous trees, all bespoke the comfortable and prosperous home, to which the wandering children would return as long as they lived, as the family gathering called them from distant business or residence, and to which their thoughts would revert with ever-increasing fervency as they reviewed their boyhood days.

For truly the Pennsylvania Quaker farm and homestead was a great place for a boy to grow into a man. The old conditions lasted till the Civil War. Since then there has been a gradual scattering of the old families, and their places have been taken by immigrants and renters of another type. The old race will be largely extinct in another generation; but many a man now in middle life or beyond who has made his mark in Philadelphia or elsewhere, in business or professional life, blesses the fate that gave him the physical and moral basis of such a boyhood.

The boy's life was not a vagabond life, though streams and woods were well known, and wild animals and birds and flowers were sources of unending pleasure and instruction. As soon as he was old enough there was work to be done, wood to carry in from the woodpile, cows and horses to bring in from the field, apples to gather, and fruits and vegetables to pick. The work was done, if not willingly yet faithfully, and a great lesson learned.

The father was an autocrat, a kindly and wise one whose commands were never questioned. "John," said he to his boy at the table, "John, hold thy plate."

"I don't want that, father," faltered the boy.

"I did not ask thee what thee wanted; I told thee to hold thy plate;" and John took what was offered and ate it without a word. If too wet to go to the field, father and John could pull weeds in the garden. John did not understand why this was not as wet as the field, but father said not, and John accepted it as true. When too cold for other work, you could pick stones in the field. Again John could not understand why prying up stones frozen into the ground, with gloveless fingers, was not as cold as anything else; but father said it was cold-weather work, and when John got homesick at boarding school he sadly reflected that if only he could go home he would gladly even pick stones with the thermometer at freezing. As the boy grew up, the duties and responsibilities increased, and the labor was the more continuous. Driving horses to plough or harrow, the more strenuous work of the harvest time, the family consultation as to which field to work out of grass for the regular routine of corn, oats, and wheat, and two years of mowing, to be followed by pasture, became his larger functions.

But there was always plenty of time for the boyish recreation which the country afforded. He was never a slave to work or to authority. There was the stream to fish, and the charms of fishing grew upon him, till a busy life afterwards only made it more enticing, as memory brought back the great sucker in the mill-dam or trout in the clear stream. There were muskrats to be trapped in winter and the raccoon that stole the chickens and turkeys. There were the games in which boys on the neighboring farms would join, or the ride on the big sled in winter. All of these and many more were a constant source of pleasure and education which the older people were too wise to curb.

Nor were intellectual opportunities lacking. Every house had some books, — often Friends' books, *Sevel's History* and *Piety Promoted*; the first stirred the boy's denominational patriotism as he

heard of the brave deeds of his ancestors; but for the latter, to tell the truth, he did not care much, though he had to take a share of it on First Day. There was, too, the neighborhood library sustained by the farmers for a few miles around. The key was kept in a neighboring store or meeting-house and any one could get it, select his book, register it himself, lock up, and go home. As practically all the subscribers were Friends, fiction was disallowed; but the healthy boy found in history and biography and travel a substitute which charmed him through many a wintry evening and slack hour through the day. Macaulay was too critical of the Friends, and was outlawed; but Rollin and Ranke and Motley and Prescott became a part of the boy's permanent stock in trade, and he learned to read to good purpose. The wilds of Africa were explored with Livingstone, and the wastes of Greenland with Franklin and Kane; and if an occasional volume by Mayne Reid crept in through an unsuspicious committee, on the ground that it was a record of travel, probably no one was the worse. The different families read the same books, and a comparison of views kept the memory fresh.

But above all else these old farmers retained something of the conscience of their ancestors. To go to meeting twice a week was the most inevitable part of the weekly programme. It was always the "previous engagement."

"It will rain to-day and that hay just ready to come in will be spoiled," John would urge on a Fourth Day morning.

"Harness the horse and we will all go to meeting," was the uncompromising answer.

The meeting was mostly silent, just a gathering of men, women, and children sitting on unpainted and straight-backed benches for an hour. The boys did not always enter profoundly into the spiritual exercise of the occasion, and sometimes perhaps even the older ones had not such sustained mystical communion as their faces then seemed to indicate. But after

all, the lesson of the supremacy of religious duty over all business affairs was well taught, and the quiet influence of the Spirit was not always a delusion; while the cramped physical powers of the healthy boy found relief afterwards in an unrestrained and joyous exercise. The habit of at least formal attention to religious obligations was seldom lost.

It was in the "monthly meetings" that the moral standards were set and maintained. These business sessions were as imperative upon old and young as the purely religious gatherings. The "queries" were to be answered in open meeting, not individually but as a body, and the answer inscribed in a book.

Do you go to meeting regularly, and behave yourself when there?

Do you have "love and unity" with other members?

Do you live a simple life, avoid complicity with warlike operations or judicial oaths?

Do you look after the poor Friends, and do you pay your debts? — and other questions relating to conduct and habits.

The boy, perhaps, could not define Quakerism; but he got an idea very firmly that a quiet, kindly, moral life was required of him, an idea which often survived the vastly lower standards among which he had to work out his adult conduct.

The home confirmed the meeting, — or the reverse might be a more true way of writing it. The little silence before each meal, the Bible-reading at the breakfast-table and on First Day evening by one whose life was a manifest effort to live by its precepts; even the absence of formal teaching and the general reticence as to religious subjects, along with the seriousness at rare intervals when the rebuke or the commendation was evidently needed, — all these were daily building character, whether any one was conscious of it or not.

In 1827 Quakerdom was rent by the great "Separation." Hicksite and Orthodox, as they were popularly called,

lived side by side as neighbors and relatives; but a great gap opened between them. The Orthodox were influential in Philadelphia, but the Hicksites controlled the country. They kept the old stone meeting-houses. For a time the two worshipped in the two ends of the same house, or in the same room at different hours; but these arrangements in the excited state of feeling were too close for peace. All through these Quaker counties one sees meeting-houses in duplicate, the old one almost always Hicksite. The feeling during the first generation was intense. Social intercourse ceased. Ministers of the two bodies meeting in the road gave each other the least possible recognition, and mutual individual "disownments" cleared the skirts of each of responsibility for the other. The two had the same moral standards and the same methods of worship. In the main they looked at life from the same point of view; but the Hicksite was supposed to have beliefs with Unitarian tendency, the Orthodox to be unbearably dogmatic; and so they parted, except that the boys and girls might safely go to the same little school by the meeting-house.

They were not potent factors in party politics. They had forgotten the great colonial days when the Holy Experiment was building the most prosperous, free, and progressive commonwealth along the Atlantic, under Quaker legislation unintermitted for seventy years; when David Lloyd, John Kinsey, and Isaac Norris led the Quaker hosts in a well-defined but strictly moral political machine. They had rather accepted the mediaeval doctrine that introversion and not outward activity was the badge and safeguard of the Friend. In township matters, as school director, or road supervisor, they performed their duty, and the Quaker vote could be counted on, on election day. But the noisy convention and political meeting did not know them, and the candidate for an office higher than township was an object of concern. They were conservative in most matters,

but on a moral question to which their society was committed, they could be the leaders of the radicals. Every Quaker was an anti-slavery man, and many of them were uncompromising abolitionists of the Garrison type. The Underground Railway had an unfailing route through the Quaker counties, and the runaway once over the line found plenty of sympathy and active aid. The boy at the table or during the winter evening drank in, in respectful silence, the iniquities of slavery till a negro became a hero, and he would warmly resent any appellation less respectful than *colored man*.

Then came on the war. It seemed to present a conflict of duties. The elders saw clearly that the long history of opposition to slavery was fairly matched by an equally long testimony against war; yet to a man they fervently desired the success of the Union arms. If the tradition of John Woolman and Anthony Benezet and the example of John G. Whittier kept them true to the cause of freedom, the history of their own ancestors during the Revolutionary War kept them true to the cause of peace. For it was known that every little complicity with war had been conscientiously avoided. When the American army had taken blankets and left the money with the boy, the father had ridden miles to find the purchaser and return the price, though, of course, he never recovered the blankets. When a boy had thrown down a bar in response to the demand of a British trooper, enforced with a drawn sword, the conviction that he might be a party to taking human life so seized him that he refused to proceed with the others. These traditions and convictions held the soberer ones steadily to non-participation. The boys and young men were more influenced by the excitement, and some of them responded to the call. Such usually lost their Quaker connection, but never the influences of their early training.

What better boyhood could there be for a man who is to do great work? A body hardened by years of pure air and

active but not excessive exercise; a mind braced by a school life which required things to be done by himself and not by the teacher, and broadened by a careful reading of a limited number of improving books; a character formed by regular duties, the example of conscientious living, the ever-present sacredness of moral responsibility, abhorrence of evil, and sympathy with suffering; and a hearty respect for a religion of the simplest character and absolutely without hypocrisy.

In some respects, to be sure, it was a narrow and circumscribed life; but these qualities may not be the worst evils for the boy. There was to be plenty of breadth and liberty later, and he approached manhood without the feeling that life was a sucked orange; rather it was to him a glorious opportunity of unknown possibilities in which his untried powers of strong resolve and sustained effort, kept well in hand, might do their best.

ALEUTIAN

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

MISTS are his heavens.* His moon behind a veil
 Unseen, her silvern circle slowly fills;
 How fair in twilight pale
 Are shy young stars down vistas in the hills
 He knows not, nor the golden pomps of June.
 When high o'erhead by shimmering bastions hoary
 The sun in tranquil glory
 Goes westering down some star-deep, blue lagoon;
 But spindrift clouds his island outlines blur,
 And long rains round him purr,
 And ceaseless fogs, of Asian sea-winds borne,
 Swirl in, till night and noon
 Are writ in one dull Arctic character,
 Alike of shadow and of shining shorn.

Our tumult of the street,
 Trample of feet,
 Harsh-roaring wheels, and throbbing bells, and cries,
 To that swart islander were strangest dream —
 Save when the tempest flies,
 No mightier voices rise
 Than barking seal-herds, or the sea-birds' scream,
 All round his isles; and tales of tower and dome
 Seem but a shipwrecked stranger's rude romancing
 To him, whose vagrant home
 Is a light kayak mid the whitecaps dancing
 In wild seas west of Nome.

For him no ripe fields rustle,
 Waiting the fruitful bustle
 Of harvest-scenes, nor autumn orchards bending
 Beneath their painted burdens, perfume lending
 To every passing air —
 'T is his to reap the unsown waters wide,
 To strike the salmon swift in swinging sea,
 Silent as foam across the foam to glide
 Among the basking seals before they flee;
 And if no garden fair
 Allure his care,
 No bit of heavenly blue in blossoms molden,
 Nor roses red nor golden,
 Gladden his path, yet sometimes round the year
 A great hand sweeps the curtains from his skies,
 And spired Auroras dazzling up the sphere
 Foreshow him Paradise.

No race behind him lies
 Rooted in memories,
 No shining deeds with such rare art rehearsed
 That men are nigh forgetting
 The jewel in the setting —
 His lonely soul is versed
 In one scant tongue; a few rough shards of speech
 Serve all his need; but when beneath the moon
 That still sets sidewise down the frozen beach,
 In the dim hut he hears his wife's low croon,
 His first-born's gurgling laugh, well knows he then
 That song, that laughter, speaks all tongues of men.

What if to him the storied past is dumb,
 Or, finding speech, but stirs a troubled doubting?
 Can Cæsar's ashes warm the fingers numb?
 What helps Achilles' shouting,
 Or hinders, Helen's pouting,
 Far by Scamander and the doomed wall,
 To him whose spear-long barque of lightest leather,
 Mid ghostly icebergs towering Andes-tall,
 Must Arctic tempests weather?

Nay, 't is not Art alone,
 Nor sad-eyed centuries of weary lore,
 Nor rugged northern zone,
 And hard-earned harvests wrung from watery floor,
 Makes men or mars: in Heaven's eternal plan
 'T is living only makes a man a man.

BUCK DU SPAIN

BY HELEN DUNCAN QUEEN

I WAS only eight, that first summer father let the hauling to the Du Spains, but I remember very well the dusty day they drove round the turn into sight, and covered the big flat between the men's cabins and the barns with their long bark wagons, and half-a-hundred horses.

Buck Du Spain did n't come with the rest, but rode in, on his little black horse, in the yellow evening. He was very beautiful, I thought, when he dropped off his horse, and came over to speak to father, — tall, and lazily slow, with a full throat, and a pleasant, drawling voice, and — delight of my childish heart — a straight nose. He put me up on his horse when he led him round to the stable, and then told me to see how fast I could run home.

They — the Du Spains — took the big white house just across the road from ours, that had been empty so long. Buck could n't have been more than eighteen, for he was n't driving himself, but just helped his father manage the big outfit, and took a team out for a day or so, if a driver were laid off. He and my gay young uncle grew fast friends, and I, lonely for playmates, tagged them mercilessly. But, when I had stayed at his mother's for supper, he would perch me on the arm of his chair, and show me pictures from a book so big that it did n't lie on the table, but stood on the floor beside it, and then, when I grew sleepy, would carry me across the road, home.

At the end of the season they went away again, and I watched the caravan of teams pull out of sight, with ringing of leaders' bells, and the odd rumbling of unloaded big wagons, — and felt forlorn.

It was four years later when they came again. Old Du Spain was dead, and

Buck had the outfit, which was smaller now. My admiration was as keen as ever, if more quiet. I was quite content to curl up in the cane rocker in his mother's sitting-room, while he, sprawled across the lounge, read the most varied assortment of novels. It was a hot Sunday, and I very crisp in a new dress, when he gave me the fat, brown *Les Misérables*, thumb-marked, and redolent of the tobacco of many bark camps, that to this day jostles the daintier volumes on my shelves.

The rains came early that year, so they shedded the bark that was left in the woods, and took the horses forty miles to pasture. I remember the long string going down the hill, one tied to the other's tail. The teamsters left, but Buck and his mother decided to stay, — they might as well winter there as anywhere, they said. So we settled down for the winter, which was only quieter than the summer.

When it was clear, — and it seemed not to be clear much — I sat on the high porch, and watched my uncle and Buck break the two new colts, wild from the range. For rainy days I had two playing places, — the long, low room over the kitchen, sacred to trunks, old magazines, and my dolls — and, better far, the store, where my uncle and Buck sat beside the high, round stove they kept roaring, making, for the six-horse lashes, the poppers I could never "pop," and braiding elaborate covers for whip-stocks with silver ferules slipped on at intervals. If I were good, and handed him the shining ferules in proper order, Buck would show me his thick pile of cigarette cards, or would play "Casino" with me.

"You're a nicer partner than Toney, Kitten," he laughed one day, when he'd

taken cards and spades, big and little Casino, and all the aces.

"Who is Toney?" I promptly asked.

"Oh, a man at the Forks," he said.

"I don't see why you play with him. Buck, you know he is n't straight," said my uncle.

"For money, of course," and Buck dealt out the cards with that careless ease that was my envy and despair. "Are you going to win this game, young lady?"

Near the end of winter there came a sunny Sunday, and with it the circuit preacher. So we all drove over to the schoolhouse, where the blacking fairly bubbled on the hot stove, and smelled most awfully. First there were hymns, which I liked, and, too, liked hearing Buck's clear tenor above the rest. Then came the sermon. Now our minister was a good man, and kindly, with a joke, every now and then, on week-days, but to him no sermon was a sermon which did n't force his hearers to reflect upon their latter end. I don't know if the force were stronger that day; at any rate, I felt it more, and came out of church in a most exalted state. Not even riding home with Buck, in the big breaking-cart behind the colts, could check the soaring of my thoughts.

Yes, I'd join the church, — for clearly something must be done, even little girls of twelve died sometimes. I'd be a Christian.

"Pretty fine colts, don't you think, Kitten?" said Buck, as we took the turn to the bridge on one wheel. I nodded impatiently. Where was I? Oh, yes, — yes, I'd be a Christian, and I'd be good, I'd never tell another story, never even act one (which mother said was just as bad), such as not knowing where that new cake of chocolate had disappeared to.

"You'd better hold on to my arm, Kitten, we're coming to a rough place, and this cart has n't any back." I took hold obediently. What else did Christians do? From the sermon two words

rang back at me: "Save souls." I was a little dismayed. Whose soul could I save? Mother's and grandmother's were saved already, of course. There were father and Uncle Jack, — but somehow, it would n't be very easy with them. Then there was Buck, — of course, Buck, — I brightened at the thought. I'd save him; he would n't be so apt to laugh at me as the others. Then, too, while I was quite sure he was good, still I felt, vaguely, that he might stand a bit of looking after. So when he stopped at the high block to let me out, I said, "Thank you, Buck, I've had a lovely ride," with a smile that was positively saccharine.

The method of attack bothered me for several days, till I came across a tiny pamphlet, left by the minister the last time he'd taken dinner with us, on "The Saving Power of Song." I knew any number of Gospel hymns, and could carry a tune, so I went about singing lustily. I'd even slip out on the dark porch and sing something that struck me as being especially affecting, — like "Rescue the Perishing," — just as Buck crossed the road from the store to his late supper. But one night he called, "For the Lord's sake, shut up, Kitten!" After that I sang no more, and my missionary zeal diminished.

The next six years I saw Buck perhaps not six times, — two or three times when I'd driven to town with father, two or three times more when he, riding by, stopped at the gate, and came up the path, walking stiffly in his hairy "chaps." One day, when Grace and I had been discussing handsome men, and I had said, "Oh, but you should see Buck Du Spain, he's positively the handsomest man I ever laid eyes on," father looked up over his paper, and said, "Handsome is as handsome does, dear," gravely.

It was in the summer, three years ago, and not more than a week after I had come home, that we girls went to the canyon one morning, for ferns to deco-

rate for our house-dance that evening. We came out with green armfuls. I had lingered for one more, and still one more, perfect five-finger, till when I came out on the road, the others were well away from me, half-way up the hot hill.

Some men, a-horseback, were coming swiftly down the grade. As they came abreast of me, Sheriff Murphy, riding in the lead, swung off his hat. The others I did not know. A little way behind them, a man on an eager little buckskin rode more slowly. I noticed when he met the girls that he made as if to rein in, but did n't. But when he came to me he stopped.

"Is this your name?" said he, holding out a letter.

"Yes," said I, wondering, "who" — But he only rode on more quickly, and I thought he laughed.

When we got home the little hamlet was seething with the news. Buck Du Spain had robbed and killed Toney, the Italian saloon-keeper at the Forks, and half the country was out hunting him.

Somehow or other the long day went on, what with draping long sprays of green, and pressing out crushed ruffles, and shooing the children away from the big freezer that stood, burlap-swathed, in the cellar. Then came dinner, one of those excited, half-eaten meals.

A little later Grace came into my room, to hook me into my dress.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" said she, "you've been so funny and still all day, and yet sort of excited. Do try and get up some color, you're awfully white."

Eleven o'clock came, finally, in the lull between two dances. I waited till the music began again, then, —

"Oh, Harry," I said to my partner, "I've forgotten something I must do. No, you can't help me" — I slipped into mother's room, and out the French window on to the porch.

It was dark out here, and strangely quiet, after the light and noise the other side of the house. I went clear to the

end, where the ground dropped away, so the head of the man on horseback was just on a level with the rail. Man and horse were only a dark blur, for though the stars were bright, there was no moon. I remember noticing my dress showed dimly white.

"Buck?" I whispered.

"Kitten," the sharp whisper came back, "this is good of you."

"Sh-h," and I began to pick up the packages hidden by the railing, "here's something for you to eat after a while. Tie it on the back of your saddle. Here's something for you to eat now, — can't you put a package in each pocket?"

The man chuckled, "Gee, you've got a head."

I raised the last, heaviest package, "Have you the same revolver?"

"That little 44? Yes, — what's this — cartridges? — Oh, you're a dream — I'm all right now, I'll get out all right. I'll do something for you, some day." He half turned his horse, as if to start.

"Buck," I begged, leaning over the rail, "wait, here" —

"What's this?"

"Oh, it's money, Buck. Not very much, but it's mine, and it's enough to help you get away. Then you'll send the — other — back, won't you, Buck? and when you earn some you can send me back mine." I was whispering eagerly, out into the dark.

"Here, give it to me," I knew he was laughing; "still trying to save my soul, Kitten?"

"Oh, how did you ever know? Did mother" —

Just then some one came into the dining-room with a light. A broad band cut full across from the open window for a moment, then went out again.

"Gee, you're a regular young lady, are n't you?" He crowded his horse close to the house, and reaching up, thrust the purse, heavier than when he had taken it, into my helpless hands. "You can buy pretties with it. Adios," and he rode away into the dark.

Last summer, going home, I was riding on the high front seat of the red stage, between the driver and a Wells-Fargo inspector. We had been driving on the level land along the coast all the afternoon, skirting the bases of the hills in long curves. The dark and we dropped together down the grade that led to the river. When we got to the bottom it was quite black, and the big reflector lantern, that glared out like a searchlight above our heads, had been lighted some time.

The long bridge, that spanned the river and the swamp that came before it, had fallen a week or so before, and a sort of road had been cut through the swamp to the ford. It was a bad place, full of water and sunken logs and tree roots. The stage lurched, one wheel sunk in mud to the hub, the other clear out. The lantern light flickered over the four horses, cautiously picking their steps, and the white-barked alders seemed to lean into the circle of its light with a sort of ghastly eagerness.

The driver had just said, "We're over the worst of it," when a man on horseback, with a black mask over his face, and a revolver held high, came into the light.

"Hands up," he cried, and sent a shot over our heads. The Jew drummer inside the stage gave a thick, cracked scream. The Wells-Fargo man, all in one moment, got me crushed down in the boot among the mail-bags, and fired two shots. There was an answering shot, and the rattle of broken glass from the lantern. Then it was dark, and I could hear the driver and the Wells-Fargo man get out.

"I guess you've done for him," said the driver.

They splashed in water and stumbled

on logs. I sat up. They had stopped and were lighting matches. Presently I heard them coming back again, but slowly. They stopped when they got to the lead horses, and asked for a light. Up to now the men inside the stage had been as quiet as I.

"Is it safe?" asked the Jew drummer.

"He's dead, I guess," said the Wells-Fargo man.

So the drummer got out, and stumbled up to them with a little electric pocket lamp.

"He's alive," said the driver, "but he won't be long, I guess." And then, his voice going up an octave, "If it ain't Buck Du Spain!"

They laid him flat on a broad log, that sloped well out of the swamp. I sat above him, and held his black head in my lap. Then the driver took the stage on to get help. The drummer, the Wells-Fargo man, and I stayed with Buck.

It was very quiet in the bottom of the canyon, for none of us spoke, only now and then we'd catch the faint wash of the river. It was very dark, too, for the lamp had given out, and all the matches were gone. The silence and the dark seemed to combine into a palpable, dense thing, that held us each fast in his place, beyond the possibility of movement.

There came a time — I don't know if for long — that I could no longer feel the head that had been heavy on my knees, when it seemed to me along that narrow swamp there went a procession of all that was sad and lost, going with all mournful and dreadful noises.

"Gott! it's cold," said the Jew drummer.

I, remembering the quiet head, laid my hand, ever so lightly, across its lips. But no breath went over them.

ITALIAN INDUSTRIES FOR WOMEN

BY MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR

VERONESE's opulent and lovely figure of Arachne, weaving her web with aspiring eyes, might serve as an image of the Coöperative Society for Italian Female Industries. Arachne stretches her delicate cobweb with careful, capable fingers; she is not groveling over her work, she gazes upward, and her womanly figure is flooded with golden light; but by her side is a very useful, well-filled work-basket. This society seems to possess the same combination of ideality and practical good sense. Partially to compensate the loss of its extensive exhibit at the Milan Exposition, which was burned August 3, 1906, it has just published an attractive, illustrated volume,¹ upon its work and aim, giving many interesting details about the occupations of women. Its two main objects are to enable Italian women to execute the exquisite and manifold crafts for which their ancestresses were distinguished, and to find an honest market for their handiwork, so that a middleman may not gobble their profit. It has been no stereotyped association, proceeding by mechanical means, but has grown out of the love of individual women for their fellow women, and for the multiform branches and tendrils of old Italian art. Their efforts have matured in drawing-rooms, among earnest twos and threes; each step has stood for a personal sacrifice of time and thought. This Coöperative, which now has the best names in Italy on its roll and is patronized by the two Queens, is the evolution of a small society called "Arts and Crafts," formed in 1901, to make Italian laces and fabrics known abroad. From the Paris Exhibition and the Chicago Fair their productions returned with gold medals

¹ *Le Industrie Femminile Italiane*. Pilade Rocco, Editore. Milano.

and abundant orders. In 1902 and 1903, two successful exhibitions were held in Rome, and it was felt that the society must take a more enduring form. In May, 1903, it was constituted with an unlimited capital of one-hundred-franc shares. The King and Queen took the largest number, and during the meeting a hundred other shares were subscribed, amounting in all to twenty thousand francs. There is a central committee of twenty-four ladies to supervise the artistic movement by personal advice, patterns, and deputed inspectresses throughout Italy. There is a technical body to judge absolutely as to the acceptance and price of work. Besides the central committee in Rome, which has a permanent sale room in the centre of the city, there are twenty-four regional ones throughout the country, with agencies in Florence, San Remo, and Palermo. Sales are made in the large hotels and at summer resorts, and there is a permanent representative of the society in New York. In the first part of 1904 the Roman sales amounted to 55,375.73 francs, which increased in the next to 128,933.054 francs, and in 1906 the monthly entries amounted to from 25,000 to 30,000 francs. At the international Liège lace exhibition, *Æmilia Ars*, one branch of the society, took the thousand-franc prize and a gold medal. Several American women are active and prominent in the society, which has no limits of creed or nationality. Miss Amari, who has founded one of the most successful schools of art-needlework and lace, near Florence, is now in New York, starting, with Miss Colgate, a like school for the children of Italian emigrants. She is the daughter of the patriot historian who, in that vivid and thrilling story of the *Vespri Siciliani*, made history to pulse and

live, as truly as Motley or Green. So the father rang a clarion note for free, united Italy, and the daughter is helping the children of that Italy to live.

Female crafts in Italy are as various as her climates and her people. Piedmont, at the foot of the snowy Alps, had an art of her own, colored by vicinity to, and dealings with, France. Her cold climate makes her women housewifely; like the honest women of the Marches they are past mistresses of distilling liqueurs and bitters, conserving fruits and jellies, handling pastry, and making their families comfortable. An ancient Piedmontese art called *bandera* embroidery has been revived by the society. It was the custom in great Piedmontese and French houses to have furniture-covers, which were called *housses* and were removed only on very important occasions. These *housses* became in time objects of luxury, and were made of silk, damask, and even leather, with embroidery and ornaments of gold and silver. People giving dances or receptions, whose furniture was not up to the mark, borrowed or hired *housses* for the occasion. At first they were only loose coverings to protect the furniture from dust, but gradually they were shaped and fitted and held in place by ribbons or clasps, and were called *housses à la Romaine*. Those peculiar to Piedmont were made of a kind of tan linen, named *bandera*, embroidered with monochrome and polychrome wools in floral designs, on an architectural motif, or scattered in garlands and nosegays, intertwined with floating ribbons which gave surprising lightness and grace. They were especially used for bed-covers, and were practical, as they could be washed. Many fine specimens of this old work exist in patrician Piedmontese houses, and they have been copied by machinery, but the ladies decided to reproduce them by hand, and it was done for the Milan exhibit in a bedroom fitted with such draperies.

Many are familiar with the revival of the Venetian lace industry, after the

freezing of the lagoons in 1872, which shut off the livelihood of the Burano fishermen and reduced the people to terrible straits. Only one old woman of seventy could be found who knew how to make the lace, for the Venetian artisans, after teaching lace-making to France and Ireland, had forgotten it themselves. This old woman was glad to teach others, and a school was formed, beginning with six girls, increasing to twelve, twenty-four, one hundred, three hundred. It has been ably managed by a noble Venetian lady, Contessa Andriana Marcello; and the Queen Mother, then Princess Margaret, endowed the school with a valuable dowry of ancient laces, and in her frequent visits to Venice, herself spent hours with the Contessa Andriana and two workwomen, studying the antique *punti*, picking to pieces some specimens to discover the secrets of the art. In this way were rediscovered rose point and "ponto in aiere," condemned by the ancient magistrates of Venice as criminal luxury. The needle laces of the Burano school vary in price from 30 to 2000 francs per metre, and the wages of the workwomen range from one franc to two and one-half francs per day (20 to 50 American cents); but the greater number work by the job, so as to attend to their households. About the same time the bobbin laces were revived, and at present Jesurum has 5000 women in his employ who earn from one-half to two and one-half francs per day. The magical rapidity with which the women ply their scores of wooden bobbins made Queen Margaret ask one girl, —

"How do you find at once the bobbins you require?"

"They come into my hand, Lady," was the reply, which epitomized a facility become second nature. Paul Fambri, the member for Venice, who was largely instrumental in the lace revival, said, "The only *real lacemaker* is the one whose bobbins come into her hand; if she had to seek each one, she would go mad making an inch a week." Polychrome laces are also made in Venice, and at salty-smelling

Chioggia the women are busy making and darning net. The crafts of the Venetians are legion, and among them are the characteristic ones of threading shells and beads. What visitor to Venice does not remember those twittering groups of creamy-skinned girls, sitting in low split-bottom chairs in the calle before their doors, dipping long pins into the opalescent beads, and flinging "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" at the passers-by. Whole skeins of these beads are distributed to the workwomen or *threaders*, at their dwellings, by a kind of middle-woman, who when they are finished collects them and consigns them to the factory, whence they are sent over the world, but especially to India and America. As it is largely a household industry, it is hard to estimate the numbers engaged in it, or their gains, but they make about 12 centimes (2½ cents) per hour.

In one *sestiere* of Venice whole families are gathered around an old pair of bellows, with capillary tubes, fusing gold and colors to enamel by hand the famous *perle a lume* by the primitive method used in 1400. Some seventy women are expert enough to gain from 32 to 38 cents per day. With these beads two Italian ladies conceived the idea of copying the necklaces, chains, and coronets in the old Venetian pictures and prints, and these ornaments, which bear the historical names of Loredana, Grimana, and Caterina Cornaro, are in great demand in Italy and abroad. The Queen Mother is said to be an adept in these creations, to which she gives the imprint of her own exquisite taste and knowledge of art. The widow of Sir Henry Layard, to whom the glass works owe much, uses these beads, threaded on metal wire, to make fan and muff chains suggested by those in the Carpaccio paintings on her walls. They bring in a fair sum for the maintenance of a small hospital on the Giudecca. A few Venetian women are engaged in the manipulation of leather, gilding, tooling, and painting upon it, reviving that ancient

art of "*cuori d' oro*," which formerly brought such profit to the Serenissima. In the old sumptuary laws of Venice to restrain the luxury of the women, and from which to-day's knowledge of her industries is drawn, there are no limitations of the Venetian's art of charming, and in that she is as supreme as ever. She has a flexibility of wit and tongue, an alluring deference and grace, as subtle as they are fascinating. I have experienced the seducing feminine mesmerism of the lower and middle classes, and I am told it is even more potent in the patrician ladies. When the German Emperor spent twenty-four hours in Venice, it is said that he called on, lunched, and spent the evening with, the lovely Countess Morosini; and when the city authorities gathered in the early morning to see him off at the station, the witty old mayor murmured, in Venetian dialect, to a friend, "When we next wish to entertain the Emperor, instead of ten thousand francs in illuminations, music, and fantastic fêtes, it will be more economical to give la Morosini a ticket to Berlin."

In Romagna, the Countess Rasponi has founded a school to revive the ancient hand-woven fringes, and braided homespun linen covers copied from the native ox-cloths. The designs are so primitive and original as to prove great antiquity, and are easily adapted to bed-covers and hangings. The women of Romagna are devoted to their strong, gentle beasts, and they are intimate companions in the long winter evenings when the women sit spinning in the tepid asylum of the carefully kept stables, and cuddle their children, like Mary herself, in the very manger of the cattle.

What quainter picture for a painter than the girls of Carimate, making bobbin lace to the accompaniment of the rosary, in dark, smoke-stained kitchens, and in the stables, under the very heads of their cows.

The women of Valsèia make beautiful old ivory point on antique designs and on imported Greek patterns. Near Ber-

gamo the peasants wear ivory point on their ancient costumes, which they vowed to retain forever, to exorcize the plague of 1600.

A lady who wished to employ the women of a small place in Emilia set up a factory of *étamines*, but finding that the material alone yielded small profit, it occurred to her to have it embroidered by the women, and she started a school to teach this in her own villa. Now the business has spread to a branch establishment, and turns out complete dresses, table-pieces, and curtains.

A lady of Perugia found in her attic, at the bottom of an old chest, a little bag, yellowed by time and gnawed by mice. From it she drew four pieces of linen so finely worked in *reticella* (Venetian point) that not a thread showed of the original warp. The most notable piece was a sampler barely half-a-yard square, containing forty designs of borders finished off by *teeth* and innumerable *punti*, each different from the other. It must have been a woman's life-work.

Interesting carved looms have been found throughout Umbria; in one place a loom made by himself is still the young man's first gift to his bride. The Umbrian ladies have revived the hand-woven bird's-eye damask, with traditional Perugian griffins and fountains woven in raised blue thread across the ends. The counterparts of these cloths are to be seen in thirteenth-century frescoes, and in the paintings of Ghirlandaio and Da Vinci. This industry was at its zenith in the sixteenth century. Another woman at Perugia has brought to life again those "flame" stuffs of silk shot in shaded, pointed designs on an invisible web. At Assisi the Ladies' Society has set up the making of braids and borders, for dresses and furniture, with patterns borrowed from the ancient churches and oratories of the place, also constructing leather purses with geometrical, Franciscan designs. Towels are also embroidered with the alternate doves and deer copied from the vestment given to St. Francis by St.

Clare. A Philadelphia girl, married into an old Umbrian family, has started the women on her husband's estate to doing Portuguese point; and another "lady of quality" has taught the women and girls of the island in Lake Trasymene to crochet Irish lace, so that now each woman can boast a little account of her own in the savings-bank.

At Sienna one lady has copied the pattern, tassels, and fringes of the divan on which the figure of Peace sits in Lorenzetti's famous fresco, and instituted table cloths and fringes in the same delicate gamut of color.

Labor, no less than misery, makes strange bedfellows. From 1476 to 1484, Dominican nuns in Florence were employed to set up type, and they actually composed the type of the Decameron and the Morgante. In our day the Siennese nuns weave the striped tights worn by the jockeys in their famous races!

It is comforting to think that at two places in the Florentine province where the Countess Spalletti has introduced *mogano* lace-making, 180 women, who formerly earned 20 centimes (4 cents!) per day plaiting straw, can now make from 60 centimes to 1 franc 20 centimes, by lace. Other women have found in their garrets curious old looms for weaving a kind of net on which original designs are embroidered in colored silks, and these productions, called *buratti*, afford work which can be done at home with better profit than toiling in factories. At a hamlet in the Casentino, where the art had nearly died out, a member of the society has revived plaited straw matings for country houses, and at another village an Irish lady has taught the peasants to work her original designs on heavy linens. In five years she has accumulated for them a saving of seven thousand francs, for the time when she can help them no longer.

The beggar girls of Viareggio have been gathered into a lace school which started with eight and now numbers eighty pupils.

How necessary lighter occupations are for Italian women is seen when we consider "the woods-women" on the great estates near Pisa, who count it a privilege to which they can only attain when past forty, to carry loads of wood weighing one hundred and forty pounds on their heads from early morn to dewy eve; and the young girls in the Marches hoeing the ground by moonlight, and, failing that, by their scant oil-lamps. The exploited chimera of Italian laziness crumbles to dust as one regards the homespun, brocades, damasks, embroideries, laces, gonzalons, vestments, banners, and costumes which have been woven, stitched, and decorated by the patient, mobile fingers of the past, and are now being restored and copied.

My old Abruzzese woman was not exaggerating when she exclaimed, "To weave is my passion;" and I think Arachne must really have been an Italian, for the peasants still weave their own and their husbands' clothes among the glowing geraniums of Calabria, in the snow-girdled fastnesses of the upper Abruzzo, and in the adobe, cactus-hedged Sardinian dwellings, where the no less patient little blindfolded gray donkey grinds the family flour all day in the one living room close to the weaver. They make the dense black cloth which renders the Sard's dress unique; and the female dress is far more elaborate, with lace of their own making on improved patterns which sometimes require a hundred needles to raise the thread according to the pattern in the worker's mind. They also weave curious coverlids, copying the flowers on their stamped kerchiefs, and giving their own names to the several patterns, such as the sun pattern, the grapes-and-fox pattern, the lemon pattern, and the like. Exquisite open-work embroidery was set by them on their funeral sheets and on the bed hangings. Calabria also has her curious coverlids, a bride sometimes carrying as many as twelve of her own weaving; for in Calabria the first thing named in the in-

ventory of the bridal outfit is the loom.

But the most curious counterpanes are those made by the Abruzzese women, who introduce into the borders strange animals, leaves, and heraldic designs, which seem suggested by their quaint mediæval buildings. The tradition was that this work was introduced by a Turkish slave carried of old to Pescocostanzo, a remote mountain village now becoming known for its bobbin laces, which have been revived. But what proves the designs to be indigenous is that they are found in other parts of the Abruzzi and are repeated in the laces of that region. A piece of lace was made for Queen Margaret at the professional school in Aquila for which seven thousand bobbins were used.

A little story is told of a famous altar cover which has disappeared, but is said by some to be the one before which the Pope says mass. It was embroidered by the aristocratic order of San Salvatore at Camerino in the Marches, and it had a border of birds and leaves and flowers which seemed to have fallen from the very pencil of Raphael. In the four corners, four angels presented flowers and palms to the Redeemer in the centre. One of the angels was so perfect that its creation was said to be a miracle. The little nun who had worked her life long on the cloth had not finished one angel, and she was about to lose the holy virtue of patience. One morning, after watching late in great sorrow, she rose early to expiate her scant perseverance, and set herself to the frame, — lo! the angel had been finished by an angelic hand during her night of repentance and prayer.

The limits of a magazine article forbid even a mention of the hundreds of industries in which women are engaged in Italy. Who has seen can never forget the absorption of the women in their silk worms, carrying the cocoons in their corsets and sleeping with them to keep them warm, and then, at the critical time when the worms need constant care, neglecting hair, children, and house for the squirming investment. Not to mention

the thousands in factories, laboratories, offices, there are women picking and preserving olives, putting up tomatoes, making cheeses, conserving and crystallizing fruit, drying, baking, and stuffing figs, polishing and perforating coral, making mosaic, pulverizing orris, packing oranges and lemons, molding clay amfore, decorating majolica, painting and restoring tapestries, weaving fishing nets, and plaiting baskets of asphodel and straw and palm. The list seems endless, and therefore I bring this imperfect summary to a close with the words of Countess Rasponi, —

"We were not aware of it, but a revolution has taken place, — nay, rather a resurrection. Quite silently our women have opened their old presses, fragrant with orris and lavender, and drawn forth heavy rolls of linen bleached by the sun of May. Delving and upturning, they have found the bobbins with which our great-grandmothers made laces for christening robes; with patience and love they have studied and re-found forgotten stitches; a few old women in Rome and Venice and the mountainous Abruzzo preserved traditions which have been treasured anew.

"First Venice answered to a revered and royal voice, then Bologna arose and once more taught; from every part of Italy came voices of counsel and help. Sicily remembered her Greek lines and soft Oriental colors, Calabria and Abruzzo revealed their treasury of most ancient Italic art, Pisa found and reproduced a strange Arabic style brought to her coast by fugitive Moors, and Piedmont sent the *bandere* of her castles, vines which had budded in old feudal walls; Lombardy sent silks and fringes and exquisite reticella embroideries. The old

linens of Romagna lived again in Emilia Ars. And all this is fused and exchanged; every land of Italy brings her rich contribution, and Rome welcomes all. But in the infinite variety, the instinct of the *one* race is felt, that Latin genius which seeks and finds harmony, proportion, beauty, attained in the simplest manner. In the tiniest lace are the same art qualities as in the most important edifice: the bishop's cope has delicate decorations worthy of his cathedral.

"But what only those see, who work and cause others to work, is the fine open intelligence of the women of our people, the admirable ability of their hands; the rapid and sure well-being diffused by this Coöperative Society in which all the net gain goes to the workwoman. Every day new markets open; young America has a thirst for beautiful things, and Italy, the ancient nurse, gratifies her; but there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of francs coming, and they will become far more. We were in a labyrinth of misery and ignorance, we produced very ugly things which no one wanted, material and execution were lost. Women who could earn much in delicate work were exhausting themselves, earning little, in hard labor.

"What was to be done? Every tradition of art had been despised, broken, cast away to give place to false gods. We women have knelt to collect and put together the fragments, seeking to understand the admirable law uniting them, in order to subject ourselves to it; we planted the broken branch in the ground, and it has bloomed in our hands. Misery and ignorance are about to disappear. Faithful Ariadne has cast the clue to her sisters, and they have gathered it up."

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

WHEN Mr. Weller senior broached his ingenious scheme for getting Mr. Pickwick out of the Fleet Prison by means of a "pianner forty; vun as von't play," he also suggested that the liberated captive should make his escape to America and then "come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough." It is interesting to note how generally this recipe has been departed from in the two hundred and eighty volumes in which visitors to the United States have recorded their impressions of that country since 1880. While the earlier visitors came, at best, in a spirit of good-natured patronage, these later observers come rather to learn than to criticise. The attitude of blame for the sake of blame is conspicuously absent from the few works noticed in this article, all of which belong to the latest or post-Münsterberg epoch (1903-1907) of their subject. No one of them has been begun with the idea of abusing the country, and some of them come so near to blessing it altogether that the Balaks must feel altogether abashed.

It is, I think, quite obvious that this new state of things is by no means merely an affair of the pocket,—merely because the time has come when attacks on the United States do not pay. On the contrary, it seems to me that a really clever satirical onslaught on American manners and customs, say from the pen of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, might very well attain a phenomenal success. Such a book would be widely read not only in America itself but also in other English-speaking countries, where, I regret to say, books praising America can hardly yet be said to enjoy exceptional popularity. Nor is it due to the mere brute

power and importance of the present United States as compared with its relative insignificance in the Dickensian period. This accounts no doubt for the tone of many of the less important books; but we cannot forget that one at least of the most weighty and respectful works on the United States was written when the republic was still in its swaddling clothes. The phenomenon may, perhaps, be partly explained by the great growth of interest in international neighbors of all kinds, which makes even a "Frenchman" like "Pierre de Coulevain" find it worth while to write a big book on *L'Île Inconnue* of Albion. The main cause of the new attitude, however, is unquestionably the larger sympathy with the principles for which the United States stands. Even in the days of the malevolent and caricature criticism of a Mrs. Trollope and a Basil Hall, we find the democratic Miss Harriet Martineau writing of the United States in such a way that we hardly know which we enjoy more,—the genial and sympathetic philosophy of the general outlook or the feminine and even gossipy delight in minor details. On the other hand, in this later day of respect and interest, we still find narrow-minded officials, like Sir Lepel Griffin, and frivolous aristocrats, like Count Gleichen, whose attitude towards the United States leaves nothing to desire in point of offensiveness.

The older books are, of course, much more concerned than the new ones with a discussion of the republican form of government, then regarded as more or less on its trial. The pioneer conditions of life, especially in the matter of means of communication, afford much stuff for description; while the existence of

slavery gives opportunity for great warmth of denunciation. The American woman is by no means so prominent in the earlier volumes; and when she is mentioned it is seldom to declare her the superior of her mate, as is so often done — and perhaps overdone — by contemporary visitors. Among the observations that preserve their character pretty well unchanged throughout the decades are those on the American faculty of talk (described by Miss Martineau as very droll but somewhat prosy); on the general amiability and kindly manners of the American citizen; on the spirit of hope and promise that pervades the country. The modern writers, with rare exceptions, have to admit that after all possible deductions for discrepancy between theory and practice, between promise and performance, the republic of the United States is still, among all countries of importance, that in which the intrinsic character of the individual counts for most, irrespective of the distinctions of birth and position. Miss Martineau wrote, "Perhaps no Englishman can become fully aware, without going to America, of the atmosphere of insolence in which he dwells; of the taint of contempt which affects all the intercourses of his world;" and though the finger on the dial has moved considerably since these words were penned, their *relative* truth is still unimpaired.

Turning now to an analysis of the points of agreement and disagreement in the recent books noted below, we find, naturally enough, that they all animadvert on such American qualities as push, restless energy, independence, tolerance of outlook, grandiose neglect of petty economies, absorption in the financial and commercial game, excess of self-approbation, and talent for invention. American women are almost invariably praised, often with some extravagance. There are however, nowadays, observers who insist that the boasted superiority of the American woman to the American man is much more fancied than real;

that the comparative inconspicuousness of the latter in society is largely due to the quasi-paternal, indulgent, and self-effacing delight he takes in seeing his womankind show off; and that his talk is really quite as interesting as, and more original than, the easily tapped flow of his wife, his sister, or his daughter. American newspapers are almost always decried by the foreign observer, though sometimes with a shade of respect for their energy as news-collectors. The questions of coeducation, immigration, and the negro, elicit remarks from the most careless traveler. The American child is seldom absent from the record, and seldom evokes enthusiasm. American architecture is spoken of with a respect that is sadly lacking in the references to the sister arts.

It is not without interest to note also such differences in the books under review as can fairly be ascribed to the nationality of the writers. Generalizations on this basis are most easily made in respect of the French authors. These, in the first place, invariably assume (and probably with justice) that their audience is in a state of ignorance, more or less profound, as to the New World, and consequently they overload their books with matter which would seem too trite and obvious for mention by British or German observers. They also manifestly feel that they are writing for a nation to which traveling is a comparatively unfamiliar condition; and hence they include a superfluity of small practical and prosaic details which might surely be just as well left to the guide-book. Somewhat unexpectedly, the French traveler in America, from Colonial times down to the present day, is much more preoccupied with the industrial side of American life than is his British or Teutonic brother. While this fact exposes us to floods of statistics, descriptions of machinery, and the like, we also owe to it sundry very vivid and picturesque accounts of Pittsburg by night, the wonders of electric power, and the ramifications of the

mammoth trusts. The question of the relation of the sexes is very prominent. The general sympathy of the Frenchman with the colored races is so well known that it is no surprise to find the writers of these books vociferous with astonishment at the general American attitude towards the negro.

An American characteristic which obviously gives great offense to the polished French observer is the lack of sense of neatness, order, harmony, and definiteness, with the accompanying acquiescence in the merely provisional and temporary. Makeshifts obtrude at every turn; scenery is ruined by bill-boards, tin cans, and rubbish heaps; streets are badly paved, or even unpaved; street-names are lacking at the corners; vehicles, especially those used for business purposes, are often dirty, unpainted, thrown together in the roughest kind of a way; the most expensive automobiles are often mud-covered and unkempt-looking.

The English and German books under review do not, as a rule, mention any names except those of public characters; but the Frenchmen seem to have no scruples in publishing intimate personal details, with names in full, of the private houses in which they received hospitality while in America. They also make many grotesque mistakes in describing sports and other similar conditions with which they are unfamiliar. Thus in the books noted below we find solemn assertions that the Bryn Mawr girls play cricket and football; that loud speaking, laughter, and whistling are prohibited in the streets of Boston; that President Roosevelt laid at Chicago a foundation-stone weighing six thousand tons; that freight trains are always run at express speed; and that hearses convey their grisly burdens to the cemetery at full gallop.

The German books on our list are much more individual than the French ones in their point of view. Most of them are quite alive to the good features of the

United States; but while Professor Lamprecht (like Professor Münsterberg) is too warm an admirer of the military state to be thoroughly in sympathy with American ideals, Herr Fulda has almost no fault to find with the country except in his own special field of dramatic art. The Englishman, Mr. H. G. Wells, says perhaps the hardest things about the United States, and yet he is in a very real sense the most genuine friend of all the writers here reviewed. His blows are the blows of a generous fighter, who recognizes the worth of his antagonist and cherishes a profound respect for him. The American, Mr. James, has produced perhaps the most fascinating volume of all, — a work which, apart altogether from its subject, demands a place among books of permanent literary value: but his attitude, as compared with that of Mr. Wells, might almost be described as supercilious. He reminds one of the great financial magnate revisiting the village in which he was born. He is ready to sentimentalize to any extent over the gate on which he swung as a boy, but he has largely lost touch with the friends of his youth. Their present occupations and surroundings seem to him dreary and *borné*, almost beyond his own extraordinary power of expression; and his views about them are inevitably detached and external.

M. Paul Adam, a well-known littérateur of Paris, was one of the swarm of European journalists who visited this country during the St. Louis Fair, and his book, entitled *Vues d'Amérique*¹ is, I believe, a reprint of letters contributed to *Le Temps*, supplemented by a report on art to the French government. It is instinct with sincere admiration of the United States as the great national exponent of force, and is marked by considerable Gallic vivacity and wit, but it is somewhat scrappy in arrangement, and decidedly more superficial than some of the other books noticed in this article.

¹ *Vues d'Amérique, ou La Nouvelle Jouvence.* PAR PAUL ADAM. Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorff. 1906.

Like other French writers, M. Adam devotes much of his space to the business side of transatlantic civilization; and it is as the heroes of commerce and industry that the Americans appeal to him. He asserts that American speculators are in their own way poets and pursuers of the ideal, preferring enterprises that are full of risk, and facing the chance of bankruptcy with the same kind of disdain that the brave soldier shows when confronted with imminent death. The country, he goes on to say, is run on a theory of bluff, the philosophical expression of which he ascribes to Dr. William James. If you wish to be strong, make the gestures of force and address. The American people believes in its mission, and is profoundly convinced that the value of what it brings forth must bear a direct ratio to the amount of effort it expends. *Agissons notre pensée*—let us put our thought into action—is the aphorism of the leading Americans; and the great industrial and financial figures of the present are well worthy of comparison with the otherwise constituted heroes of the past. It would be in a by no means carping spirit that M. Adam would say, with Dr. Johnson, "The best part of the nation has gone into the city to make its fortune."

Like Mr. Wells, M. Adam seems to find that the American flag is often flourished in a somewhat flamboyant manner, at least if we may so interpret his description of the mayor of St. Louis as speaking "en tremolo devant l'étendard étoilé." He finds a symbol and type of American in the silent and even morose elevator-boy, ambitious, it would seem, only to make as many trips as possible in the shortest possible time. As an illustration of the practical union of the states he points to the hotel table, heaped with the products of the east and west and north and south, the fruits of Florida, the game of Maine, and the wine of California. Mr. Taft he describes as a Richelieu in the body of a Falstaff. In other cases his humor is less voluntary,

as, for example, in his perverid description of the typical American mechanic, gazing, black-shirted, from Brooklyn Bridge at the Statue of Liberty and murmuring with a significant smile, "Go ahead!"

The appendix on the present condition of art (making fully one quarter of the book) has no other connection with America than the accident that it is suggested by a collection of modern paintings exhibited in St. Louis. Practically nothing is said of American art, though he notes as *chose curieuse* that the Americans show no æsthetic initiative or originality except in architecture, asserting that the United States has evolved a new style of building, which deserves, or at least is on the way to deserve, the same kind of eulogy that we bestow on the great works of the past.

The two stout volumes¹ in which M. Jules Huret records his impressions of America, if not particularly brilliant, show more detailed observation and possess more solid merit than the work of M. Adam. M. Huret reveals himself as quite astonishingly open-minded. His prejudices, frankly admitted, melt away as he proceeds, and he finally owns that he has been penetrated by the American spirit, purged as it were of the traces of a previous existence, and at the dawn of a new life. "I appreciated," he goes on to say, "the shams of our education at their proper worth; not only did I come to understand intellectually that they concealed no less of egoism and fundamental brutality than the brusqueness of the Yankee, but I proved it by actual experience." The volumes illustrate almost all the features already mentioned as characteristic of French books on America. Thus, he devotes a great deal of space to American industries, while he likens the rich merchants of America to the *grands seigneurs* of former days.

¹ *De New-York à la Nouvelle-Orléans, and De San Francisco au Canada.* Par JULES HURET. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1905.

In the treatment of the negro he finds something abnormal, unjust, and even criminal; and he is not only "astounded" but "shocked" by the "Jim Crow" car. He admits that "*le Français ne voyage pas assez*," and sees the resulting defects. He does not, however, admire the traveling facilities of the United States too blindly, but comments on the unrinsed fraternity of the glass for ice-water in the common car, and cannot conceive why the American should be proud of his sleepers. He finds much to revolt him in the manners of the people at table and elsewhere, but is more than half won over by the spontaneous sympathy which makes a shopwoman say, "How do you do?" to you as you enter. M. Huret makes the shrewd remark that the American independence of manner is often due less to any high moral sentiment about the equality of man than to actual circumstances of condition and origin, which make Jack literally as good as his master. With the true French love of fine ideals, he seems rather to regret that facts leave so little play for theory in this regard, and would apparently prefer to see a spirit of equality born of conscience instead of circumstance.

M. Huret pays, perhaps, one of the greatest compliments ever paid to the American woman by ascribing the world-conquering success of the American in part to the fact that he is the result of the effective collaboration of a true man and a true woman, not merely the son of an efficient father and a mother who does not count. But to prove that he is alive to defects as well as merits, let this citation about the "gold-spectacled woman somewhere between youth and age" prove: "She discusses, decides, and disposes of everything without passion but with a quiet assurance that is as unpleasant as a slap in the face and as bigoted as the belief of a savage in his amulet." We find M. Huret in striking agreement with Mr. James in feeling the beauty and power of ancient works of art to be es-

pecially noticeable in American surroundings, and with Herr Fulda in holding up his hands at the general puerility of the American stage. But he considers the combination of singing and dancing offered by the American chorus girl a new and true art, from which he hopes great things as the successor of the tiresome and moribund grand ballet of Europe. M. Huret's account of a football match is picturesque, vivid, and wonderfully correct. He seems also to have gauged pretty well the undue and regrettable prominence assigned to athletics, if we may judge of his anecdote of the parent who said, "If Harvard is again beaten at football, I'll send my son to Yale." Among other instances in which M. Huret seems to have hit the nail squarely on the head are his assertions that the American draws an ingenuous adolescent joy from noise for its own sake; that his restless desire for change often comes more from pure ennui than from any striving for better things; and that his vaunted quickness is often mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. This last point he illustrates by the extraordinarily leisurely and lengthy performances of the "tonsorial artist." Like the Abbé Klein, M. Huret gives so full and interested an account of Dr. Dowie that we are more than ever surprised to find that none of the books on our list make any reference to Mrs. Eddy. In leaving M. Huret, we must pay him a special compliment for his very full table of contents and excellent analytical index, — features in which most books of this kind are lamentably deficient.

Though making no claim to the brilliancy of works like those of Mr. James or Mr. Wells, the Abbé Klein's little book¹ is well worth the attention of every student of the United States of America, as showing the impression that country makes on an intelligent foreign Roman Catholic. Like Mr. Wells, the

¹ *Au Pays de la Vie Intense.* Par ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, et Cie. 1905.

abbé was wise enough to concentrate his attention on those features of American civilization for the observation of which his previous career had best trained him; and as a result we obtain a very interesting *aperçu* of Roman Catholicism in America. His general verdict on the United States is emphatically favorable, though there are, possibly, suggestions of courteous reticence in blame. He sums up the national existence of America as characterized by energy in private enterprise and toleration in public life. He notes that, while the government of France interferes on every side "to safeguard liberty," in America liberty consists in letting people do as they wish.

Abbé Klein is much impressed by the complete religious toleration practiced in the United States, and is quick to recognize that the religious neutrality of the government is one of benevolence, not hostility. He notes, notwithstanding, the "brutal and disquieting fact" that half the citizens of the country belong to no religious denomination (surely a rather liberal estimate?), but comforts himself to some extent with the reflection that one outcome of this is that Roman Catholicism is the religion which counts the most. He argues with great plausibility that his own faith exercises a greater moral influence in the United States than does Protestantism, and cites the *New York Sun* and President Roosevelt in support of his contention, at least in regard to the incoming swarms of immigrants. His sketches of various Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the United States, such as Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop MacQuaid of Rochester, and Bishop Spalding of Peoria, are full of interest and marked by great geniality and lightness of touch. In contrast with these is his very amusing account of Dr. Dowie's visit to New York, which he winds up with an interjection of surprise at the existence, in the most enlightened country of the globe, of this "mentalité de musulmann." He is, of course, amazed to find the churches closed on week-

days, and still more to see various large churches, in a New York summer, that were not open even on Sunday!

Abbé Klein adds his voice to the chorus in praise of American architecture, tempering his admiration by a reference to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and preserving a discreet silence as to the other arts. He says that Spain alone can rival the United States in the unpunctuality of its railway service; but he is too polite to add that Spanish railways, if slow in speed, are also much more self-restrained in the matter of slaughtering their patrons. He quotes with approval the remark of M. Paul de Rousiers that Mr. Roosevelt is not only an eminent American but a typical and very representative one. He also quotes, without that animadversion I should like to see, President Roosevelt's own assertion that the man who loves another country as well as his own is as great a nuisance as the man who loves other men's wives as well as his own.

As a pendant to Abbé Klein's volume might be read the sweet-tempered and simple-minded little book¹ of the Rev. Mr. Wagner, which gives the French Protestant view of America. It is as open-minded as Mr. Klein's work, and nowhere more so than in its appreciation of the United States brand of Roman Catholicism. Mr. Wagner finds the four strongholds of the United States to be religious faith, belief in liberty, good faith in general, and respect for women. It is needless to say that he is an enthusiastic and uncritical admirer of President Roosevelt.

Business and Love, by Hugues Le Roux,² is an extremely keen onslaught on the alleged tendency of the American woman to turn away from marriage and maternity. The conclusion is summed up in a line: "Love and Business do

¹ *My Impressions of America*. By Rev. CHARLES WAGNER (English translation by MARY LOUISE HENDEE). New York. 1906.

² *Business and Love*. By HUGUES LE ROUX. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1903.

not live on cordial terms in the United States." The relations between the ordinary rich business man and his wife are wholly topsy-turvy; only in military and academic circles does Mr. Le Roux find the woman imbued with due wifely respect for her husband. The college for women he regards as the modern convent, turning out members of the "Third Sex;" and he quotes with gusto Père La Chaise's saying that "you will always have plenty of nuns; you will never have enough mothers." Mr. Le Roux has withal a very pronounced admiration for the United States and means to send his son here for part at least of his education. "Wherever I saw woman crushing man by her accidental or imaginary superiority, I found physical sterility, moral disturbances, social anarchy. Wherever I saw man refining himself by learning, culture, sustaining the superiority which God and nature gave him, I saw between the sexes a harmony unknown elsewhere. — a promise for the country of grandeur unlimited."

As beseems a German historian, Professor Lamprecht cannot write a book of one hundred and fifty pages about the United States of America¹ without going back to the earliest times and treating learnedly of remote Indian and Chinese civilization. This fact taken alone, however, would give a very inadequate idea of the book, the quasi-pedantry of which is accompanied by much shrewd observation, a considerable degree of imaginative sympathy, and some power of wide-vised generalization. Like certain other observers, he finds America a land of startling contrasts; he is struck by the quantitative basis of its civilization, which seems to him most truly represented by money and figures; and he cannot forbear comment on the prominence of women. Growth or Becoming is to him the keynote of American life, just as it is to Mr. H. G. Wells; and, again like both Mr. Wells and Mr. James, he finds

a lack of a comprehensive national sense. In a historical retrospect to account for present conditions he notes that American history has been determined mainly by economic factors. He asserts that the original American settlers were not usually of the most cultivated class, and that they belonged largely to the "somewhat archaic groups" of peasantry and clergy. This not very high level of culture was further lowered by hard conflicts with nature and the Indian. The Old Dominion, however, managed to maintain something like a European standard through its constant commercial intercourse with England.

Coming down to practical details, we find Professor Lamprecht much impressed by the careless way in which Americans misuse and deface the natural beauty of scenery; by the poverty-stricken invention shown in the names of American places; by the size of the women of California, who thrive there like vegetables; by the poor minting of American coins; by the characteristic republican love of inscriptions; by the rough-and-ready nature of the cookery; and by the general indifference to preventable noise. He is surely entitled to the glory of the first discoverer in his belief that Americans are characterized by their bad teeth. Even Mr. Henry James, in the book noticed below, devotes several pages to the well-cared-for teeth of his countrymen; while the state of the teeth has often been found a good test for distinguishing, in doubtful cases, the American from the European. Most of us, also, would probably take exception to the dictum that manicurists flourish in America because American hands are peculiarly bony. Professor Lamprecht's naïveté is pleasantly shown in the story of his encounter with an American humorist (obviously not recognized as such by the worthy professor), who asserted that German students were infallibly plucked in their examinations if they failed to address their professors as "Herr Geheimrath." While Mr. James

¹ *Americana*. By KARL LAMPRECHT. Freiburg im Breisgau: Hermann Heyfelder. 1906.

describes New York as seen from the river as "a pincushion in profile," Professor Lamprecht (like Mr. Mallock) more poetically compares the outline to that of San Gimignano, and backs his opinion by more or less convincing woodcuts of the two views. Probably in no other book has the United States been so constantly gratified by comparison with classic lands and classic times. It is the United States, in Lamprecht's view, and not Europe, that most closely resembles the Roman Empire, as the collecting basin for all the civilizations of the day. The Californian fruit-groves remind him of the Roman quincunx. The Hotel Champlain recalls Baiae. A burned district is for Professor Lamprecht a *ne-mus mortuum*, and even the wheels of the locomotive, as they cross the endless rolling prairie, scorn the vernacular and grind out a perpetual refrain of *semper idem, semper idem*.

One naturally turns with interest to what this distinguished German has to say about his own countrymen in America. Like Professor Münsterberg, we find him somewhat discouraged at their position; and his frank criticism has given no little offense to the Germans in Europe. He asserts that the American German soon forgets his nationality, that he shows little skill in adapting himself to his new conditions, that politically he is a factor of little importance in his adopted country (Carl Schurz being a rare exception), and that he shines only as a thrifty farmer or as a useful member of an orchestra. The childishly pleased frequenters of such banal places of entertainment as the beer-gardens of Milwaukee are hardly fitted, writes Professor Lamprecht, for success in the intellectual competition of America. He notes how easily they change their language, though he leaves it to Professor Münsterberg to make the further and subtler observation that it is "Amerikanisch," and not English, for which they so willingly renounce their native tongue. In fine, any influence that Germanism exercises upon

America comes not from the German settlers but from the scholars and teachers still in the Fatherland itself.

As one who has served at least in the Landwehr of his native land, Professor Lamprecht is duly interested in matters military. It will, perhaps, astonish some to find that he considers the American a "geborener Krieger," needing only the call of necessity to make an admirable soldier. West Point meets with enthusiastic approval, while the colored trooper is the modern reincarnation of the ancient centaur. The disgust our professor feels at the sight of a football match contrasts rather oddly with the complacency with which he looks forward to a new Seven Years' War to give Germany her proper place among the nations.

Professor Lamprecht has the usual kind word for American architecture, but considers the rag-time melodies of the negroes to be the only truly spontaneous and indigenous form of American art. It is the duty of every American musician to have these collected and examined. Unfortunately, however, we find such authorities as Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch asserting that the rag-time melodies are simply European music as distorted by the negro brain. And thus in music, too, we should have to admit that the United States is in the position which Professor Lamprecht assigns to it generally, namely, that of having as yet produced no indigenous culture. Civilization the country has, to a large extent, but culture, in the sense of originating works of universal, peculiar, and enduring value, not yet.

Unpretending both in size and style, the little book of *American Impressions*¹ published by the German dramatist, Ludwig Fulda, is certainly one of the most genial and open-minded of its kind. Here we find the culture of the Old World sitting at the feet of Columbia and frankly willing to learn all that enterprising

¹ *Amerikanische Eindrücke*. Von LUDWIG FULDA. Stuttgart and Berlin: J. G. Cotta. 1906.

youth can teach to dilatory age. Like a grandmother whose wisdom is superior to proverbs, he recognizes that much may be gained from the suckling among the nations. So far does he carry his enthusiasm in this matter that he seriously proposes, not only that German students should be encouraged to spend a year or two at Harvard or Yale, but also, and even especially, that German girls should be sent to American colleges to acquire a touch of the intellectual independence and charming vital freshness which prevail in Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, and Wellesley. The time has evidently come in his opinion for a *Prix de New York* or a *Prix de Boston*, which would in its way be at least as valuable as its forerunner, the *Prix de Rome*. And his judgment on this and other points is all the more worthy of respect because he clearly recognizes and discounts the limitation of its value imposed by the brevity of his stay in America, and the fact that his intercourse was preëminently with the educated class.

He is greatly delighted with the racial and spiritual relationship between Germany and America; but possibly the Briton and the Frenchman may object to his confident assumption that the future of the world's culture depends on the intellectual rivalry and kinship of Bruder Hans and Brother Jonathan. His treatment of the German-American is somewhat gentler than that of Professor Lamprecht; but he also has to confess that his countrymen in the United States can hardly be said to have taken a place corresponding to their numbers, and he recognizes that the German element can look forward to no independent future. He notes that the children of German settlers actually acquire the German language through the medium of English; and he is naturally horrified to find his kinsmen using such barbarous Anglo-German as "*ich gleiche es*" for "*I like it*," and "*ich habe einen kalten gefangen*" for "*I have caught a cold*." He is philosophically resigned to the fact that

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the German-American would fight for the Stars and Stripes even against the Prussian Eagle, and finds it all right that a man should stick to the country of his adoption just as a man should champion his wife against his blood relations. On this whole question he gives some excellent advice to the Germans of the Fatherland. Herr Fulda's catholic admiration for American things includes the educational system, the absence in the streets of beggars and soldiers, the exuberant hospitality, the Flat-Iron Building, the comfort of railway traveling and the civility of his fellow passengers, the absence of hacked or beer-sodden faces among university students, the delicious Indian summer, and President Roosevelt. He has even a good word to say for the interviewer, whose prototype he finds in Socrates. In the field of art he praises not only the architectural efforts of America, but also its Rookwood pottery and Tiffany glass; and he meets the charge of the lack of independence in American art by pointing out that even in Europe no national art was ever evolved in isolation. The time for the flowering of American art is still to come.

There is, however, enough of the salt of criticism in the book to prevent it being a mere mush of appreciation. Nothing could be more caustic than his description of that American Cinderella, the Dramatic Art, destitute of public or private subvention, forbidden to deal with some of the chief problems of life, frittered away on empty trifles, deadened by preposterously long runs, hampered by inefficient theatrical equipment, and enslaved by a perfectly ridiculous system of "starring." (Against this sweeping condemnation we may set the still more recent judgment of Mr. William Archer, who thinks that things in this respect have immensely improved during the last few years and that America now offers the most hopeful environment for the dramatist.) He notes that the American insensibility to the lack of many things considered necessary in

Europe is balanced by an extraordinary sensitiveness to criticism. He sees that the business quarters of American cities are as hideous as their residential quarters are attractive, and he is especially severe on the neglected water-fronts and the uncouth telegraph and telephone poles. He wonders, as many a European traveler has done before him, why the American considers good roads and clean streets one of the last, instead of one of the first, necessities of his national and civic housekeeping. In the hotels he is outraged by the lack of night-tables, bath-thermometers, and bed-lamps, and by the fact that the switch by which he turns off the electric current is not, as it should be, by his bedside, but in a remote corner of the room, involving a perilous journey in the dark. The most general and most annoying evil that the traveler in America has to endure, at least in winter, is the practice of overheating. He shares the inevitable admiration for the American woman, who is the compass of the ship of life even though man sits at the helm. He recognizes that her influence improves the tone of morality, but he is not blind to the presence of a good deal of conscious and unconscious hypocrisy. The treatment of M. Gorky shocks him as much as it did Mr. Wells, and he speculates on the reception a certain privy councilor of Weimar would have met in New York if he had been accompanied by Christine Vulpis. Taking his book as a whole, we are delighted to find a German dwelling so strongly on the sunlit side of American life, and should like to commend the wise words of his concluding pages to all Europeans. The time taken to make an English translation of it would hardly be thrown away.

No one, so far as I know, has approached the task of writing a book on the United States in so simple, practical, and obvious a method as Dr. Hintrager.¹

¹ *Wie lebt und arbeitet man in den Vereinigten Staaten?* Von Dr. HINTRAGER. New York: Brentano. 1904.

a German district judge. Instead of trusting to the casual impressions of travel, he went and did things for himself, along with the natives. Thus, he spent some time with the family of an Iowa farmer, sharing their daily tasks; and in the same way he occupied a desk for three months in a lawyer's office at Dubuque. The result is a singularly intelligent and "actuel" little book, which within its self-imposed limits must rank as distinctly valuable. German readers are to be congratulated on access to so trustworthy an introduction to American conditions. Dr. Hintrager is somewhat of an expert on penology, and has published a special volume on the prisons and reformatories of America.

Mr. Karl Zimmermann lived several years in the United States and has produced a book,² which is a curious mixture of common sense, naïveté, and pedantry. At one extreme he manages to get in an excursus on Schopenhauer and Spinoza, while at the other he retails the most artless and pointless of personal experiences. In theory he is very pessimistic about the Americans, finding their sole spring of action in the craze for material success; and yet his native candor makes him (with apparent unconsciousness) dilate on various features that would seem to give the lie to his thesis. He has a curious idea that the temperance movement in the United States is "nativistic" and largely directed against the Teutonic settler! He is very scornful over American literature, but admits that respectable works have been written by James Bryce, Whitney, Shaler, Bancroft, Ridpath, Lossing, Carey, and Henry George, — a singular jumble that symbolizes his own book as a whole.³

² *Onkel Sam.* By KARL ZIMMERMANN. Stuttgart: Strecker & Schröder. 1904.

³ The crop of foreigners' books on America since 1903 is by no means exhausted by the names noted above. None of the others are, however, of greater importance, and many of them are not very far from worthlessness. For the sake of approximate completeness the

In taking up the British critic, Mr. H. G. Wells's, book, *The Future in America*,¹ I am at the very outset struck by his departure from the too usual British attitude in discussing the ways of another nation. Here is no condescension, graceful or otherwise; no assumption that "English" and "right" are synonymous terms; no tendency to regard the United States as a kind of colony. On the contrary he frankly calls the Americans "the finest people upon earth;" those with whom "the leadership of progress must ultimately rest." He regards the greatness of the United States as so obvious that it seems to him a little undignified, as well as a little overbearing, for Americans to insist upon it. England is seldom mentioned except as an awful example, though on one occasion he was tempted to excuse himself for being "not a retrospective American, but a go-ahead Englishman." Mr. Wells

is singularly American in his preoccupation with the future. For him the past exists only in that deposit of it which we call the present; and the present, again, is interesting only because it is the germinating process from which the future is to evolve. He says he would never have crossed the ocean merely to see the United States as they are. "If I had sound reason for supposing that the entire western hemisphere was to be destroyed next Christmas, I should not, I think, be among the multitude that would rush for one last look at that great spectacle." But Mr. Wells is naturally an American with a difference. He came to this country with a perhaps exaggerated idea of its progress and advantages, and with too little realization of its failures and drawbacks. These latter therefore bulk more largely in his view than they are apt to do in that of a native American; and, besides, he had not had the native's experience of seeing the ship of state ride triumphantly through even more tumultuous breakers than those that now beset her. Hence his general attitude is less rich in hope, more full of apprehension, than we may feel to be demanded by the situation.

Some attempts have been made to disparage Mr. Wells's book on account of the comparatively short time he spent in the country. But the value of the observations that may be made in six or eight weeks depends very largely on the observer. Not only is Mr. Wells a singularly keen-eyed student of sociology, but he practically limited his regards in America to that class of phenomena with which he was specially concerned. His visit to the United States was a necessary step in the development of his very definite philosophy of human progress; and his mind had been prepared, by a marvelous power of constructive anticipation, for the facts it was to pass in review. Indeed, in some of his forecasts of the future, written long before his visit to the Western Hemisphere, he had practically created out of his own brain conditions

following may still be named. Mlle. Thérèse Viandone's *Impressions d'une Française en Amérique* (1906: the record of a social "good time" and of a successful hunt for signed photographs of the prominent); Charles Huard's *New York comme je l'ai vu* (1906: an unpretending text illustrated by clever drawings); Anadol's *L'Empire du Travail* (1905); Moreau's *L'Envers des Etats-Unis* (1906); Gobat's *Croquis et Impressions d'Amérique* (1904: illustrated); Altherr's *Eine Amerikafahrt in Zwanzig Briefen* (1905); Regnier's *Au Pays de l'Avenir* (1906); Unruh's *Amerika noch nicht am Ziele* (1904); Winget's *Tour in America*; and A. Baumgartner's *Erinnerungen aus Amerika* (1907). M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's *Les Etats-Unis au Vingtième Siècle* (English translation by H. Addington Bruce; 1906) is, of course, a work of considerable importance, but it belongs to a technical class which demands an expert in political economy for an adequate appraisal. There are appearing at this moment at least three series of periodical articles on the United States, each of which gives promise of an interesting book. We mean those by Mr. Mallock, by Mr. Whibley, and by Dr. Theodor Barth, one of Harvard's latest honorary graduates (in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*).

¹ *The Future in America*. By H. G. WELLS. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1906.

actually existing, unknown to him, in the United States. It is comparatively easy to give a bird's-eye view of Mr. Wells's book, largely in his own words. He sees a great and English-speaking population strewn across a continent so vast as to make it seem small and thin. He tries to present "the first exhilaration produced by the sheer growth of it, the morning-time hopefulness of spacious and magnificent opportunity, the optimism of successful, swift, progressive effort in material things." Then comes doubt, owing to his sense of the chaotic condition of the will of the American people. He fears that the universal commercial competition will end, if not modified, in the existence of two permanent classes of rich and poor. He hints at some of the uglinesses and miseries inseparable from this competition, but also at the dim, large movement of thought towards a change of national method. He notes the significance of the immigrant question in this panorama, and touches on the failures or dangers implied in the cry of the children, the questioning figure of the South, and the sorrowful interrogation of the negro. He is particularly impressed with what he calls the *State Blindness*¹ of America, by which he means the lack of a truly national sense of responsibility in the individual Americans. They suffer from a mistaken belief in automatic progress. But he realizes that a great disillusionment, a great awakening, is taking place; and he ends with an avowal of his confidence, now waxing and now waning, that the creative spirit of America will finally prevail, that out of the present chaos will eventually arise "the real thing, palaces and noble places, free, high circumstances, and space, and leisure, light and fine living for the sons of men."

Mr. Wells is an active member of the Fabian Society in London, and he is a

strong believer in the ultimate efficacy, and even inevitability, of socialistic methods in the regeneration of society. (I may say that his form of socialism is very different from the extremely dead dog which Mr. Mallock was recently flogging in our midst.) Part of his disappointment here was doubtless due to his realization that socialism is a much less living issue than in England. He was even somewhat amazed to find that an affirmative answer to such questions on his steamer-ticket as, "Are you a Polygamist?" "Are you an Anarchist?" might have excluded him from America, which has no welcome for, at any rate, the more voracious adherents of these creeds. He, however, very frankly records his belief that America is not at all likely, in the mean time, to "declare for socialism." But he is sure, all the same, that "the trend is altogether away from the anarchistic individualism of the nineteenth century." And when he argues that geographical position and mineral resources are mere dust in the balance as compared with the quality and quantity of a nation's will-power, it is clearly with more than half a hope that the United States after all does possess, even if in a more or less somnolent condition, the moral character necessary for salvation.

Mr. Wells points out, shrewdly enough, how the American scheme lacks certain immemorial factors in the social structure of European nations. Thus the United States has neither an aristocracy nor a peasantry, properly so called, and it follows that it is essentially a middle-class community. But when Mr. Wells goes on to assume that Americans as a whole may be spoken of as if they belonged to the British middle class, he seems to me to be making a pretty serious mistake. He fails to remember that though the Americans will naturally resemble the British middle class more closely and sympathize with it more keenly than with any other class, yet the mere absence of an aristocracy in

¹ It would have been better if Mr. Wells had used some such term as *Civic Blindness*, as the word "State" suggests to American ears confusing echoes of *State Rights*.

America must inevitably change the whole psychology of the situation.

Another weakness of Mr. Wells, which reveals itself in this as in some of his other writings, is his apparent lack of interest in art or the æsthetic side of life. Thus, he shows no sentimentalism whatever about the threatened destruction of Niagara, and maintains, most heretically, that one can get all the water one wants at (say) Tivoli. He is very contemptuous about "canned culture," as exemplified in the drawers full of photographs of Italian pictures at Wellesley. He cannot away with the time spent on a study of Roman topography, while the world is in torment for want of living thought about its present affairs. Mr. Wells's humor is nowhere better illustrated than in his treatment of the millionaire. He speaks of the joyous, wanton giving of Mr. Carnegie, that jubilee plunger of beneficence, "scattering library buildings as if he sowed wild oats, buildings that may or may not have some educational value, if presently they are organized and properly stocked with books." American cities are littered with a disorder of unsystematized foundations and picturesque legacies. The American giver is generous, but not always adroit. The owners of American wealth are often too stupid to understand the huge moral burden it bears. The lust of acquisition is glorified, and yet the Astors and the Morgans are merely the innocent products of a criminal game. It is ridiculous to write of these men as though they were unparalleled villains. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's mild, thin-lipped, pleasant face gives the lie to all such melodramatic nonsense.

Mr. Wells's humor is, perhaps, less happy when he affects an ingenuous ignorance of Tennyson's *Princess*; nor can we feel perfectly at ease as to his taste in making fun of his Boston bibliographical hosts — though in this case we admit the strength of the temptation. While we are in the way of fault-finding, it may be permitted us to doubt whether it was altogether discreet to publish so full an

account of an obviously very informal and private conversation with President Roosevelt. We may admit that he was right in animadverting so severely on the American reception of Maxim Gorky; the Thaw scandal came just in time to drive this nail in up to the head by emphasizing the utter casualness, not to say absurdity, of the attitude which the denizens of the "House of Mirth" chose to assume towards a man who was their superior morally as well as mentally. But he is probably unjustified in making so much of the case of McQueen, the anarchist. There may be little doubt that there was something very like a miscarriage of justice in this case; but Mr. Beck and others are there to assure us that unjust imprisonment is not unknown even in the British Isles, and Mr. Wells errs in treating the McQueen episode as typical or symbolical.

Like Mr. James, Mr. Wells is much exercised over the alien immigrant; but while Ellis Island is for the former merely a terrible court of dismay, from which the unwary visitor departs with a new chill in his heart, it is for the latter "quietly immense — a visible image of one aspect at least of this world — the large process of filling and growing and synthesis, which is America." And yet Mr. Wells shows that un-American fear to which we have already referred, in his belief that this country can no longer safely digest and improve its European material.

Mr. Wells's sense of pity in the problem of the negro is moved mainly by what he calls the "tainted whites." He is amazed, as I think every non-American must be, at the way in which a few drops of negro blood is held to outweigh a ninety per cent infusion of the best white blood in the country. He thinks it does not say much for the American's faith in his own racial prepotency. Mr. Booker Washington struck Mr. Wells as one of the most weighty figures in the United States. Two others he greatly admires, President Eliot and President

Roosevelt, and he celebrates the latter in a perfervid, well-nigh dithyrambic strain. One of his pithy sayings about him is that "It is his political misfortune that at times he thinks aloud."

Towards the end of Mr. Wells's book occurs this passage: "It is true, indeed, that we who write and think and investigate to-day, present nothing to compare with the magnificent reputations and intensely individualized achievements of the impressive personalities of the past. None the less is it true that, taken all together, we signify infinitely more. We no longer pose ourselves for admiration, high priests and princes of letters in a world of finite achievement; we admit ourselves no more than pages bearing the train of a Queen — but a Queen of limitless power. The knowledge we co-ordinate, the ideas we build together, the growing blaze in which we are willingly consumed, are wider and higher and richer in promise than anything the world has had before." Seeing that it is to America, more than to any other nation, that Mr. Wells looks for the fruition of this promise, it is surely impossible to class him with the critics of jaundiced eye, even though he quits us in a state of wistful bewilderment rather than in one of confident hope.

Mr. James's book, *The American Scene*,¹ offers in many ways a strong contrast to that of Mr. Wells. In the first place it is, of course, based upon a far longer and more intimate knowledge of its subject, though it is curious how at times Mr. James's early memories merely tend to blur his more recent observations and act almost with the pernicious effect of a misleading half-knowledge. Mr. James, on revisiting his native land, expected to find America romantic because different from his well-known Europe, just as a quarter of a century before he had found Europe romantic because different from America; but by his own admission he finds many points

that had never been unveiled to him at all. Mr. Wells's direct and confident vision, focused solely on points of vivid interest to himself, is apt to appeal to us at once as either right or wrong; while Mr. James's greater subtlety and tremulous responsiveness to every evasive and nebulous suggestion often leave him and his readers alike in a dim region of surprise and uncertainty. The centre of interest often shifts, as it were, from the subject treated of to the reflection of that subject in the extraordinary mind of the writer. We feel, to use his own phrase, that it is largely what he reads *into* America, not what he reads *out of* it. Mr. James has perceived that there is practically no general standard of good breeding and manners in the United States; and he is apparently so dominated and overshadowed by this somewhat obvious discovery that his resultant point of view is too often one of mere negation. He is so little touched by all the positive hope and pathos embedded in *The American Scene* that I fear he would come perilously near the attitude of Matthew Arnold, who, using the irrelevant standards of the Old World, pronounced Abraham Lincoln a man lacking in distinction.

Mr. James's book is not for the casual and careless reader; if one decides to read it at all, it must be read with prayer and fasting. The impressions that crowd upon the writer are but too multifarious; his fertile and susceptible intelligence, in which every seed germinates, has too often found impossible the "small sharp anguish" which "attends the act of selection and the necessity of omission." The vision might have been keener if it had been more limited, if it had been less distracted by details and so stronger to grasp the outline of the floating shapes after which he is groping.

Like Mr. Wells, the apostle of the future, Mr. James, the devotee of the past, sees that invincible growth is the great note of American civilization, a growth that is bound to go on, no matter at whose expense. He has evidently no belief in

¹ *The American Scene*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

the various short-cuts by which America hopes to make up for the experience of the ages. Again like Mr. Wells, he testifies to the absence of a complete national consciousness; he also would recognize the existence of what the English writer calls State Blindness. He is utterly impervious to the feeling of exhilaration which America produces on most observers. He dwells on the lack of an authoritative standard of taste, and laments that there are no sacred penitentials in America. It is natural for Mr. James to feel the lack of historical background and to deplore the fact that there is not enough of native history to go round. Equally natural is his emphasis of the monotony and miscellaneousness of American life, and of the way in which apparatus of all kinds tends to be better than the men who work it.

Would-be humorists have often tried to discriminate American cities by such sayings as that in New York people ask you, How much do you have? in Philadelphia, Who was your grandfather? and in Boston, What do you know? It is delightful to compare with these somewhat crude efforts Mr. James's subtle and witty descriptions, which, however, it is almost a crime to quote in anything less than their entirety. The monstrous phenomena of New York, he writes, have got ahead of any possibility of poetic, of dramatic capture. It makes admission of "unattempted, impossible maturity." Its great buildings tend to discourage any municipal commemoration of the distinguished citizen, for what point is there in inserting an inscribed tablet of birth or residence on the twenty-fifth floor of a skyscraper? Newport is inhabited by a handful of "delightfully mild cosmopolites, united by three common circumstances, that of their having for the most part more or less lived in Europe, that of their sacrificing openly to the ivory idol whose name is leisure, and that, not least, of a formed critical habit." In Boston, Mr. James, in lurid contrast with Mr. Wells, is terribly bothered by

the newness of everything; in fact Park Street Church is almost his only stay amid the horrors of encroaching modernity. Marlborough Street is his particular bugbear, though even his subtle wealth of phrase fails to provide him with a satisfactory explanation of *why* it is that it used periodically to break his heart. He is pleased with the decorations of the Public Library, but is apparently shocked that they are generally in places where everybody can see them. One other consolation in Boston Mr. James had, namely, a head of Aphrodite in the Museum of Fine Arts, which pleased him so much in what he felt to be its painfully incongruous new home, that he asserts you cannot see a fine Greek thing till you have seen it in America. The modest Concord is "easily and obviously first among places of its size." It is the biggest little place in America, with only New York, Boston, and Chicago to surpass it. Even here, however, Mr. James is perturbed by the thoughts suggested by the statue of the Minute Man, that it was, or would have been, hardly decent to ask the embattled farmers to make posterity so inordinate a present with so little of the conscious credit of it. Philadelphia is admirably hit off as the only large American city that does not bristle; moreover it is not a place, but a state of consanguinity. Mr. James is, however, very naturally astonished at the example Philadelphia offers of the curious way in which, in America, the Sane Society and the Pestilent City, the Happy Family and the Infernal Machine, lie down together like the lion and the lamb. Independence Hall strikes just the proper note, and Mr. James imagines some clever man of its period taking the hint and crying "*What an admirable place for a Declaration of something! Why not Independence?*" Washington, with its "conscious self-consciousness," is the "City of Conversation." Its society is the only one in America where the men play an equal rôle with the women; but he is surprised to find how few acceptable "M. P.'s"

belong to it. Richmond he found "adorably weak," and this leads him to a very sympathetic and tender account of the South and of "a cause that could never have been gained."

Mr. James notes how the American landscape is dominated by the omnipresent steam-cars, instead of as in England by the squire and the parson; but the style and allure of the Pennsylvania Railroad were such as to suggest that, if one should "persistently keep his seat, not getting out anywhere, it would in the end carry one to some ideal city, to some terminus too noble to be marked in *our* poor schedules."

Mr. James is as alive as other travelers to the overwhelming presence of the American woman, but I have left myself no room to illustrate his attitude to-

ward her. Suffice it to say that he is amazed by the "apparent privation for the man (with the 'business-face') of his right kind of woman, for the woman of her right kind of man." Of a typical summer girl he writes that "the immodesty was too colossal to be anything but innocent — yet the innocence, on the other hand, was too colossal to be anything but inane." When finally we find Mr. James asserting that a Palm Beach hotel affords "a compendious view of American society in the *largest* sense of the term," we feel that we have come round with him to where we started from, and that the man who can make this statement is, despite his consummate analytic power, perhaps not the one after all to whom we should willingly allow the last word on what America stands for.

I DIED THIS YEAR THOUGH STILL I GLIMPSE THE SUN

BY ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

I DIED this year though still I glimpse the sun;
For watching month by month lives frail and old
Dwindle and dim and lapse into the cold,
With neither joy nor sorrow to have done,
I too have come to think the thoughts of one
Whom no ties bind and no regrets can hold,
Who has felt the ultimate change, and so must fold
Hands void of haste and feet forgot to run.
Yet Death reads not in twain the veil of things;
So, Lazarus-like, I watch the sunlight fall
On children at their play, breathe deep the spring's
Shy incenses, and hear the thrushes call,
Finding them every one, — hearts, petals, wings —
Curious, lovely, immaterial.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONCERNING TWO OLD FRIENDS

I NEED a new tobacco-pouch; we need a new minister, — so they say. A younger man: our minister is old; so is my pouch, and worn with service, — hard, constant, daily, humble service; it is frayed at the edges: so is he. All old good men are. And we must have new ones, that when we display them other people will not think either that we are out of fashion or that we are too poor to get what we ought to have.

It has worn well, my pouch; it was a good one when I got it, well-made, strong, serviceable, good to look at; so was he. It is good to look at still, I think; certainly not beautiful, but surely friendly, at the very least; and though its buckskin covering be torn and ragged, it serves its purpose perfectly, and it will expand now as well as ever to carry all that I may need; and his great heart finds room for all our troubles.

But my wife tells me it is disgraceful to carry such a worn-out thing about, and being a bit absent-minded I generally fail to notice who may be by to criticise when I fill my pipe. Men understand; the dear wife does n't, — though she does not want a new minister, thank God! And in a few days my unwillingness to see her really distressed will send me to the tobacco-conist's for a new pouch, though I promise you it shall be a duplicate of the old, as nearly as may be; and I will carry it and use it, and I shall grow to love it; and when it is old I shall love it best. But meanwhile, the one I have, quite good, dear, kindly, and accustomed, that must go. It shall not be thrown away, for I keep them all in a drawer of my office-desk; and when the spring comes and I go into the mountains for a little while to fish for trout, it is always the old ones,

the worn and patient ones, the friendly ones, that go with me.

And he, my Dr. Lavender, who cannot hear the music which his nature craves because the homeless must be cared for, nor keep in touch with current theological thoughts because the bodies of the starving ones are worth more than all the costly books in Christendom, — he, who loves us all, and whom some of us love, knows that others of us want (ah, no: wish, rather!) a younger man; and he is going to resign; and "they" are going to accept his resignation. Yet ever shall he go with me into the silent spaces day by day, where, away from this dusty world, the clear, strong wind blows the cobwebs from one's character; and into that glorious fragrant sunlight where, freed for a moment from the rush and drudgery of living, one really lives.

ON ENGLISH NAMES

WHEN my friends and relatives tell me that they wish to see their own country first, I never quite know what to say to them. As often as they start out for the Mammoth Cave or Arizona, they perpetrate this piety upon me afresh, knowing that I am taking the cheaper trip to some tumbledown portion of our mother country. But the next time I see any of them I shall reply that, while one may be justified in desiring to see his own country first, it is much pleasanter to delicate nerves to hear the old country first, last, and all the time. Only gradually has it stolen over me how much England is a matter of names, or how insufficient is the most perfect photograph for conveying its full delights.

Wick and Crophorne drew me, as I supposed, because they were said to be most typical of hamlets; but I now realize that I would have gone anywhere if it

had been named Crophthorne. Coxwold attached to any group of houses would be almost enough, without Laurence Sterne thrown in. I have gone ten shillings out of my way for the sake of such a delicious name as Moreton-in-the-Marsh, though stoutly opposed by the innkeeper of Little Compton, who insisted that "there was nothink there." No photograph can ever make you feel the way it does to say Middleton-on-the-Wolds. "T is a sweet morsel to be rolled under the tongue. That the dullest place on earth ever looked even for a few minutes so that a man felt like calling it Chipperfield would make it endurable forever. Among all the beauties of the Forest of Dean there could not, in the nature of things, be any which surpassed the name itself. Lindisfarne makes me feel as if I were solid poetry, while the mere mention of Caerleon upon Usk gives me a Puvís de Chavannes feeling which I cannot analyze and do not need to. But there is one place whose name suggests the character of the whole country, and that is Watermouth, for there is hardly a district which might not be called Mouthwater because of its delicious terminology.

In saying this I do not forget the ribald poetry with which an American retorted upon Matthew Arnold because of his criticisms on our "dreary nomenclature of Briggsvilles and Higginssvilles and Jacksonvilles." Admitting that Yelling, Clack, and Wrangle have a sound even fiercer than Briggsville, we may retort upon this good brother that "his hundred's soon hit," and 't was well he made the most of it while he could, for it is safe to say that if he really came to Yelling, he would find the name but a pleasant foil to a state of perfect rural peace, and that Wrangle itself would have a peaceful inn such as Higginssville will never boast. Or if we drop over the border into what they are now trying to spoil by calling it North Britain, it is just the same. In my drier passages nothing refreshes me like saying over to myself, "The Kyles of Bute." I do not justly know what Kyles are, nor

where Bute is, but I have perfect trust they are as good as they sound. What a thrill went through me once when at a Scotch lake-landing I saw directions posted for Arrochar, which I had always thought a name Bliss Carman had made up for his own use, and too good to be true.

Auchterarder! What a very bagpipes of a name! Is it any wonder that the Presbytery of Auchterarder has come to words, and worse, over and over again? Would not the very announcement that the Presbytery of Auchterarder was to come to order be enough to stir up all the ginger and old Adam there was in a man, and make him inwardly determine that it should never come to order if he could do anything to prevent it? Give any neighborhood a name like that, and you could never hold it down were it not for contrasted influences like Lochaber No More, or Lochaber, alone, which would most melt any one into tears though he were casting up accounts in an office.

But in the presence of Welsh names my enthusiasm dies. As far as terminology is concerned I would as soon go to the Mammoth Cave. Of course there are downright and firm-footed names like Bangor, upon which you can get a good purchase with the ordinary organs of speech, and names beautiful and appealing, like St. David's and St. Asaph; but on the whole the Welsh names always leave one much in doubt as to whether he has said them or not. They too much resemble the noise made by a bellows with a slit in it. Welsh nomenclature always seems open to the complaint which an old lady in Kenduskeag made against the naming of her grandchild Gladys, when she said she saw no sense in giving a child such a rickety-sounding name as that. If the Welsh are, as they are reported to be, great preachers, a rare degree of heroism must attach to their undertaking, for even after they have done their best they must ever be subject to a painful suspicion that they have not said much of anything.

If we have some growing sense of a de-

sire to touch with poetry the terminology of our American towns, we have succeeded so far only in securing a slightly picnic-grove atmosphere such as is given off by Lakewood or Riverside. The rich sentimentalism of the real-estate dealer has done what it could considering the hurry he is in. If we have a new manufacturing suburb the chances are we shall be too lazily and flatly patriotic, and call it Lincoln and be done with it; or too crudely romantic, in which case the secretary of the company will report to the directors that he has had the place incorporated as *Ivanhoe*. With the slightest dash of poetry in his soul he might keep true to the strenuous character of the place, with all its prospective labor agitations, and at the same time give a tinge of beauty to the situation forever, by calling it *Fretley*. Or if it is a place where hammers are to ring from morning to night, why not call it *Stroke*, instead of naming it *Smithville* after the present chief stockholder in the concern?

Very beautiful also is that frank English habit of naming a place *Something cum Somebody*. Would not *Derby cum Birmingham* much improve both those places as well as the whole *Naugatuck Valley*? *Cheadles and Gatley* we should probably call *Unionville*, we do love the Union so and are so lazy. *Jewett City*, by giving itself so metropolitan a title, thereby lost forever the priceless distinction which would have come to it by christening itself *Little Jewett*. Nobody would ever have asked where *Big Jewett* was, any more than they ask where *Little Barrington* is. There does not need to be any. I like, too, those richly protective and sheltered names like *Newcastle-under-Lyme*, of which *Netherwood* contains a slight flavor. And if for some reason he wishes to use a name like *Chipping* half a dozen times, the Englishman, instead of bleaching it out with the points of the compass, will heighten it at each repetition by calling it *Chipping Camden* or *Chipping Norton*. Or if he has a name like *Plainfield*, not a highly colored word

to begin with, he will not dilute it by calling the extension thereof *North Plainfield*, but will probably designate it as *High Plainfield*, which will not increase the taxes any, but introduce a pleasant distinction into the life of two boroughs. If some of our western boom-towns should desire to improve their ways, they could many times say exactly what they mean to say, and at the same time secure a delightful classical flavor, simply by choosing such a name as *Magna-cum-Laude*. For the sake of our real-estate agents I would suggest that, when they have a slightly rheumatic, malarial, and swampy tract to put upon the market, the whole thing might be done in a trice by calling it *Fenny Something*, like *Fenny Stratford*.

No, my English cousin is a poet, and that I will hold to through any amount of contradictory outward behavior. He deserves to hold empire because when he gets hold of anything he knows how to name it. Henceforth he may crowd me on steamers, and occupy three times his share of space in cars, but this shall no more conceal from me that down deep he is a poet. Though with "wooden countenance and codfish eye" he may coolly assure me that he has never bothered to visit any of these places, or that he has never observed this naming habit of his race, I shall know that after all he is inwardly glowing with a true passion for the places God has given him to dwell in. And when poverty prevents my visiting them, I can enjoy half their flavor by reading their names in the *Atlas*.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC CRITIC

MUSIC critics, unlike musicians, are made, not born. The man born a poet cannot help falling into verse any more than Mr. Wegg could. Robby Burns, who had no education to speak of, Byron, who had too much, the late *Bloodgood Cutter*, and all their kind, itched like mad until their thoughts were set down on

paper. Schubert wrote immortal melody atop a beer barrel in a Vienna cellar. From Bach to Wagner, through the long list of the tone poets, all wrote just because they could n't help it. The air, the opera, the symphony, kept humming through their heads, and the only relief came in inscribing melody and harmony on ruled paper.

With music critics it is quite different. An eminent authority on baseball may have found it necessary to pad out his space string in winter by taking up a side line; or the same motive may have actuated a distinguished special writer on yachting. Such a genius as Berlioz became a critic in order to feed the divine fire of his inspiration, finding it impossible to buy the fuel with music. I, who am not a genius, became a music critic because I like to hear good music, and being a newspaper writer, should otherwise have neither time nor money to indulge this taste. If I could write a good book, I would not write book reviews. If I could write a good play, I would not write dramatic criticism. If I could write music, I would n't write music criticism. But as between writing editorials, subject to the policy of the paper and suggestions from the business office, or police court news assigned by the city editor, — between that and getting as much money by writing about the things one likes, there is n't much choice, is there? Some critics, you see, are made by force of circumstance rather than by divine inspiration, or by a desire to elevate the standard of taste, or to pose as authority.

It may be I take the rôle of music critic, which I have played for some years, too unseriously. If so, there are enough of my colleagues having a higher opinion of their own importance to tone up the collective average. Indeed, I fancy that in the little room at the Metropolitan reserved for critics there might be found a double quartette to chorus the opposite view, *forte, animato, maestoso, con fuoco*; and it is well that it should be so. I fancy the man who looks upon his department

as the most important of any publication and upon himself as the most important personality in any such department, will do his very best to bolster up this mistaken estimate. I know a society editor afflicted with this delusion; but he works so hard that he cannot enter a restaurant without spreading out a bundle of "copy" between the dishes at table.

At the risk of making this an apology as well as a confession, I venture to express the hope that I may some day have the means to enjoy the best music without need of telling three hundred thousand or more readers why: whether Carubonci had tears in his voice; how Madame Sembrich-Eames looked and acted; whether the second soprano was off key; the basso dependent upon the prompter; the conductor too fast or too slow, according to actual stop watch and metronome; how the lights were managed; whether the audience was large and appreciative or otherwise, and whether the music was good, bad, indifferent, and why.

Frankly, I have never either written or read any music criticism which seemed to me of great value. At last it is one man's opinion, — that of an expert, if you will; but the verdicts of experts are frequently reversed by public opinion, the court of last resort for all workers in the arts. I have never complained that Hofmann does n't understand the soft pedal, that Paderewski has too much rubato, that Rosenthal is too muscular. It has seemed to me that these gentlemen do the best they can, and I love to hear them, not to lecture them. And when my good colleagues are overheard at the chop-house, telling how they slayed Herr This and Madame That, how Signor S—— is coming in for a roast along with M. F——, I think of the little mistakes we ourselves have made.

I recall with delight the kind letter I received from a singer who had been featured at a concert I reviewed, and of whom, knowing her voice and songs full well, I had said some pleasant things.

It informed me that she would doubtless have justified my praise had she not been called away from town by the illness of a relative, and forced me to admit I had been drinking Rhenish with the manager when she should have been, according to the programme, captivating her audience. It is fresh in my mind how the newspaper having the largest circulation in New York printed an elaborate review of the wrong opera, some years ago, written and signed by an eminent American composer who had got his matter in type in advance, but had neglected to go to the performance, and could not well know that the bill had been changed at the last moment. I remember a concert of last season where an aria from an unknown opera by an unknown composer was on the programme, and the critic of an afternoon paper remarked next day in all seriousness that this opera ought to have a complete performance, as the aria showed genuine talent, wholly oblivious of the fact that the soloist had substituted *Ach Du mein Holder Abendstern!*

But there is one thing to be said in favor of music criticism as a trade, certain of the musicians and music journals to the contrary notwithstanding: there is no bribery of critics. Managers have either done me the honor to assume I cannot be bought, or that my opinions are not worth purchasing. In an honorable career, which is, I trust, yet far from its close, only once have I been tempted (this really begins to look like a confession), and then I fell. At the début of a new singer I neglected to comment either upon voice or method, confining myself strictly to justifiable enthusiasm over personal beauty, elegance of costume, and judicious programme-building. My friends, who were her friends, had taken me, a lonely Bohemian, into their home for dinner. I had dined well, a habit I have when occasion presents itself, and the daughter of the house took advantage of post-prandial good humor. She offered, on my promise not to "roast" the

singer, to bake me another pumpkin pie, similar to that I had enjoyed at dinner, and send it to the office. Mea culpa! And the crime thus publicly confessed, I hope for forgiveness, and promise to sin no more.

THE SIGOURNEY CIRCLE OF CHICHESTER, VERMONT

RUMMAGING (or, as she calls it, regulating) in the garret last week, my Cousin Lucy O. found a relic of considerable value at the bottom of the cedar chest. It was the secretary's book of the all-but-forgotten Sigourney Circle — that band of young Hypatias which flourished in Chichester a few generations ago. Several of my great-aunts belonged to it, and from this book I find that one of them was its secretary. I should have recognized that limpid handwriting, fine as a hair, traced in the rusty juice of oak-galls!

There were, it appears, fourteen or sixteen of these Chichester blues, who met, once a fortnight, at the houses of each in turn; when some would recite, some would sing, and others, who had indited moralizing essays or poems, would read them amid soft applause. Most of the subjects thus immortalized were serious, and even mournful. Inserted, however, between an autumnal dirge and a lament for Reverend Mr. Smiley, the moderator of Bennington County, we found the following set of verses purporting to describe the Circle itself at one of its intellectual repasts:—

There is a Parlour on the western pike,
Below the seven waterbars:
A dim, cool chamber looking on the
woods,
And ceiled with mimic moon and stars;

Within whose walls a Stranger, riding
down
From Londonderry Cattle Fair,
Espied a ring of flowery dresses pale
With coronets of braided hair.

And in the midst a mountain Lady stood,
Hanging her bright and bashful head,
And fingering her flounces piped with
blue,

And quaintly stitched with silver
thread;

Reciting in a small and breathless voice,
(As if in Desperate haste to flee)
Some poem from the admired *Tupper's*
pen,

Or works of *Mrs. Sigourney*.

While I was transcribing this piece of
verse, in a sort of home-made shorthand,
my cousin exclaimed that she had found
a still more interesting piece faintly de-
lineated, in very watery, or vinegary, ink,
on one of the fly-leaves. She proceeded to
read the following lines aloud, in a voice
which occasionally grew thin, and threat-
ened to break; for those *early Victorian*
Oldenburgs, whose academic wisdom and
worldly foolishness are here so well sug-
gested, were her much beloved aunts and
uncles. The verses are entitled:

THE OLDENBURYS

Turn again into the wooded Hollow
By the fabled Tory-hunter's well,
Where the strange and bookish Olden-
burgs

On their wasted patrimony dwell.

Rowland ploughs to the sound of Ce-
lia's fiddle;

Celia spins with her Milton on her knee:
Young Miranda goes forth to gather ber-
ries,

Singing the song of Ariel by the sea.

When the dusk falls downward from
the landslide,

Through the bush they drive the cattle
home;

They see the shadows of the first Cru-
saders,

Or hear the Sibyl at the gates of Rome.

In the northward, in the southward vil-
lage,

Brisk steps hasten, the busy hours fly
fast;

But the clocks are slow in Oldenburg
Hollow,

Where they chime with the voices of
the past.

This portrait, of the most endeared and
delightful of families, deserves better than
to be lost again in the depths of a cedar
chest. My cousin contemplates having
it printed in the *Chichester Tri-weekly*
Gazette; but a larger circulation would be
procured in the *Bennington Bugle*.

METAPHYSICAL CONDITIONS AT THE POLES

Do those adventurous men who go in
search of the North Pole realize that
when they shall have triumphed over all
the physical difficulties which impede
their way, they will have to face meta-
physical difficulties yet more formidable?
So confusing to human thought are the
ontological conditions which must pre-
vail at the poles, that it seems as if the
human mind would surely give way in
trying to cope with them.

One does not, indeed, like to think of
ice fields, zero, blubber, and the polar
bears; yet these have been conquered
by man and may again be conquered.
But the fatal conditions of which I speak
are of a kind such as man has never yet
encountered; nor can he encounter them
anywhere upon earth save at the poles.
They will not assail his body; rather they
must dissolve some of the fundamental
intuitions, categories, and postulates of
man's thinking; and he who shall en-
counter them must run the risk of being
reduced to mental imbecility.

Yet if there should be any man bold
enough to take this risk, and mentally so
strong as to survive it, and return to us
and relate his experience, he might pos-
sibly contribute greatly to the elucida-
tion of some of the most desperate puz-
zles that ever baffled the philosophers;
or, on the other hand, he might, just as

possibly, confound those philosophers worse than ever they were confounded before. For, should any of our Arctic adventurers reach the pole, he would come into such relations with time and space as no other man was ever in. It is well known by all who have read philosophical treatises that time and space are very treacherous things. Indeed we are assured that they are not things at all. One philosopher, whose luminous treatise lies before me as I write, favors his reader with the following remark: "Space and time are not actual realities, but subjective functions which synthesize the manifold sensational content." Well, — it is hard to think so ill of them as that; still they are queer, and the more you think about them the queerer they seem. Nevertheless, man has struck up a practical *modus vivendi* with them, and manages to get along with them very well in this part of the world, and, indeed, finds them indispensable. But this *modus vivendi* is limited to regions away from the poles. Let a man reach one of the poles, and he will find that the "manifold sensational content" with which he will undoubtedly be burdened there, will not "synthesize" in the old familiar way at all.

Consider his situation. It is uncertain whether the pole has no longitude whatsoever, or has all the longitude there is. I have examined a geographical globe and cannot decide. On the one hand, all the meridians of longitude come in there; but on the other hand they reduce to a mere point at the pole; and a point is nothing. Suppose you were standing on the North Pole; either you would have a great deal too much longitude, or else you would have none at all. Whichever way it was, it would be extremely confusing to a rational being brought up as we have been. It would jar his notions of space. Even if there is longitude there it is not good for anything, for it is solely a matter of east and west, and there is no east or west at the North Pole, — all is south. Standing on that pole, look which

way you might, all, all would be south. That iceberg at your right and that one at your left would both be south of you; both would be in the same direction, although in opposite directions. That just shows how space suffers some subtle, insidious change at the pole.

We may well believe that our adventurer would step off the pole as quickly as he could. Suppose he should take a few steps south in any direction. He would thus acquire a little bit of east and west and north; but his natural joy at this recovery would be brief. Looking back toward the pole, where, of course, he had planted the American Flag, he would see, let us say, an iceberg beyond the flag, on the other side of the pole. Which way would the flag be from him? North, beyond question. But which way would the iceberg be from him? Can you tell? His line of vision would extend straight north until it reached the flag, and then continuing on in exactly the same direction it would be going south. The same direction would be the same as the opposite direction.

Or consider such an experiment as the following. Let our adventurer take his stand a very short distance from the pole, and then let him run around in a circle with the pole in the centre. At a distance of two or three feet there will be enough east and west to answer the requirements of the experiment. At every step he will pass over many meridians. If he is about three feet from the pole and goes at a comfortable trot, he will cross thirty or forty meridians a second. But at every step his time will change. If it is now noon, and he is on the meridian of London, he will, in three or four seconds, be on the meridian of the Feejee Islands and it will be midnight. Suppose he is running toward the east. If it was Monday when he started on the London meridian, it will be Tuesday when he gets back there in six or eight seconds, and in six or eight more it will be Wednesday, and so on. In less than a minute he will have advanced a week.

In an hour he will have gained more than a year. In that short space of time he will have grown more than a year older, and will have projected himself so far into the future. And yet it will be the present. To be sure, the future is always the present when you get there; but our friend will get there faster than anybody else ever did. Let him keep on trotting in his circle for several hours a day, as many days as he can, and he will soon be many years in the future, far ahead of his age. Now if he could run up a century or two and then return home with them, he would have outstripped Rip Van Winkle. Perhaps it would be best that he should not try to bring the future home with him.

But before he leaves the pole I want him to do some running towards the west. He will lose time while running in this direction, and will be steadily retiring into the past. Soon it will be yesterday, soon last year; indeed, if time will permit, — and it does seem as if it would permit anything at the pole, — he may run back through the whole Christian era, through the ages of the ancient world, be granted

"an equal date

With Andes and with Ararat,"

and with the primeval chaos.

Lest this should prove unwholesome if too long persisted in, let us stop him after he has gone back a few centuries, and have him reverse his steps, wind up his

years again, and come down to date. Then let us make one more supposition. Suppose he is thirty-five years old to-day. To-morrow he can easily be thirty-six years old. Then, running the other way, he can get back to thirty-five, and be at thirty-four the next day. Let him not try it. Such confusion of all time concepts would wreck his apperceptive field and unhinge his intellect.

It would be pleasant to understand these things, and such knowledge would be invaluable to the philosophers who, notwithstanding the bold face they put on when they talk of space and time, and the big words they use, really do not know very much about these "functions." You may object that the conditions at the poles are so abnormal as to be of no value in constructing a rational system; but do you not know that nowadays philosophers have ceased to study the normal directly, and are feeling their way to it through the abnormal? It is from the lunatic that we learn the laws of sanity; and the nature of pure religion is best observed by the study of hysterics. Therefore the philosopher may well desire to know what the metaphysical situation is at the poles. He can use such knowledge in his business. But if he wants it, let him be man enough to go there himself and collect it, and not send some poor mariner to face these appalling terrors.

